True Confessions

YOUR LIFE STORY MAGAZINE

February

NOW 10c

RESTLESS BRIDE

She ended her honeymoon in the arms of a stranger

Easy Way Tints HAIR

with this amazing new long-lasting

COLOR SHAMPOO

1. Apply shampoo mixture directly to hair closest to scalp.

2. Work into a billowy lather with fingertips; let set for few minutes . . . then lather entire head and rinse. That's all.

A New You... in just 2 easy steps

Now! If your hair is graying, dull, drab or mousey, right at home you can give yourself a radiant new personality quick as you shampoo! Wash out dirt and grime . . . WASH IN rich, new sparkling color that lasts and lasts . . . a lighter or darker shade, a color to blend in gray hair, a *completely new* color, so wonderfully natural-looking it's amazing! One glorious Tintz Color Shampoo is all you need. No after-shampoos, no special rinses. Tintz is gentle, won't interfere with permanents. Tintz is quick . . . the easiest way known to color hair at home with beauty salon like results. Since you *have* to shampoo your hair, why not glamorize it too, with this new, truly easy Tintz Color Shampoo!

In minutes . . . A new personality for you

13 NEW, NATURAL-LOOKING LONG-LASTING SHADES

ON SALE IN SEARS' and WARDS' MAIL ORDER CATALOGS, and DRUG CHAIN STORES and BETTER DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 2B, 349 W. Ontario St., Chicago 10, Illinois
Canadian Office: 41 Lombard St., Toronto, Ontario

Send Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring in shade checked below. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.80 (tax included) plus C.O.D. postage on guarantee of satisfaction or I can return in 7 days for my money back. (If $1.80 comes with this coupon, Tintz pays postage.)

☐ LIGHT ASH BLONDE ☐ GOLDEN BLONDE ☐ BLONDE ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ LIGHT WARM BROWN ☐ LIGHT AUBURN ☐ AUBURN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN
☐ MEDIUM WARM BROWN ☐ DARK WARM BROWN ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ BLACK ☐ JET BLACK

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Tintz COLOR CREME SHAMPOO HAIR COLORING SHAMPOO

the perfect home

$1.50 plus tax

TINTZ CO.
Dept. 2B, 349 W. Ontario St.,
Chicago 10, Ill.
Canadian Office: 41 Lombard, Toronto, Ontario

You can keep your whole mouth healthier, more wholesome—even your breath sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Always use two-way Ipana cleansing* for better all-around mouth protection.

Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!

Teach your children *two-way* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and guard their gums, too. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and gums. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

Two-way Ipana cleansing* helps protect your teeth and gums both!

Are you doing all you should to keep your whole mouth healthier? Not unless you follow the advice of dentists—fight tooth decay and guard your gums, too.

***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

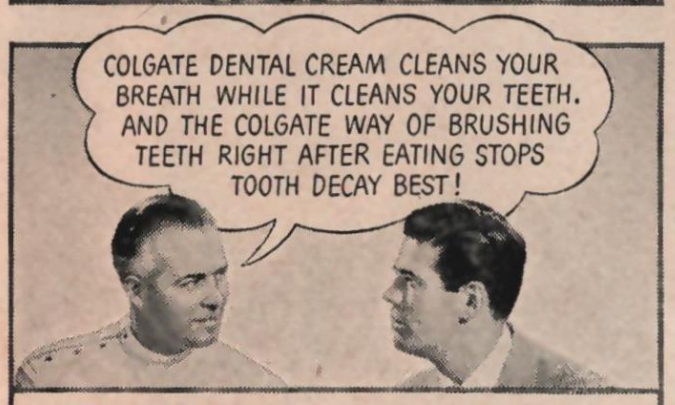
Remember, with Ipana cleansing you can get the doubly-protective care that dentists say you need for a healthier mouth.

Start using Ipana today—to keep your *whole* mouth *healthier*. You'll like Ipana's flavor, too—so refreshing. Get Ipana now!

SAVE! Buy the big *economy size* Ipana!

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums



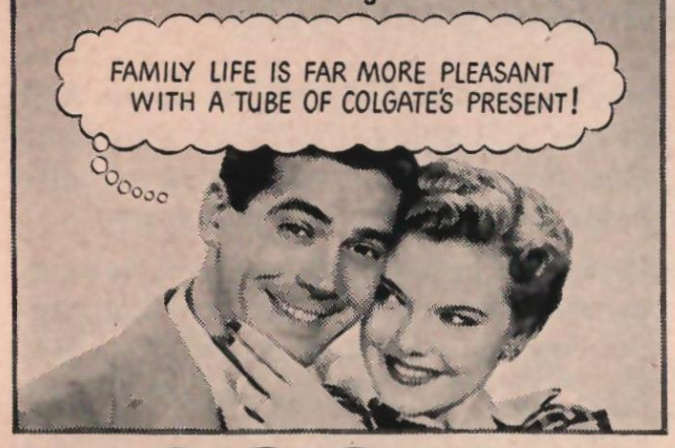
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, has proof of such results!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✔ To Clean Your Breath
✔ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✔ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

Your Life Story Magazine

True Confessions

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • A Fawcett Publication

VOLUME 57 **FEBRUARY, 1951** **NUMBER 343**

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Our Cover Girl, Barbara Darrow, Mead-Maddick Photo

TRUE CONFESSIONS is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President; Roger Fawcett, Vice President; Gordon W. Fawcett, Treasurer; Shepard Spink, Advertising Director; Gifford Plume, Advertising Manager; Roscoe K. Fawcett, Circulation Director; Al Allard, Art Director; Lee Wilson, Production Director. Editorial Offices: 67 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. General Offices: Fawcett Building, Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Advertising Offices: 67 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11; 643 South Flower St., Los Angeles, 14; 111 Sutter St., San Francisco, 4. Entered as second-class matter June 11, 1946, at the post office at Greenwich, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Louisville, Ky. Copyright 1950, by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the publishers. Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Address manuscripts to New York Editorial Offices, True Confessions, 67 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Not responsible for lost manuscripts. Unacceptable contributions will be returned, if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Price 10c per copy. Subscription price $1.20 per year; $2.25 for two years; $3.00 for three years in the United States and possessions; 15c in Canada, Pan America and foreign countries. Subscriptions $1.80 per year in Canada and Pan America. Other foreign subscriptions $2.55 per year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in United States funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. All remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions as well as notification of change of address should be addressed to Circulation Department, Fawcett Bldg., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Names of real persons or actual business firms are never used in the stories in this magazine, except in those stories accompanied by the author's name. If the names of actual persons appear, it is a matter of coincidence.

For every woman who leads a double life . . .

DILIGENT YOU . . . scouring pots n' pans, polishing dishes, sudsing undies every day. Do your hands end up all red, rough and chapped? Not YOURS! For you keep a bottle of creamy fragrant Trushay by your sink—and use it *before* each washing task. That's why—when your best beau shows up—it's . . .

ADORABLE YOU—with hands soft as a whisper of love. Different Trushay—used in its own "beforehand" way—guards your hands even *in hot, sudsy water!* And that's only *part* of its wonder! It's such a luxurious, quick softener—you'll want Trushay on your dressing table, as well as in your kitchen!

TRUSHAY . . . *the "beforehand" lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, sudsy water!*

Wondrous, too, as a quick softener! Trushay's oil-richness makes rough skin feel so velvety! Softens and smooths elbows, heels, knees.

A compliment-catching powder base! Trushay holds your powder so beautifully, your complexion looks *naturally* nicer—not gummy or made-up!

And OH, what relief for chapped skin! Skin chapped and cracked from wintry winds? Oil-rich Trushay smooths it, soothes it back to comfort.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

BUY TWO BOTTLES OF TRUSHAY—ONE FOR YOUR KITCHEN AND ONE FOR YOUR DRESSING TABLE.

This is the story of

MY SEARCH FOR SANITY

Fred Lange

I would still be behind asylum walls except for a doctor's great understanding and the everlasting devotion of the woman I tried to kill

As I sped along the highway in my car that hot September day in 1944, headed for Bend, Oregon, and the home where my wife Linda waited for me, I had no premonition of disaster.

I knew only that I had a headache—a piercing dullness that racked my brain. The morning had started like several other mornings. The last couple of weeks the headaches had made me forget everything else except that never-ending thump, thump, thump. It was maddening. I couldn't think straight. I knew I had to get hold of myself; my work was slipping.

I worked for one of Oregon's finest dry-cleaning and laundry firms. Yet I was losing business to inexperienced men who would have starved to death had they tried to crash my territory only a few short weeks before.

Earlier in the day I had picked up an order from a café owner and had felt a surge of the old confidence coming back—just what I'd needed for the old morale. But the really big deal which I had primed myself for was a large motel order. If I landed it, my commission would make up for a lot of smaller jobs I'd missed out on lately.

I eased myself back deeper into the seat and stretched my long legs, getting as comfortable as I could on that hot, breathless day.

"When I land this order," I thought, "I'll surprise Linda—buy that set of pink and blue baby blankets we saw in the department store." Linda had said the blankets cost too much. Sure they did! But what of it? Everything cost too much in wartime. I vowed nothing was going to be too expensive for our baby.

Life was good! I had everything any man [*Please turn to page* 6]

JOAN FONTAINE
co-starring in
the Hal Wallis production
"SEPTEMBER AFFAIR"
A Paramount Picture

"Be Lux Lovely"... says Joan Fontaine

"My beauty care does wonders for the skin"—

Joan Fontaine says: "Here's a simple beauty care that really *works*. I smooth on Lux Soap's rich lather and work it well into my skin." *Active lather cleanses gently, but so thoroughly.* "I rinse with warm water—finish with a quick cold rinse. Already my skin feels softer—smoother." *Yes, this daily active lather care gives million-dollar complexions protection they need.* "Then I pat very gently with a soft towel to dry. Now skin looks so radiantly fresh!" *Try this care screen stars use and be delighted with the quick new beauty Lux Soap gives your skin!*

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Her Charm Has Quit Working

Up until recently, Saturday night was big-date night . . . now it's just Saturday night. One-by-one the boys have quit phoning. Somehow her charm isn't working like it used to . . . and the reason* is one that she would be the last to suspect. It could happen to any girl . . . even to you.

How's your breath today?

Better not take your breath for granted. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath), you know, can be absent one day and present the next . . . without your knowing it. And when it is off-color, people are likely to avoid you.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis? It's almost a passport to popularity.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but usually for hours.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and the odors it causes.
Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... **IT'S BREATH-TAKING!**

[*Continued from page* 4] could ever want. I had Linda. Linda, my wife of less than a year. Always smiling, trusting. Her belief in me helped me believe in myself. Linda was my life.

Everything was fun with Linda. First it had been our small apartment, a few luxuries slipped in now and then to make it a real honeymoon home. Then Linda became pregnant. I had scouted around Bend until I found a small house we could rent. We had no furniture, but we didn't worry. We bought some secondhand furniture, and the finance company was more than willing to lend us money at only 2 per cent interest a month. Every cent that didn't go to pay bills went to buy things for the coming baby.

But things happened. Bills started piling up. I learned there was little truth in the expression "easy terms," and that 2 per cent interest a month actually meant 24 per cent a year. I was deeply in debt, paying out everything I made and hardly managing to hold my own. Every little emergency became a major obstacle. I tried not to think of the extra burden the baby would be.

Right when I needed money in the worst way, my sales began to fall off. I kept trying hard—Lord knows I tried harder than ever—but I just didn't seem to have that spark any more. My confidence was shattered, and I felt defeated. I would have given up except for Linda.

But as I talked to the motel man my spirits rose. He was a dead cinch for the order. Then—I don't know what it was, but as he talked, I began to feel impatient. I was desperate to get the order, to get out of there. I rubbed my forehead trying to fend off the headache that had started again. It wouldn't go away. The pounding was constant—thump, thump, thump. Its beat got louder and louder in my ears.

I had completely lost the trend of the conversation. I couldn't remember what I had just said. My mind was blank.

Suddenly the man was saying, "I'll take my cleaning elsewhere. And I'll thank you to take yourself elsewhere, too."

"But—but—" I stammered. There was nothing to say. There had been a blank, I was aware of that. I turned toward the door in embarrassed confusion. I had lost another big sale—the one that I was counting on.

I headed the car toward home. I rolled down the car window in a vain effort to get a breath of fresh air. A gang of boys was playing baseball in a pasture alongside the highway. I watched one boy slide into second base on the seat of his pants. "Darn good way to wear out clothes," I muttered to myself. Funny how a little thing like that can bother me, I thought.

The sale I had missed kept nagging at the corners of my mind. I thought of the bills. I owed money for everything—the car, the furniture, the rent, even groceries. The baby would need a bassinet. The baby. More bills.

Looking back now, I can recall the shimmering mirages on the hot asphalt road, the glaring white line that went on and on and on until it began to coil and twist like a snake.

I thought of that boy I'd seen sliding into base. What did I care if he ruined his clothes? What did I care about anything? Suddenly I heard myself laughing. The highway danced in front of my eyes. I wiped my forearm across my forehead, trying to clear my blurred vision. The car lurched crazily, and then, like a slate wiped clean, all clear memory was gone. I was lost in a dark, bottomless pit.

The next two months are a jumble of distorted pictures in my mind. It's as

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and

which girl has the Toni?

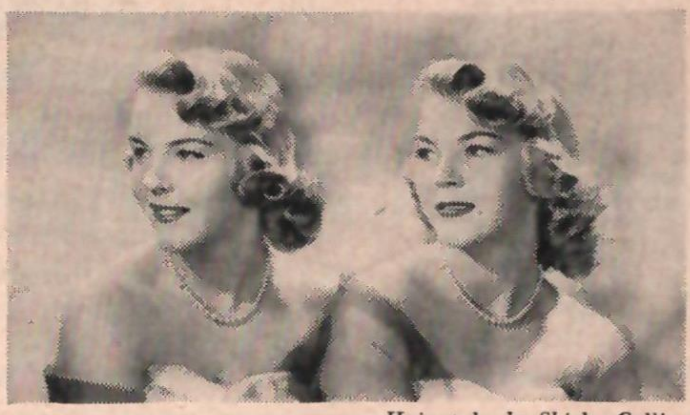
The lovely Toni girl says: "All my Toni waves have been wonderful, but this new Toni with Permafix is best of all. It's just as soft and natural looking as naturally curly hair—even on the first day." Can you tell which girl was born with naturally curly hair and which girl has the Toni? See answer below.

New improved Toni guarantees your wave will look soft and natural from the very first day!

You can't tell a new, improved Toni wave from Nature's loveliest wave. Your hair will feel like naturally curly hair—comb like naturally curly hair—look like naturally curly hair *from the first thrilling moment.* That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known, plus amazing new Permafix that leaves your hair in a softer, more natural condition.

Permafix is a new wonder discovery of Toni research. Far more effective than any other neutralizer known. Permafix actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave silky-soft at first combing—more natural month after month.

Toni is the only permanent with Permafix—the only permanent that guarantees your wave will look soft and natural the very first day—and every day for months to come. No wonder more women use Toni than all other home permanents combined. Ask for Toni today. Joan Tebbe, the lovely brunette, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni — and which has the beauty shop wave? Compare Barbara Dahm's Toni (at the right) with her sister Beverly's permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive beauty shop wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni.

TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni *the wave that gives that natural look!*

How warm should the nursery be?

Healthy babies are happiest in a daytime temperature of 68-70° F. Overwarm dry air can make baby's skin feel miserably prickly. Daily lubrication with Johnson's Baby Oil is especially important in winter. Smooth on after baths, after diaper changes.

Should baby wear "woolies"?

Most authorities feel that all-wool next to baby's skin isn't desirable. A mixture of wool and cotton is kinder to its delicacy. Frequent sprinklings with Johnson's Baby Powder are soothing, too. Everyone loves its gentle touch, its baby-sweet fragrance.

How about baths on wintry days?

Baby needs his bath every day, winter or summer. Just see that the room's warm, (about 75°F.) during bath time, and free from drafts. Pat dry, don't rub. Finish with a smoothover of Johnson's Baby Oil, or a satiny sprinkling of Johnson's Baby Powder. Wise mothers keep both on the nursery tray.

Recommended by more doctors—used by more mothers

though each flash of memory were being projected onto a poorly lighted screen and I was viewing it through the whirling blades of a fan.

I know I heard someone saying out loud, "Linda isn't to blame. It isn't her fault you're so deeply in debt." The voice sounded familiar. It was my voice! It was what I had been thinking before. Before what? Memory eluded me. The clearest and most terrible recollection of all was of Linda's face, grotesquely contorted with pain and fright. There were no laughing lips, no trusting eyes. She was screaming and I was trying to stop her. I was trying to choke her into silence.

"Hit him! Kill him!" I heard someone yell. And then I felt a shattering blow on my head.

For the next two months I lived in a dark world of forms and shadows and faraway voices. I didn't know then that I'd been committed to the Oregon State Hospital for the Insane. I didn't know that I'd tried to kill my wife Linda. I didn't know that because of that day Linda had lost our baby.

Memory is vague regarding those two months. I can only remember feelings. One instant I would feel a sharp, icy jet of cold water striking me in the back, and a smooth, white wall would appear before my eyes. I would turn around screaming and fighting the cold water, trying to escape. And then when my body became accustomed to the coldness, the nightmare would fade into oblivion and there would be nothing else.

Again there would be moments when I would see a man in a gray suit sitting in a chair in a small, brown-paneled room. He always seemed to have something bright and shiny in his hand. It was a cigarette lighter. The man always seemed to be talking about something that didn't make sense to me, and for some reason he annoyed me. Sometimes, too, Linda would be standing beside the man in the gray suit, smiling at me. Then they would be gone, and the fan would revolve again until I couldn't see the picture any more.

And then one day I found myself walking down a long corridor with paneled doors on both sides. I saw a stoop-shouldered man coming toward me, raving. He stopped in front of me. His eyes were dull and listless.

"You're one of those dirty darn orangutans," he screamed, taking a backward step away from me.

"What's that?" I asked dumbly. I felt as though I were living a nightmare that I might wake from by talking, making some sort of noise. Surely there were no human beings on earth like the man who stood in front of me waving his arms wildly and drooling.

As I backed away, I felt firm hands grasp me. Two young men held my arms tightly.

"Easy, boy," one of them said in the soothing voice he might have used with a child.

"That guy is nuts!" I cried out. "He's stark raving crazy."

I couldn't understand. Where was I? What was I doing here?

I was guided down the hall to a door marked private. As we entered I saw a man in a gray suit sitting behind a desk that seemed vaguely familiar. I felt as though I had seen it sometime in a dream.

"I think he's snapping out of it, Doc," one of the men said.

"Fine," the man in the gray suit answered. "Will you sit down, Mister Lange?"

I sat down in the chair he indicated. The two men [*Please turn to page* 12]

SPIEGEL

SERVING AMERICAN FAMILIES SINCE 1865

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Ends Feb. 15, 1951

Now You Can SAVE THIS $1

See for yourself—without sending a penny—that you save many dollars when you shop by mail from the new Spiegel Catalog for Spring and Summer, 1951.

600 PAGES packed with vast selections of merchandise—

- women's fashions
- children's needs
- men's wear
- home furnishings
- hardware, farm and auto supplies

All dependable quality, priced low, with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back every time you order.

NEW CUSTOMERS usually pay $1 deposit for this Catalog, but now for this limited time you can save this $1!

SEE IT ON FREE TRIAL! Now, until Feb. 15, you can get this Catalog for 10 days' free trial by returning coupon. After Feb. 15 the usual $1 deposit will be required.

If you order within 10 days the Catalog is yours to keep at no cost. If not, return it to us—without obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

PLEASE SEND ME THIS BIG, NEW 1951 SPIEGEL CATALOG ON FREE TRIAL

Spiegel, Chicago 9, Illinois

Please send me the big, new Spiegel Catalog. When it comes, I will look over what you have to offer—and either place an order within 10 days, or return the Catalog.

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(Note: If after 10 days' free trial, I am not ready to send an order, but still wish to keep the big Catalog, I will send you a $1 deposit, in return for which you will mail me a $1 Merchandise Certificate, good on any Spiegel mail order of $10 or more.)

HEDDA HOPPER'S BEST MOVIE BETS

New Best Bets

KIM . . . This film version of the Rudyard Kipling story gives Errol Flynn a part that so approximates his own headline happy character that he wisely plays it tongue in cheek. He plays a fellow who has a way with ladies, and he believes in loving them and leaving them. Dean Stockwell, as a street urchin who becomes civilized through his admiration for Flynn, is superb. Along the way, Errol gives him a few tips on life and the ways of woman kind. The picture's chief fault is story complication, as plot and counter plot fold upon each other. The Technicolor production was filmed in India, often with breathtaking photography. It's well worth seeing. An MGM picture, produced by Leon Gordon.

THE GOLDBERGS . . . If you liked the Goldbergs on radio and on TV, you'll welcome the picture with open arms. It's not big, colossal, or even great. But it's a warm, human story of people you've grown to love over the years—people you respect. People who help themselves and their neighbors, without asking help from anybody else. I wish we had a dozen more pictures as homey as "The Goldbergs." A Paramount picture, produced by Mel Epstein.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC . . . In filming this adaptation of the famed Rostand classic, producer Stanley Kramer sought to eliminate some of the stage static by giving a hypo to the action. As a result the picture, losing much of the play's charm but gaining tempo, comes off second best. Jose Ferrer, as the long-nose, poet-soldier, interprets his part as heavily dramatic. In consequence the delicate beauty of the original dialogue is often lost. Mala Powers is fine as young Roxane; but in neither looks nor action does she bridge the fourteen years elapsing between the final two sequences. However, the entire production is a noble undertaking. And reaction to the picture will doubtless be strong, with the pros and cons depending upon individual taste. A United Artists picture, produced by Stanley Kramer.

Recently Released Best Bets

AN AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES . . . Tyrone Power. A Twentieth Century-Fox picture, produced by Lamar Trotti.

TWO WEEKS—WITH LOVE . . . Louis Calhern, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, Ricardo Montalban. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, produced by Jack Cummings.

THE JACKPOT . . . Jimmy Stewart, Barbara Hale. A Twentieth Century-Fox picture, produced by Sam Engel.

WOMAN ON THE RUN . . . Ann Sheridan, Robert Keith. A Universal-International picture, produced by Howard Welsch.

HARVEY . . . Jimmy Stewart, Josephine Hull. A Universal-International picture, produced by John Beck.

LET'S DANCE . . . Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire. A Paramount picture, produced by Robert Fellows.

ALL ABOUT EVE . . . Bette Davis, Anne Baxter. A Twentieth Century-Fox picture, produced by Darryl Zanuck.

Hedda Hopper
Hollywood's Foremost Reporter

Are you in the know?

Can you remedy cold, red hands with —

- ☐ *Open-air workouts*
- ☐ *Mittens*
- ☐ *Lotion*

If Winter turns your mitts to icy "lobster claws" — chances are, your circulation needs recharging. Get more outdoor exercise. Swap tight gloves for warm, wool mittens that give your fingers wiggle-room. And use hand lotion, faithfully. (Did you guess all 3 answers were right?) On certain days, you don't have to guess which Kotex absorbency's right for you. Try *all 3:* Regular, Junior, Super — (different sizes, for different days). See which answers *your* needs!

For some gals, which style demands special grooming?

- ☐ *Horseshoe neckline*
- ☐ *Batwing sleeves*
- ☐ *Pleated skirts*

Squires soon tire of gals who perspire and don't *do* something about it! Use underarm deodorants; dress shields. And with batwing sleeves, you can wear a bra with *built-in* shields: special precaution to save your dress, your daintiness. At "calendar" time, smooth grooming's no problem — when you let Kotex banish revealing outlines. With those special, *flat pressed ends* no telltale outlines show. You can flaunt *any* smart new fashion — minus a single secret qualm!

How to straighten out a feud you started?

- ☐ *Make the first move*
- ☐ *Wait for him to call*
- ☐ *Try the weeping technique*

You blow your top. And you're sorry — even before you hear the door slam. Well, *tell* him so, in a little note. Or ask the crowd over and include your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Taint worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex gives you the *extra* protection of an exclusive *safety center*. A Kotex feature that guards against accidents; spares you "those" nagging cares.

If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

- ☐ *Take a public-speaking course*
- ☐ *Avoid gang gatherings*
- ☐ *Go in for sports*

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. Go skating. Bowling . . . (who can be a dumb belle when she scores a strike?) Hop on a snow train . . . and look who's talking! *You*, leading the yacketty-yak about ski lessons, boots, waxes. And once in the sports whirl don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort . . . downy softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. (Comfort and confidence are team-mates!)

How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle your calendar*
- ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe*
- ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic — this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. (Why not buy two — for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

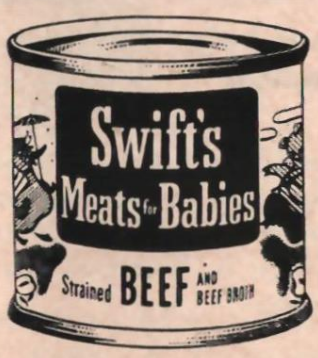
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Smart mothers—to help babies resist colds*

...feed Swift's Meats for Babies every day!

*Test feedings conducted by doctors showed babies who ate Swift's Meats for Babies every day had greater resistance to colds, germs and infections! No wonder! Swift's Meats for Babies are one of the finest *protective* foods a baby can eat. That's because they provide so much *complete protein*—needed to help baby build antibodies or germ fighters. Doctors say baby needs the kind of proteins, B vitamins and iron Swift's Meats provide every day. Get Swift's Meats for Babies or Juniors today! You can serve six tempting kinds: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver or heart, at about *half* the cost of home-prepared meats!

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



Only the finest Meats for Babies are labelled Swift's

SWIFT ... *foremost name in meats... first in Meats for Babies*

[*Continued from page* 8] with me took their positions on either side of me.

"Do you know who I am?" the man at the desk asked me.

"No," I answered.

"I'm Doctor Lester. Do you know where you are?"

"No," I said again.

"You're in the State Hospital for the Insane."

"He's crazy, too," I thought. I was going to be cagey and let him do all the talking.

"Do you know who Linda Lange is?" the man asked again.

Jumbled pictures tried to sort themselves in my mind. As I strived to concentrate on one particular picture, the whirling fan inside my head threatened to cut off my view again. It was a frustrating feeling, like reaching in the dark for something you know is there and not being able to grasp it though you can feel the edges of it.

Suddenly my eyes focused on the bright cigarette lighter in Dr. Lester's hand. I centered my attention on the bright shiny metal. It seemed to draw me like a magnet.

"You've been here two months, and in all that time you haven't had a cigarette," Dr. Lester said.

I was sure then that Dr. Lester was crazy. How could I have been in this place two months and not known it?

"Would you like a cigarette?" Dr. Lester asked. He moved the cigarette lighter back and forth so that I had to move my eyes from side to side to follow it.

"Yes, I would like a cigarette," I answered.

He took a cigarette slowly from a pack that lay on his desk. He sniffed the cigarette as though savoring its aroma. "H'mmm that smells good," he said. Then slowly he lighted the cigarette.

I leaned forward in my chair, watching the smoke curling lazily from the doctor's nostrils. My eyes, focused on that tantalizing cigarette, seemed detached from the rest of my body. It was as though the rest of me wasn't there.

"You want this cigarette very badly, don't you?" Dr. Lester asked. "You want it worse than anything in the world. Your throat aches for the taste of tobacco smoke. Your mouth is dry. You want this cigarette so badly that you can hardly sit still. Is that true?"

"Yes, yes!" I whimpered, like a dying man pleading for water.

I didn't know then that it was all part of my treatment. For the first time the doctor was able to make my mind cling to an object in the present. I was intent on only one thing—the cigarette. I had to have a cigarette. I could think of nothing else.

I'd already undergone the hydro-shock therapy. This treatment took place in a steam locker. There was an ice bag on top of my head, to counteract the terrific heat channeled into the cabinet. Afterward an attendant would take me out, stand me nude against the wall and shoot a stream of icy cold water onto my back from a high-pressure hose.

Fragments of that treatment—the intense heat and then the shock of the ice-cold water—and the room with the man in the gray suit and the shining object in his hands are the only two things I can remember of those dark months in the hospital.

Slowly I began to be aware of what went on around me. Night and day became separated again, and I left the long, endless night behind me. I knew that I

was in a hospital for the insane, but I felt curiously detached from it.

How can I tell you what it is like—living in a shadowed existence, never being able to focus clearly on any one object? It's like flying through a heavy, overcast sky. First you can't see a thing, then there is a break in the clouds and the sunshine makes you forget that for awhile all was blankness and unreality. But the clouds close in around you again, suffocating, overwhelming. Your heart is heavy. You walk with measured footsteps along the sands of time, groping for sure footing and a path to lead you out of the black pit. In your lucid moments the very word insanity never ceases to give you a jolt. By not admitting insanity, you cling to the hope that once more you will have a normal, consistent life.

With awareness of my surroundings, I became interested in them and in myself again. Every day I talked with Dr. Lester. Little by little he filled in the blank spaces for me.

He told me I had come home from Redmond that day, babbling about debts and death, and had tried to choke Linda. Only her screams had saved her. Neighbors had subdued me before I killed her, but she had lost our baby that night.

"I don't suppose you know, but you are making one of the most remarkable recoveries I've ever seen," Dr. Lester said one day. "If you keep on improving, it shouldn't be too long before we can let you go. And now something important. You will see Linda this afternoon, here in my office."

Dr. Lester told me about what Linda had done. Just as soon as she had left the hospital after losing our baby, she had sold the car and let the finance company take the stuff we still owed for. She had moved to Salem to work as a waitress so she would be near me. Not once had she lost faith in the fact that I would recover.

How can I explain what it was like to think of seeing my wife after what had happened? I was self-conscious. "Linda, what can I say to you?" I wondered. "How can I make you believe the remorse I feel about destroying our baby, about smashing our lives and our future?"

I sat across the desk from Linda, facing her. I didn't touch her; I was afraid to. And I was too choked with emotion to say anything to her. When I looked at her, though, everything rocked inside me. Linda was here—smiling!

Then she came around the desk and pulled my head close to her heart. Tears were streaming down her face, but still she smiled. Her voice sounded fuzzy. "Darling, you're going to come home soon. You're going to come home to me."

Her words sent a little shock running through me. I hadn't been shocked when Doctor Lester suggested I go home. I had simply refused to believe him.

"Why should you want me to come home?" I asked. "I nearly killed you. I did kill our baby. I'm insane. I don't want to come home where I can hurt you again. I want to stay right here forever," I told her.

"You aren't going to stay here one day longer than necessary. Stop thinking about it," Linda answered, running her fingers through my hair. "Lots of things happened a long time ago. You were worried about debts, and your mind was tired. Now your mind has had a rest. We'll have our future together, darling."

My wonderful wife! Her words made me feel so good. I could stop worrying about being insane. I could think of my mind as having been tired, sick.

[*Please turn to page* 98]

Wonderful Deodorant News for You!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer.* For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New MUM cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Famous Cover Girl Constance Brigham says:

"My 'camera curls' have to be free of ugly split ends!"

That's why I always set my hair with

De Long

the bob pin with the stronger, smoother grip

For lovelier, longer-lasting hair-do's, rely on De Long bob pins. Their stronger grip assures you of long-lasting curls. They're smoother, too . . . protect you from ugly, broken ends. Try De Long today. Find out why they're the favorites of the "smart set" everywhere.

You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

True CONFESSIONS' exciting feature on courtship and marriage

By Samuel G. and Esther B. Kling

Well-known marriage counselors, Authors of The Marriage Guide

Marriage and You

Does war help or hurt marriage?

There's no doubt that Army life instills some habits that are useful in marriage.

A soldier learns to get up in time. He's taught to take care of himself and his belongings and acquires a certain degree of orderliness. He becomes more tolerant, usually, and so gets on better with people. Equally important, in terms of making a better mate, he learns to stand on his own feet and seems to mature much more rapidly than he otherwise would, especially if he's sent overseas. Finally, being away from home, he more than ever appreciates the value of marriage and family life and yearns for nothing so much as a girl and a home to call his own.

On the other side of the ledger is the grim fact that war is usually marriage's worst enemy. For one thing, war often causes hasty, ill-advised marriages that dissolve once the soldier returns to civilian life.

Sometimes men become rough and coarse and seem to lose respect for the standards they learned at home. Normal desires are repressed, normal pleasures muted. They are men without women.

In civilian life they were told that initiative and ambition were the twin highways to success. In the Army, however, their thinking, their very mode of living is regulated for them. All they need do to get along is conform to army routine.

When the married soldier, sailor or marine eventually returns to civilian life, he frequently has a difficult time trying to make adjustments necessary to marriage.

His wife is apt to find that the experience of war has changed him almost beyond recognition. He's more apt to be bitter and morose, cynical about the men who have forged ahead while he was overseas. Living without women for a long stretch may also make him shy and withdrawn from his wife, and this gives rise to all sorts of tensions and conflicts that may destroy the marriage.

The wives of such men must understand that their mates have had a hard time of it and that many months are often required before the men can adapt themselves to the normal routine of civilian, married life. Sympathy, tact, understanding and consideration on the part of a wife will help bridge the gap more smoothly and more rapidly.

Should you marry against your parents' wishes?

Not as a rule. There's usually very good reason for listening to parents if they're opposed to your marriage with a particular person.

For one thing, parents have a deep insight which can only come with experience and emotional maturity. Moreover, they're in a position to see your sweetheart's faults more clearly than you can. There's a great deal of truth in the old saying, "Love is blind."

However, there are exceptions to this general rule. You may lose all chances to be married if you strictly follow the advice of parents who believe no one is good enough for their son or daughter. Furthermore, there are parents who argue against the marriage of their grown-up off-

spring because they're overly possessive and don't want to "lose" their child.

But if you can honestly say that your parents are in neither of these two categories, you should give serious consideration to their reasons for opposing your marriage. By heeding their advice now, you may save yourself a lot of grief later.

What will help you avoid frustration in marriage?

First, don't always expect to have your own way. Since it's impossible for your mate or children continually to defer to your wishes, you're bound to feel crossed if you expect it of them.

We know irritable husbands and wives who complain that things never run smoothly for them when what they actually mean—whether they realize it or not—is that things don't run the way they want.

To avoid the inevitable frustration that comes from the immature and unrealistic attitude, learn to give in gracefully. Accept the fact that you can't have complete control over anyone—including your spouse and your children. So why expect the impossible? Remember, too, that each member of your family has a will and personality of his own and these need expression as much as yours.

Second, don't expect too much of yourself. If, as a wife, you're not satisfied with being less than the perfect housekeeper, mother, lady of fashion, and clubwoman, you're letting yourself in for disappointment which can only make you unhappy.

Setting your sights too high usually results in a feeling of failure and self-depreciation which has a disastrous effect on your mental and physical health. So learn to compromise with yourself. Accept your shortcomings and make the most of your assets. If you don't strive too hard to excel at everything, you'll find life easier to cope with and you'll be easier to live with.

Third, don't expect too much of others. Recognize your partner's and youngsters' abilities for what they are and be tolerant of their defects. The person who expects perfection in a mate or children—and who goads them accordingly—only succeeds in making himself and them frustrated and unhappy.

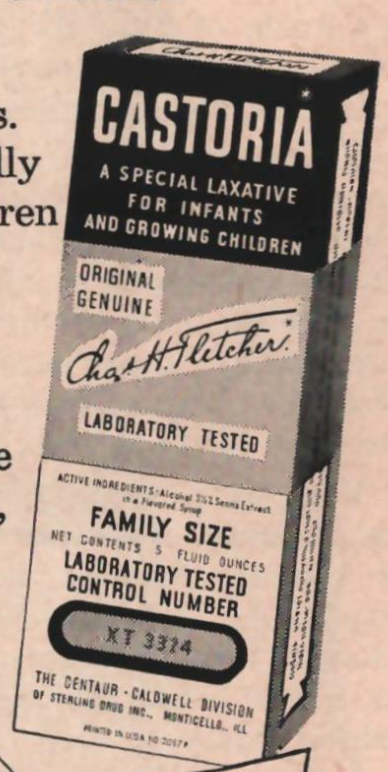
Fourth, don't give up too quickly. If you're facing a real problem, merely worrying about it won't do any good. Day-dreaming and wishful thinking are just as ineffective. Since they don't cope with the situation, they won't really relieve your mind.

Tackle the problem, instead, by pursuing some course of action. If one thing doesn't work, try something else. But do something tangible to get the desired result. Just knowing that you're doing something about it will relieve some of your tension and so enable you to deal more successfully with the problem.

Why FORCE your child to take a Laxative?

Extra Mild—Contains No Harsh Drugs—Won't Upset Sensitive Little Stomachs!

When your child needs a laxative, *never* upset him with harsh adult preparations. Give Fletcher's Castoria, the laxative especially made and recommended for infants and children of all ages. Fletcher's Castoria is a natural laxative, made of *nature's own* vegetable products. Contains no cascara, no castor oil, no salts, and no harsh drugs. Won't cause griping, diarrhea, nor upset sensitive digestive systems. Mild Fletcher's Castoria acts gently, thoroughly, and you can regulate dosage *exactly*. What's more, it's so pleasant-tasting, children take it without fussing. Get it now.



Tastes So Good. CHILDREN Lick the Spoon!

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Original and Genuine

CASTORIA

Especially Made for Infants and Children of *All* Ages!

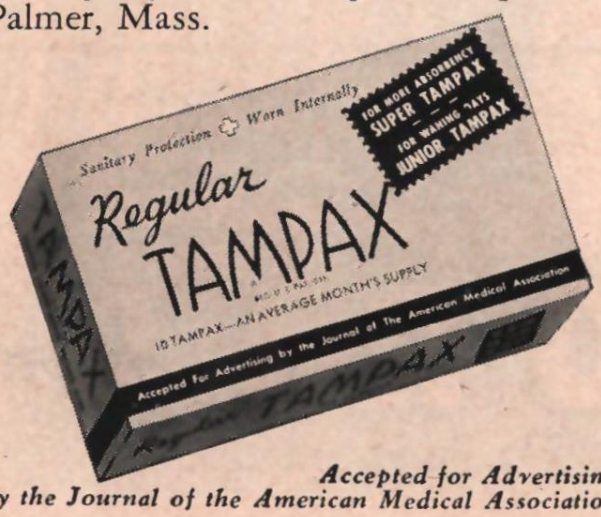
BEFORE TAMPAX WAS INVENTED

Women (of necessity) got along as best they could with regard to sanitary protection on "those annoying days" each month

BUT things are different now! Women need no longer depend on an outside harness of belts, pins and bulky absorbent pads. In contrast, *Tampax* is so small that a full month's supply will slip right into your purse. A doctor designed it for *internal* absorption and it's made of pure surgical cotton contained in dainty, one-time-use applicators, making insertion simple and easy.

The woman who uses Tampax experiences a new freedom all round. . . . Tampax does not chafe—nor does it cause odor, winter or summer. You may be sure no bulge or ridge-line will tell tales during "those days" of the month. With all these worries eliminated, you are more likely to relax and be yourself.

You wear Tampax without feeling its presence. You can wear it in tub or shower. Another point: it's easily disposable. Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Letters of the Month

DUTCH TREAT

Dear Editor: I live in Holland. A couple of years ago, we could buy your magazine here every month. I still have two in my possession. Don't laugh—they're November and December, 1946, issues. I just can't throw them away because I like the magazine too much. Where people can buy TRUE CONFESSIONS every month, they fail to appreciate it fully, as we have learned to do over here.

Miss Emmy Dil, Weesp, Holland

CAROLINA COVER GIRL QUEEN

Dear Editor: The Design Club of North Carolina State College has selected Shirley Johns as its Queen of the Month. Miss Johns appeared on the cover of the November issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS.

Joe Dix, State College, Raleigh, N. C.

LIKE MOTHER TALKING

Dear Editor: Your feature, A Letter to My Daughter (November) was the most beautiful piece I have ever read. I am a teenager, and it seemed to me as if my own mother was talking to me. Thank you for giving your readers this wonderful letter.

Florence Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WAR OF LOVE

● *Miss J. M. (November) is torn between loyalty to her parents and the boy she loves. Her parents do not approve of the engagement because of the difference in religion. The boy is now in the Navy and asks that she come to him.*

Dear Editor: Miss J. M.'s problem sounds like a duplicate of my own experience. I listened to my sweetheart and we both will always be sorry. It was heaven for awhile, but when he went to sea (he was a sailor, too), I became more and more lonely even though my time was spent wisely. A respectable girl does foolish things when she's away from her parents and alone. Although I'm married to him now, it isn't the perfect way it would have been could I have spent the time he was away with my own parents and had their guidance. As far as your religion is concerned, there is no problem. All honest religions mean the same, and God honors them all.

A good friend, Springfield, Ill.

Dear Editor: I was faced with the same problem that Miss J. M. has now. My fiance was transferred to a distant city by the Army. I had to choose between my parents and the man I married. I loved him so much that I wanted to be with him more than anything else in the world. I have never regretted this move. Your parents want only your happiness, and if they see that you truly are happy, I'm sure they will eventually give their full approval. My parents did.

Mrs. M. H., New Orleans, La.

RING IN HIS NOSE?

Dear Editor: My husband is going to be leaving for the Army in the near future. At the time of our marriage, we didn't have a double ring ceremony only because my husband didn't want a wedding band. But now that we are going to be parted, I want to give him one to wear while we are apart. I think the wedding ring is an outward symbol of the love and bond between a husband and wife. It would give me cherished pride to know that my soldier-husband was wearing the ring I had placed on his finger.

My husband says that he might just as well have a ring in his nose. And he furthers his complaint by saying that I should wear the rings in the family—and he will wear the pants!

In spite of all the protests, I still want that wedding ring on my husband's finger. And one added argument, which I offer as a little extra service for the single gals—by one quick look at his left hand, they can note on their mental file cards that he's not for speculation.

FREE! OF EXTRA COST Handy Convenient "Push-Kap" Dispenser

with large and giant size

Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion

Tip the bottle, push the cap— Have lovelier-looking hands in seconds!

No bothersome top to remove or replace. This handy "Push-Kap" dispenser gives you just the *desired* amount of lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion for the gentlest, most soothing care your dry, chapped hands (knees and elbows, too) have ever experienced. Cashmere Bouquet is the fragrant new formula that pours like a lotion, *softens* like a cream, dries quick-as-a-wink without stickiness. Grand as a powder base, or complexion treatment for your entire body. Get Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion with the new "Push-Kap" dispenser, in the large or giant size, today!

1. No Fuss!
When ready to apply lotion—simply withdraw silvery pin from spout. No bothersome cap to unscrew, replace, or lose.

2. No Muss!
Turn bottle upside down. Press gently on knob behind spout with forefinger to dispense lotion. Can't spill, bottle never becomes slippery.

3. No Waste!
When exactly *desired* amount of lotion is dispensed, release pressure of forefinger and replace bottle upright. Simple, convenient, economical.

25¢ and 43¢

NOW

BUY LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE'S NEW THRIFT-PAK...

SAVE $3.00 A YEAR!

... treat yourself to a frilly new blouse with what you save!

IT'S UP TO YOU how you spend the three dollars you save on Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak!

The Thrift-Pak (*two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) contains enough Tooth Paste to last the average family a whole month . . . and saves you 30¢ every time you buy. Within a year the average family's *bound* to save as much as $3 or more.

As makers of Listerine Antiseptic, we would never put our name on a product that isn't top quality. No dentifrice you can buy beats Listerine Tooth Paste for:

- **Reducing tooth decay**
- **Thorough polishing**
- **Sparkling flavor**
- **Cleaning teeth and breath**
  ("Listerine" means breath control.)

Only modern machinery, mass production, and more than sixty years of "know-how" make the low price possible. So change today to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new Thrift-Pak.

...UP TO 60% LESS TOOTH DECAY!

Research at a famous university definitely showed that modern dentifrices like Listerine Tooth Paste, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste... not a single one... beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

Am I being silly or are there some other wives who feel as I do? I really do want that ring on his finger—but I'm wondering how to get it there and still know that it will stay?

Mrs. Marcella Rogge, Minneapolis, Minn.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS

Dear Editor: I hope you will continue putting the fine quotations in your magazine. I find them very helpful since I cut them out and send them to my boy friend who is in the Marines. He writes and tells me that these little messages help him in time of darkness and need.

Miss Pilar Gonzalez, Tampa, Fla.

GIVE ME A UNIFORM

Dear Editor: I am a girl 19-years-old, reasonably attractive but completely stymied for any future. I live at home with my parents and a younger sister. I am a secretary in an office in a rather small town.

I have been thinking more and more of joining one of the women's services. I didn't know how my family would take to the idea, so I've been gathering material about it without their knowledge. The other day I told them that I had decided that I would find happiness and some kind of a worthwhile future if I became a member of the WAVES.

My mother says that a girl's place is in the home and not wandering around the country in a uniform. She says it will look like I'm just going on a man-hunt to all our friends.

My father was almost violent at the suggestion. He said that no daughter of his was going in service—that it is the man's place to be in uniform. And he further said that no man would want to marry a girl who is running around looking for hardships. Of course, he ignores the fact that there is a good possibility I'll just be an old maid if I stay home. There's not an eligible man in sight on the home front, and it's not a very pleasant prospect to look forward to that in thirty years the same company I work for now will retire me for excellent service.

I'll never get far enough ahead financially to go away from home on my own and start in another career. And the WAVES seems like an excellent opportunity for me.

I know that other girls must face the same problem I do. I can understand how my parents feel, in a way, but how can I convince them of all the good there is in such a future?

Please, can't someone help me? I don't want to defy my parents, I just want them to see things my way and be understanding.

Miss Betty Jo Dahl, Mason City, Ia.

● *We suggest Miss Dahl read Thyra Samter Winslow's factual article, Glamor Careers, The Armed Forces, in this issue for some helpful advice.*

● ***Have you had your say in these Letters columns? Remember, it's your forum—yours to say what you think about the stories and features in the magazine, to comment on letters from other readers, or to tell us about yourself—what you're doing, thinking, hoping and any little thing in your own experience you think may help other readers toward a better, happier life. Address: The Editor, TRUE CONFESSIONS, 67 West 44th Street, New York 18, New York.***

SOME DO! SOME DON'T!

WITH—OR WITHOUT RINSING—

Tide does a better washing job than any soap on earth!

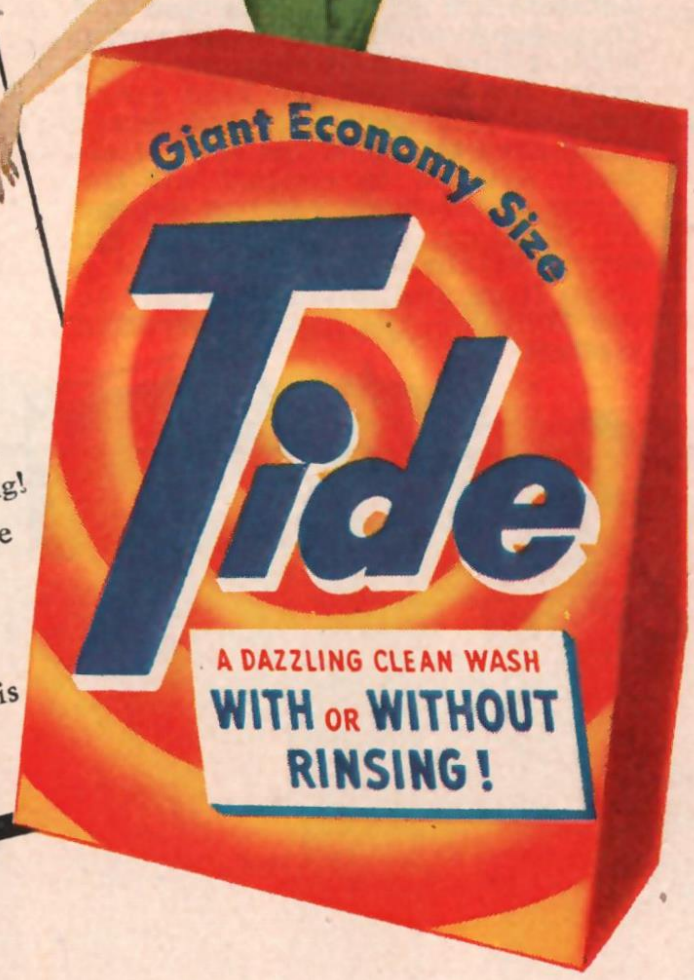
Whichever way you wash . . . **Tide** gives you

WHITE, BRIGHT, DAZZLING CLEAN CLOTHES!

● Lady, it doesn't matter which method you choose —or *what soaps* you may have tried—Tide will do a *better* job for your family wash than *any* soap! Tide, unlike soap, forms no soap film EVER. That one fact alone revolutionized washing results. What's more, Tide actually *dissolves* dirt out of clothes . . . *holds dirt suspended* in the sudsy water. Wring out the clothes—dirt goes, too! And your wash comes so wonderfully fresh and clean it's a joy to hang it out! Get Procter & Gamble's Tide today—there's *nothing* like it!

Never before TIDE could you wash your heaviest, dirtiest clothes SO CLEAN!

- Leaves no soap film ever!
- Miracle clean clothes—with or without rinsing!
- Dazzling white clothes—with no bleach or bluing!
- Soap-dulled colors come bright and fresh!
- Clothes dry soft—iron beautifully!
- And Tide does all this *safely*—rinse or no rinse!



"My Tide wash simply sparkles—it's so dazzling white, so sweet, so clean!"

SAYS MRS. BERTHA BRADLEY, MILTON, MASS.

"I just can't rave enough about Tide! Tide leaves my wash so dazzling white, so sweet and clean! And clothes dry so beautifully soft . . . and have such a wonderful fresh, 'outdoorsy' smell!"

Perplexed
what to use for
INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?

Then Learn About the EXTRA ADVANTAGES of This Method Which Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors have proved one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness.They are greaseless snow-white vaginal suppositories which provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication — so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of *the most effective methods.* Zonitors are *so powerfully germicidal* yet *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues. Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating.

Easy to Carry if Away From Home

Zonitors come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. No mixing—no extra equipment is required. All you need is this dainty suppository!

Easy to Use . . .

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The latest GOOD HEALTH NEWS

By DONALD G. COOLEY

Confessions' Health Reporter

Gelatin For Fragile Nails—Fragile fingernails, soft, peeling, and easily broken, had troubled one young woman for years. The complaint for which she consulted her doctor, however, was a low-grade rheumatic fever. Her physician prescribed gelatin to relieve muscular weakness—and after three months both he and the patient were astonished to discover that the fingernails were practically normal. Alerted by this clue, the doctor prescribed gelatin for twelve other women whose nails were thickened, dull, and peeled off to irregular jagged edges. Ten of the twelve had normal nails after three months, and several reported improvement in growth of hair and eyebrows.

Treatment was a simple dietary matter. The patients merely drank a quarter-ounce of gelatin, dissolved in water or fruit juice, once a day. Ordinary grocery-store gelatin—a pure, plain, unsweetened powder—was the product used.

A "Crutch" That Helps Reducers—As everybody knows, the big hazard in weight reduction is that gnawing feeling of an empty stomach that nags you into eating more than you need. If the stomach thinks it's full, it won't fool you that way. As an aid to sticking to a reducing diet, hydrophilic substances have been found helpful by Dr. A. D. Jonas of New York. These substances with the long name are more familiar to most of us as bulk-producing agents used in treating chronic constipation. They absorb water and swell into many times their original bulk.

As appetite-relievers, such products have uses quite different from what they were originally intended for. They produce inert bulk with no food value, no chemical irritants, have no drug effects. Thus they can delude an empty stomach into thinking it is full, and after trying them on 20 overweight patients Dr. Jonas found that they did indeed help in keeping the reducers well satisfied with their restricted diets. "The appetite remained unchanged," he reports, "but it seemed to be appeased by smaller quantities of food.

Two products were used in the study —Cellothyl, tablets of pure methylcellulose, and Siblin, a flaky powder derived from the plantago plant. The patients were instructed to take either 3 teaspoonfuls of Siblin or 3 tablets of Cellothyl, to be followed in each case with a tall glass of water one hour before each meal.

Male Hormone for Painful Menstruation—Exercises, pain-relieving or relaxing drugs, and other common medical measures control most cases of painful menstruation. A few women, however, are not helped by these treatments and they continue to be disabled during their periods. Twenty-two women with refractory menstrual pain that resisted all other treatment were given doses of the male hormone, testosterone, by Dr. William Filler at Bellevue Hospital. Sixteen patients experienced complete the other six partial relief, with not a single total failure.

The time of taking the hormone pills turned out to be very important. If testosterone was taken shortly before the menstrual period was due to begin, there was no noticeable relief of pain. But improvement was always noted when the pills were taken at the estimated time of ovulation, when the ripened egg-cell is released from the ovary. In most normal menstrual cycles, this occurs approximately at the mid-point between menstruations, the middle of the monthly cycle. The hormone tablets were prescribed in low dosage, too low to cause masculinizing effects, to be taken three times a day beginning six days before estimated ovulation.

Synthetic Breast Milk—Mother's milk has never had a serious competitor as the ideal food for infants. Most babies do very well indeed on cow's milk formulas, but human milk is surprisingly different in its proportions of vitamins, minerals, fats and other elements. Maybe not so surprisingly, since the needs of a calf aren't identical with those of a newborn human. Unfortunately, many women can't nurse their babies, others won't, and it can't always be taken for granted that human milk meets the ideal, since deficiencies in her own diet can make a mother's milk inferior. Man has at last come close to duplicating woman's skill in milk-making. Borden's new powdered synthetic breast milk, Bremil, comes very close to matching the natural product.

With the [*Please turn to page* 22]

Joyous new pattern...
"DAFFODIL"
Brand-new, lilting and lovely!
Specially created for the young in heart!

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REMEMBRANCE For those who love tradition. A dainty, romantic pattern!

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GENERATIONS AGO, when shining-eyed brides set their tables with the "silverware of their dreams," more of them chose 1847 Rogers Bros. than any other. *And that's still true today.*

You'll know why, when you see the enchanting 1847 Rogers Bros. designs. For each has a perfection of balance—an extra height and depth of ornament found in no other silverplate.

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America's Finest Silverplate

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I dreamed I went skiing in my maidenform bra

"Speeding through space ... and on top of the world ... because the experts say my form is flawless! Figuratively speaking, I'm the loveliest sight on this dreamscape! Wonderfully moulded, excitingly dreamlined ... and Maidenform* gives my figure a breath-taking lift!"

Shown: Maidenette* in white nylon taffeta; also available in satin and broadcloth ... from 1.75. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N.Y. 16

There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure.

©1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Costume: Cacciola-Broillet

[*Continued from page* 20] addition of water, Bremil formulas prescribed by a doctor make a complete infant food, according to Dr. Harry R. Litchfield and his associates of Beth-El Hospital in New York. They "raised" 171 newborn infants on powdered synthetic breast milk and report that the babies developed just as well, and sometimes better than average infants on mother's milk. "The infants are far less liable to suffer any gastrointestinal upsets than babies fed on ordinary cow's milk or other reconstructed milk formula.

Causes of Frigidity: Three-fourths of all women derive little or no pleasure from the sexual act. This is the estimate of doctors and psychiatrists quoted by Drs. S. Charles Freed and William S. Kroger in a survey of frigidity published in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Perhaps women who are not sexually cold are less prone to consult doctors and psychiatrists, but the prevalence of frigidity is astoundingly high. Yet abnormalities of sex organs which might cause frigidity are extremely rare. Almost always, Drs. Freed and Kroger confirm, it is mental and emotional factors that short-circuit a woman's normal sexual drive. They find seven factors typical of the widespread type of acquired frigidity:

(1.) Guilt feelings because of infidelity —although the infidelity may be nothing more than a mere sexual attraction toward other men, leaving a guilty conscience that leaves the wife inhibited with her husband. (2.) Unconscious feelings that sex is taboo, dirty, or sinful, although intellectually she may know this is not so. Guilt feelings may hold over from childhood training and do not vanish at the words of the marriage ceremony. (3.) Emotional development fixed at childhood level when the parent of opposite sex is loved. Such a woman tends to seek a husband who resembles her father, and is unconsciously inhibited in sexual enjoyment because the father is not a legitimate sexual object. (4.) Hostility toward all men—the antagonism of women who resent man's domination and so-called superiority. Frigidity is a protest against submission and giving the man satisfaction. (5.) Latent homosexuality. (6.) Too much self-love, not enough left over for the partner. (7.) Immaturity. Inability to accept adult responsibilities and the sexual role which is definitely adult.

The problem often requires counseling help.

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Ever dream . . .

you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new?* A delirious dress can do it . . . or a once-in-a-million hair-do . . . that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This brand new make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse—it *can't* spill! 4 dreamy shades.

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New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!

That Ivory Look

Young America has it...
You can have it, too!

College beauties have it... so can you!

"If you want an eye-catching complexion all year 'round, make a date with Ivory every day!" says pretty Ann Moore, Pasadena City College coed. She knows there's no substitute for purity and mildness in a complexion soap. And once you use Ivory, you'll agree!

Baby beauties have it... so can you!

Doesn't little Dorothy's creamy-pink complexion make you want to use Ivory for *your* complexion, too? Pure, mild Ivory was born to baby delicate skin. In fact, more doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin—and yours—than all other brands of soap put together.

It can be yours in one week— That Ivory Look!

How lovely you'll be! Just change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. It's that simple! Then, in just one week—seven days—your complexion will look softer, smoother, younger! You'll have *That Ivory Look!*

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

99 44/100% pure...it floats

A. Devaney

If anyone ever asks you what makes America great, show them this letter— this human document, written by Pfc. John McCormick to his two small daughters, Rose Marie (6) and Joan (3), just before he died in action on the Korean battle front

If I should die before you wake

Dear Joannie and Rose Marie,

This is Daddy. I want you to listen and pay attention while Mummie reads this to you. Just try and make believe I am there, talking to you.

Joannie, I don't think you'll remember me because you were a little baby when I had to go away, but I used to sit and hold you a lot, and when you were a bad little girl, I used to make you sit in a chair until you were good, but I always loved you a lot and I was very proud of you. . . . Rose Marie, you should remember me because I used to take you out with me a lot, and I used to buy you a lot of candy and sodas, and I used to feel so good when people used to say you had eyes like mine. Remember the little puppy I bought you? Your mummy used to tie a little pink ribbon around its neck, and you used to carry it in your arms. You looked awfully cute.

I want you both to know that I'd be with you if I could, but there are a lot of bad men in the world, and if they were allowed to do what they wanted to do, little girls like you wouldn't be allowed to go to church on Sunday or be able to go to the school you wanted to. So I have to help fight these men and keep them from coming where you and I live. It might take a long while, and maybe Daddy will have to go and help God up in Heaven, and if I do, I always want you both to be good to Mummie, because she is the best Mummie in the whole wide world. She has always taken care of you while I have been away. You see, kids, I happened to be caught in two wars inside ten years, and the reason I am where I am today is because I am fighting for what I think is right. That's one thing I always want both of you to remember. If your conscience tells you something is right, always stand up for it. You might be ridiculed for doing so, but in the long run you'll always find out that people respect you more for doing so.

When you grow up to be young ladies, don't ever forget all that Mummie has done for you. She has often gone without clothes for herself so that both of you could have nice things. I want you to go to church, and you can always pray for Daddy.

So remember, kids, when you grow up, save this letter in case I'm not there to talk to you, and try and remember all I am saying, for it's for your good, and because I love you and Mummie so much. I'll be in a hole fighting in a few days, in a place called Korea, so I'm sending you all the love that's in my heart on this sheet of paper. I carry your picture, and Mummie's next to my heart, and if I have to go help God, you'll know that the last thought I had on this earth was for the two of you and Mummie. All my love and kisses. Be good and God bless you.

Daddy

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"Nothing matters,"
I whispered to Krenzi,
"except that you love me."

YOUR *Daring* BOOK-LENGTH

my name was *Treason*

The shocking story behind the headlines of a girl who wantonly gave away herself and her country's secrets to an enemy spy!

A year ago—a space of a breath ago it seems—I was a girl like any other girl. I was more fortunate, really, in many ways. Like anybody's daughter in a comfortable middle-class home, in a middle-sized town, I'd gone to high school and college. My name—you know it from your newspapers—was Frances Harper. But to people who knew me my name became Treason, and you know that, too.

You know the clothes I wore at my trial and the way I looked on the first day of the trial and on all the other days. From the pictures they took, you know the expression on my face as I listened to the exposure of my life and my love for the man to whom I gave myself and the secrets of my country.

Why do I tell it all again, the sordid story that I have already told the whole world? I do it because I was once Frances Harper—a girl like any other girl—and because today and tomorrow there are and there will be girls tempted as I was tempted. There will be girls driven by infatuation and a desire for revenge, girls without the realization of the horrible and agonizing consequences of yielding to such temptation.

I do not deny that I was aware of what I was doing, but there is a difference between awareness and full realization. One word hurtling across the world on that fatal Sunday has sealed forever the full and terrible outlines of that realization upon my heart. One word—Korea!

One small word and I saw in all its completeness the long dark road that I had traveled, the countless destinies I know now that I have helped toward dreadful fulfillment. There is no justification for what I have done. I seek no sympathy, no pity. I write this in order that my deeds and the things that shaped me for them may be understood. I wish to tell of those things as they happened, in the passionate hope that they may not happen again—ever—to any other human being.

Why did I do the thing I did? The newspapermen were so certain I did it because I was infatuated with dark-haired Beliz Krenzi. That is the truth, but only half the truth. I was infatuated with Krenzi, but there was a deeper motive for what I did—a baser, more evil motive which is harder for me to stand up and admit before the world.

I never have told it, but now I will. I hated my father and everything he stood for. And in a lesser measure I hated my mother, for reasons that I thought were good—reasons that lay far back in my life before I had ever known that such

Somehow I kept on, clutched my purse tighter. My mind was working frantically to think of some way to shake this man who was following me

a person as Beliz Krenzi existed. For years I stored up resentment and rebellion against my parents, especially against my father, for wrongs and frustrations dealt out to me and to my brother, Kirk. I used to swear that someday, some way I would pay my father back for everything. I would get revenge for every little disappointment, every humiliation, every hour of loneliness that had come to Kirk and me through him. Kirk, my darling, my beloved brother.

Here in this room where I am writing, the walls seem to fade and I am back in the place where I grew up—a big square house with a lawn in front and around the sides. There is a maple tree on the left and under it a swing where Kirk and I used to play on summer mornings. In back of the house there is the space where Kirk—dear blue-eyed, yellow-haired Kirk—and I played croquet, the one game we were allowed to play near the house because it was a quiet game.

I can see us playing on a certain afternoon when I was 12 and Kirk 9. I was a nice-looking child with straight brown hair and even white teeth a little too large for my heart-shaped face. My eyes, dark gray, were large, too. Kirk, my little brother was handsome, already showing evidence of the male perfection of

face and body that was one day to be his.

As I watched him strike the ball with his mallet I was thinking, "He is like St. Michael, the archangel, when St. Michael was a little boy. But I am not sure that an archangel could ever have been a little boy."

My father, who had just returned from the Far East, was sitting at his desk by the window, working on what he called Ordinance. Mrs. Harris, the housekeeper, had told me that meant guns and tanks and things for when there was a war. My father was a rear admiral, she said.

I wanted to go to the window and ask my father if St. Michael ever was a little boy, but I was afraid, afraid that he would lift his eyebrows and show the whites around his eyes and say, "Don't be such a fool!" My father, I knew, hated fools. He hated nearly everything, I think—except the Navy and going away to the Orient and that work on his desk, and maybe my mother.

I struck my croquet ball, not carefully but just any old way because I was letting Kirk win, and I thought about my mother. She was very pretty but she wasn't like the mothers of the other children in the neighborhood. She was an invalid. She had a "condition" because she "sacrificed" to bring Kirk and me into the world. Mostly she sat upstairs in her room by the little table that held her medicines and boxes of capsules, or else she was in bed and the doctor came. I thought if it weren't for her sickness she would have gone away with my father to the Orient—and there'd be only Kirk and me.

I almost wished they would go away. Other children loved their fathers and mothers but I didn't love mine. They didn't love me. Nobody loved me but Kirk. He adored me and I adored him.

As I sit here writing now, the memory of that day fades. The outlines of another become etched before my mind—the day on which I swore to get even with my father. I see myself and Kirk again. . . .

Our childhood was over. It was October, 1948. I was 22, finished with college and at work helping my father compile secret data for the government. Father, retired as a rear admiral, was straining to complete his part of a design for a new tank—"the biggest, the most practical the world has ever seen," he'd said. He was an authority on conditions in the Far East and feared the tank would not be ready for use before trouble broke.

We were in Father's study. But he was not talking about his work. He was talking to Kirk about Kirk's not wanting to go to Annapolis. Kirk, at 19, was a handsome, big-boned fellow. As I stood beside him, I was so proud of him, almost as if he were a part of myself—or as if I myself had fashioned him, brought him to the fine perfection that was his. But my father saw none of Kirk's perfection. He was looking at the violin in Kirk's hand, glaring at it. His tone was harsh when he spoke to Kirk.

"And you prefer that thing to the career your father and his father before him chose above everything else? I supposed I had a son, and what have I got? A pretty-boy—a fiddling doll!"

Kirk didn't move or say a word, but I flew at my father. I struck the desk with my doubled fist and said, "That's not true! You know it isn't true!"

My father turned his glare on me and shouted, "You keep out of this. You're partly responsible for what he is—you with your coddling and tying him to your petticoat since the pair of you were kids! You made him a doll-baby. You put that fiddle in his hands!"

Kirk stepped forward then, tall and straight and white around the lips. "Don't call me that name again, Father! And don't blame Frances because I prefer going on with my music to going to Annapolis."

My father turned purple. "I'll call you what I like and I'll blame anyone I like, and as long as you're under my roof you'll do as I say. You'll be a man and do a man's job. You understand me?"

Kirk sucked in his breath sharply. He answered evenly, "I understand you—perfectly." He turned then and left the room.

I started to follow him but my father called me back. Why I obeyed I don't now know. Perhaps the obedience was habit. Perhaps something of my old childhood fear of my father held me there. At any rate, I stood sullenly by as my father went to his safe and took a sheaf of sketches from an inner compartment. He laid them almost reverently upon his drawing board.

He looked down at them, then up at me and said proudly, "At least I have this one thing to do me credit—one thing I am not ashamed of having helped to bring into existence."

At that moment, my hatred of my father flamed into cold rage, and I vowed that I would repay him for what he had done and said, if it took me the rest of my life. From childhood he had hurt my pride and Kirk's, pushed us aside. Someday, I would hurt his pride, humiliate him as he had humiliated Kirk and me.

That night Kirk left home. I can still remember the note I found under my door the next morning, still remember the look of the round, boyish hand, recall the words that stung my heart: "I had to leave this way, Fran, because I knew you'd try to stop me if I said goodby. Neither Father nor anybody else is ever going to get a chance to call me that name again."

I took the note and spread it before my father as he sat at the breakfast table. He read it quickly and tossed it aside. He didn't say one word—not one word! That was one more score I marked up against him.

When Mother learned that Kirk was gone, she used up enough emotion for two, wept until she was in a state of collapse and the doctor had to be called. I would have left home then if the doctor hadn't told me I should stay to nurse Mother.

During my mother's illness I saw my father display the first real tenderness I had ever seen him show. Against my will I was touched by his concern for Mother. But the kinder feeling toward him did not last. For by [*Please turn to page* 52]

THIS IS MY PROBLEM

Should I tell?

When I look back now, I know that there's no way I could have foreseen how it would be. I can't blame myself. I can only wonder, "What shall I do? What *can* I do?" The refrain of those words seems to haunt me night and day, and I don't see any way out—unless you who read this can help me. I'm only 17, and the problem is too big for me. It's like being in the middle of a nightmare. I try to wake up and find that it's just a dream, but the nightmare goes on and on.

It was five years ago that my sister Janet brought Tony Sayers home. She was 20 then, and I was 12. Janet was the oldest in the family, and I was the youngest. The three in between us were all boys—Will, Marv and Paul.

Being the two girls in the family made Jan and me especially close. She was just like another mother to me. I can remember how it was always Janet who took me out in the afternoons when she got home from school. And by the time I was going to school myself and Janet was private secretary to an important lawyer downtown, it was Janet who slipped me extra dimes and quarters. She'd tell Mother, yes, Claire needed a new dress and she'd explain to Daddy just how important it was for me to have the class autograph book like everyone else even though the leather one in Greene's store cost less.

I loved Janet more than anyone else in the family. I still do. And yet I may have to break her heart!

She was 20, as I've already told you, when she brought Tony Sayers home five years ago. Somehow I knew right from the beginning that Tony was different from all the other men Jan had ever brought home. There was something in the way she looked at him, a shining look of happiness in her eyes that I'd never seen there before. She held hands with him before us all, and when his arm went around her shoulders, she sank back against him gladly, her laughing face daring us to make something of it. The way Jan looked when she brought Tony Sayers home, not even the boys wanted to tease her.

And how did I feel? I'm almost ashamed to tell you. You see, I wasn't happy for Jan as I should have been. Instead I was wracked by bitter, twisted jealousy. I'd come first with Jan for so long, and now her smiles, her loving looks, her gentle endearments were all for a handsome stranger.

Tony *was* handsome—there's no denying that. He was tall, with dark curly hair. The whole family followed Janet's lead and fell head over heels in love with him. All except me.

Tony tried his best. He would pull at one of my carrot-colored braids and say, "I like redheads. Maybe I should wait for Claire to grow up, Jan."

And Jan, secure in the knowledge that she held his heart fast, would answer, "Do that," smiling at me, her eyes asking anxiously that I join in this nonsense, that I see for myself how wonderful Tony was.

The night Jan and Tony set their wedding date, I went to bed early and wept hard and long. I was still at it when Jan came tiptoeing into my room and sat down on the side of my bed.

"Oh, Claire, please don't cry, darling," she begged. "Not when I'm so happy. Tony's not going to take me away from you, honey. You'll just be getting another brother."

"You won't live here any more," I sobbed.

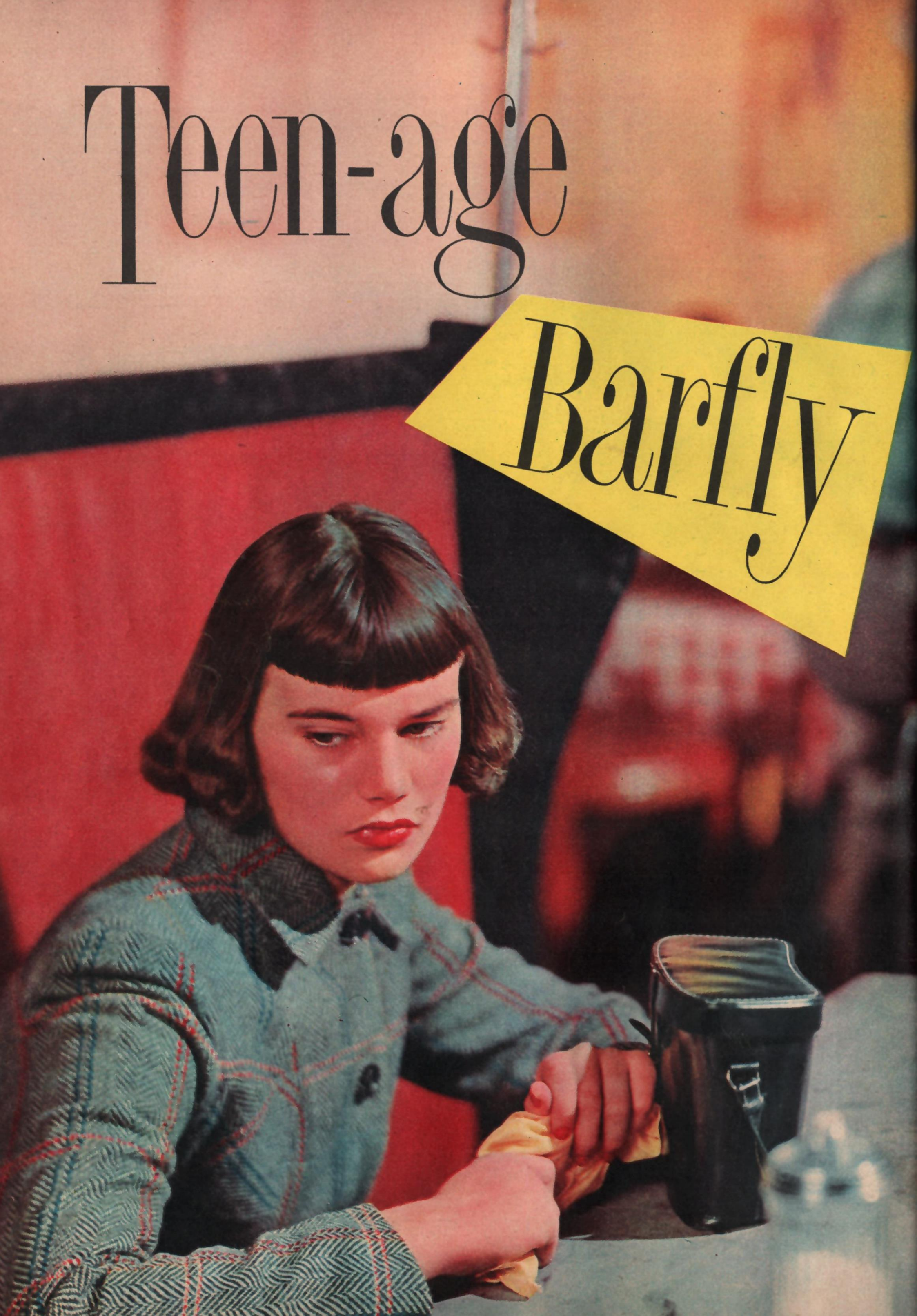
"But our house is just a few blocks away," she pleaded. "You'll be there all the time. I'll even have an extra cot so you can sleep over. Oh, darling, please be happy or you'll make me miserable."

That stopped my tears. It hadn't occurred to me that I could make Jan miserable.

"You're too young to know now," she said [*Please turn to page* 61]

Suddenly he grabbed me, kissed me... saying horrible things.
Tony... my sister's husband!

Teen-age Barfly



Kathie missed her mother, missed the beer parlors and the music and the fun. That's why she tried to go back... by herself... to the life she had loved as a child

Make it tonight, Kay, make it tonight!" Joe Proctor's gruff voice came over the phone, urgent, thrilling, and smothered my heart in delicious excitement.

"You can't hold out forever," he was saying intimately, "not after last night." I was sitting on the stair landing, and at his words I drew my feet up.

"I bet that made you curl in a ball," Joe said.

"It did not," I denied, startled that he knew so well. Older fellows were like that—they always knew what you thought, what you were going to do. That's why it frightened me so when Joe kept saying that one of these nights. . . .

"You know you're crazy about me," Joe persisted.

Yes, crazy. Like now, when just talking to him could make my heart hammer and chills slide down my spine. Crazy, but was it love? Love was a word Joe never used. He didn't say the things I wanted to hear, the words I almost expected to hear after last night's kisses.

Joe was talking about the car he was going to borrow that night. I was only half listening. I was thinking maybe I oughtn't to meet him, not with a car. Then from upstairs I heard Linda tell Bud to hurry in the bathroom. She was 12 and he was 8. They were getting scrubbed for supper. My stepmother insisted on that.

For a moment, talking to Joe, it had seemed as if he were the only thing I had to think about. I'd forgot the house, and my stepmother, Lucy, and even Mama. Then I thought of them, and resentment and fierce black hatred washed over me again. I struck back in the only way I knew how at the moment, by smearing the new wallpaper with my dirty hands.

"Hi, Kay, you there?" Joe's voice came [*Please turn to page* 64]

I didn't really see that girl at the bar. I was seeing my mother... hearing her laughter... remembering. And at last I knew the truth.

I could feel Tom's eyes probing into me, the eyes of a stranger! I was afraid...

Afraid to Love

EVERY TIME TOM TRIED TO KISS MARGARET SHE WAS TERRIFIED, PARALYZED. THIS MAN WAS HER HUSBAND...BUT SHE WAS ONLY HALF A WOMAN, HALF A WIFE

I watched Tom push his plate back and get up from the table. His eyes were guarded. There was something queer in his voice when he spoke.

"I have a couple of tickets to the wrestling matches tonight," he said, looking past me at the picture over the buffet. "How about a little company?"

He hadn't really looked at me since—since he'd come home from his trip to the city, the day after I'd come home from Kansas, leaving Tommy behind to visit Mama for awhile. It had been a week of silence, of something threatening I couldn't face. Seven days of wondering what had changed Tom, seven nights of twisted restless dreams.

What had happened to us? Would I become like Mama, alone in an empty, manless house? Wasn't that what the letter meant? The ugly, frightening letter that had blasted my world to bits! I'd hidden it underneath the knitting in my sewing basket. It had come in the afternoon mail.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. White:

We enjoyed your stay with us. Do make our hotel your headquarters again when you are in Oklahoma City.

I could feel Tom waiting for my answer to his question. I swallowed past the lump of terror in my throat, and wet my lips nervously. "Tom—" I lifted my head and stared straight into his eyes, veiled, telling me nothing. "I've got a headache. I think I'd better take a couple of aspirin and go to bed."

"You always have a headache if there's something I want to do." For an instant his mask slipped, and his eyes were alive with something hurting. Then he looked away, ran his fingers into his pocket and laid a red ticket on the table. "If you change your mind, come on over to the arena. Roundhouse Mike has the last bout, he's the only one worth seeing."

I stared at Tom's bowed head, and past him to the framed picture of our 3-year-old son on the buffet. They were so much alike, with their same sandy blond hair and blue eyes. Already Tommy would rather be with his Daddy than with me. They didn't need me, did they, except to cook and clean house and take care of them?

Tom hurried out of the room. I heard the car door slam and the motor come to life. I closed my eyes, feeling the pain inside me. This was what it was like to lose the man you loved. It had been like this with Mama, denying the truth, hanging on as long as she could, pretend-

ing things were all right. Poor Mama!

If only the letter hadn't come today! If it were not hidden in my sewing basket, I could pretend. But not now. It was too late. I had known all week that something was wrong. The letter only confirmed it. I had realized we stood at the crossroads, Tom and I, when I got back from Mama's to find him changed. And I had begun to have the frightening dream that had come to me every night of the past week. I trembled, huddled down in my chair and buried my face in my arms. As before, the dream came back to me, tormenting, frightening in its hidden meaning. . . . In the dream, I was always in the same place, the same room, suspended in time and space. It could have been anywhere. It seemed familiar, but I couldn't place it.

At the windows were draperies of some heavy beige material. There was a table or two, an easy chair. It was bare and impersonal, like a hotel room.

In the dream, I'd just taken off my blue negligee and was wearing only a slip. I sat on the bed, one high-heeled gold slipper in my hand. And waiting. Then a door opened and he came in. He was wearing a tan robe over blue pajamas. I looked up, and his face was shadowed, as though a veil hung between us. But I could feel his eyes probing into mine, a little cruel.

I dropped the slipper that had suddenly become too heavy to hold, and stood up, trembling, afraid. He hurried toward me, his shoulders hunched forward. He took me in his arms and held me roughly against him. His hands bruised my back with a frightening new pain. I could feel myself tense against him, until his lips were hard and brutal on mine. Then I stiffened with a paralyzing terror, and I closed my eyes. . . .

That was the dream, all of it. The rest of it escaped me. For almost a week now it had come to me—vague, threatening, leaving me restless. But even in the dream, I couldn't still the terror.

Last night I'd waked Tom up as I twisted restlessly beside him. I hated to disturb him, for he had to get up early to open the garage. He groaned in his sleep, and in spite of the unnamed thing between us, his arms reached out for me in a comforting, familiar pattern.

But the dream was more real than the feel of Tom's hands. "No," I whispered frantically. "No, Tom! I'm sleepy!"

His hand fell back, and he turned away from me. The moment of reconciliation was lost.

The room in the dream—where was it? Why was it so familiar? I pushed the disturbing question aside and jumped up from the cluttered table. I went into the kitchen with a stack of dishes. Setting them down on the drainboard, I stared at my image in the mirror Tom had fixed over the sink.

"Tom is tired of me," I thought. "He's found someone else." My eyes stared back at me and I smoothed at my yellow hair, and the fear was in them.

One of the willow plates clattered to the floor as my hand crashed into the stack of dishes. I looked down at my trembling fingers. I ran into the living room and picked up the sock I was knitting for Tommy. My fingers tangled in the skein of wool, touched the crackling edge of the letter and became still.

When did a marriage begin to break up? Would Tom and I end up like Mama and Dad, quarreling, making ugly scenes in the middle of the night? Would Tommy's life, safe and normal up to now, become twisted with the unnamed horror that had marred my childhood? I closed my eyes and pressed my fingertips against my stinging lids. I had tried to blot out all the ugliness from my mind, but now it came back in hurting flashes of memory. . . .

My earliest recollection was of a neat, shadowed house in the best part of town. There was a high fence around the back yard, shutting in my swing and my sandbox and the playhouse.

The playhouse was painted white with a green shingled roof, just like the big house. It had wonderful furniture, built to scale by Daddy. But there weren't any other little girls to share its treasure with me. I could hear the voices of other children outside the high fence, but Mama wouldn't let them in.

"Margaret is delicate like me," I heard her say to the woman next door. "I have to be careful with her. She can't stand a lot of excitement and rowdy playing."

Sometimes I heard her arguing with Daddy about it. "You've got to stop coddling her," Daddy would yell. "You're ruining the child's life. There's nothing wrong with her!"

Mama never lost her temper. "I know what's good for my own little girl," she'd say calmly. "After all, I'm the one who takes care of her. You're never home enough to know what goes on, Roy."

I slept in a little room off their bedroom. There was a cot in it, and sometimes I'd wake up to find Mama sleeping with me. Mama always left a tiny night light burning so I wouldn't be afraid.

One night I woke up screaming, frightened by a bad dream. "Mama!" I cried out in terror. "Mama, I'm scared!" I heard her leap out of bed and run across the floor to my room, Daddy's heavier step behind her. He shoved Mama away and bent over my bed.

"There's nothing here to be afraid of," he said. "See?" He flipped on the wall switch and the room flooded with light. "You're a big girl, honey. You mustn't be afraid."

I felt a strange pity for her,
even though she was the woman
who had stolen my father away.

I stared up at Daddy and began to whimper. He scared me. He looked so big and he was frowning as if he were mad at me. I knew he wanted me to be different. When Mama left me alone with him, he tried to teach me things I'd never learn, like swimming and riding a bike. I was afraid of him, of his loud voice, of the things he yelled to Mama in the middle of the night. Things I couldn't understand, like, "Laura, I need a woman! You're not even alive! You're scared of living, and you're making Margaret just like you."

I began to tremble. Suddenly I was sick all over the clean bed.

"Now see what you've done!" Mama said accusingly. "You don't understand the child, Roy! Leave her alone."

Daddy glared down at us, then stalked from the room and slammed the door behind him. I always knew I was different from other children. I knew in a wordless, hurting way that Mama made me different. She couldn't bear to see my white slippers soiled or scuffed. She was upset when my ruffled dresses got rumpled from playing with the other kids at school.

After I learned to read, I usually stayed in at recess and buried my head in a book. That's how I met

Tom. He sat across from me in the fourth grade. He read a lot, too. I felt sorry for him. His clothes were different, like mine, but in an ugly, embarrassing way, and the other children teased him.

But he was a fighter! Once I watched him have a fight outside school. He kept striking the bigger boy who was bullying him, though he knew he didn't have a chance to win. He hit back until the teacher separated them. I had never fought for anything in my life.

Once I hid some cookies in my pocket and put them on Tom's desk before school. He grinned when he saw them, and his face got red. That day, he didn't go out to play at recess. He stayed behind and came shyly up to me when we were alone. "You—you look kind of like Snow White in the story," he stammered, his face darkening under the freckles.

"Then you're Prince Charming," I said gravely, delighted by his words. I believed what I read with all my heart, and my book world was more real to me at 10 than anything else.

He turned and almost ran from the room, but there had been something warm and friendly in his eyes. After school, he came up to me and stood uncertainly, kicking at some loose gravel. "Maybe I could go home with you and play," he said.

I ran to the curb where Mama had just parked. "Mama, can Tommy come home with me? There he is, over by that tree."

Mama stared at my new friend. No. She was shaking her head. "Get in," she said coldly. "I have some errands to do before we go home." I dropped my eyes to the ground and got in the front seat beside Mama. I didn't look back at Tommy as we drove away.

When I was 11, I realized that something was really wrong at home. Daddy was gone nearly all the time. When he did come in, there was a queer, rancid smell on his breath, and his face was a funny purplish color.

I began to wake up oftener in the night, aroused from sleep with their quarrels. And then it happened—the ugly thing that changed all our lives. I woke up that night, to the sound of Mama's voice sobbing hysterically, "You can't do this to me, Roy! I won't give you a divorce. Do you think I'd let a cheap—"

"Don't you say a word against her, Laura!" Daddy cried out in a strangled voice. I crept out of bed, ran soundlessly to the closed door and dropped down against it.

"If you'd ever been a wife to me—" Daddy said. "God knows I've tried, Laura! I've given you everything. I'm sick of nice women! Too nice to know or care what a man needs!"

"Stop it," Mama moaned. "I've done my best. I've made a nice home for you and raised your child."

"Ruined her, you mean," Daddy said. "Look at her! Afraid of her shadow! You've made her in your image, Laura, and I pity the man who marries her!"

"But she isn't strong. She needs us both."

"I'm getting out." Daddy's voice was grim. "I've had enough, I tell you! You can't help what you are, but I'm fed up. My very touch sickens you, Laura, and you can't pretend it doesn't. But you won't have to put up with me any longer. I'm getting out now."

Terrified, I crept back to bed. Somehow I knew I must hide what I had heard. I buried my face in the pillow to smother my sobs, and finally fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was to another world, with Mama and me alone in the big house.

Mama redecorated the bedroom and made a study out of my old room. She and I slept on the twin beds. She made new taffeta spreads for them and hung up matching draperies and moved Daddy's old red leather chair down to the basement.

I never asked her any questions, but I knew Daddy was still in town. I heard Mama talking about him to Mrs. Hardin next door. "He'll come back," she said grimly. "He'll get sick of a woman like that. Wait and see!"

But he didn't come back. He deposited a check for us in the bank every month, and that was all. I saw him a few times downtown, but they were queer, strained meetings. Soon I got to where I'd cross the street to avoid him.

Mama tried to hide her unhappiness. I never knew how she was suffering until we saw Daddy and *her* together one night in a restaurant. He was sitting in a booth across the room with his back to us. I stared at the woman who'd stolen Daddy away from us. She wasn't pretty like Mama. She was plump and her hair was mousy, her hat out of style. But Daddy was bending toward her as if he couldn't take his eyes off her. He reached out and touched her arm, and she smiled back at him, her fingers closing over his.

"Disgusting!" Mama whispered. I looked at her. She had turned white, and her lips were quivering. Tears spilled from her eyes and made little furrows down her careful make-up.

"I—I don't feel well," I said, pushing back my plate. "My head hurts. Let's go home now."

"You don't look so well," Mama said feverishly, motioning for the check. "Probably a cold coming on." She followed me out of the restaurant, her head high.

Outside, we got into the car and Mama began to drive home. I knew she was crying, and I wanted to say something to her, but I couldn't. Daddy looked happy, as if he didn't miss us at all.

Life followed the same pattern until my last year in high school. Mama kept the house shining and sewed for us and told her friends what a wonderful companion I was to her. We shared everything, as Mama said. But sometimes, when we sat together in a movie I saw the other girls with their dates, and I moved away from Mama's soft arm and closed my eyes at the love scenes on the screen. Why couldn't I be like the other teenagers, going for crazy rides in old painted-up jalopies? Laughing up into a boy's admiring eyes over a Coke in the drugstore?

The night before my seventeenth birthday, the phone rang at midnight, jarring me abruptly from sleep. Mama switched on the bed light and reached for the receiver. Her face paled, and she said in a lifeless voice, "I'll meet you at the hospital. Call the ambulance at once. I'll take care of everything."

I jumped out of bed and stumbled to Mama's side. "What's wrong?" I whispered, knowing and afraid to know.

Mama raised her eyes, and there was a strange light in them. "He's dying," she said, "and he's calling for me." She threw the covers off and snatched up her clothes.

"Call Mrs. Hardin to come and stay with you till morning. Tell her it's an emergency." She picked up some tissues and began to wipe her night cream off. "In the end he wants me!" I saw the queer, glittering light come into her eyes again as I reached for the phone.

When I came down to breakfast the next morning, Mama was sitting at the kitchen table sipping a cup of coffee.

"Is it over?" I asked timidly, halting in the doorway.

Mama shook her head, and coffee spilled on the clean tablecloth. "Not yet. He wants to see you, baby. We haven't much time. He's sinking fast."

I turned and started toward the coat closet in the hall. Just as I got out of sight, I heard Mama say in a strained, tight voice, "He did come back! He wants *me* now, not her!"

When [*Please turn to page* 84]

Another in True Confessions' series on Glamor Careers

Photo by Ewing Galloway

the Armed Forces

BY THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

A woman's place is in the home! That's a cry right out of the dark ages that isn't even whispered today. And right at the top of new vocations for women are careers in the Armed Services. It's almost like a dream come true for many girls, but it's a very real and very worthwhile step for the girl with her eyes wide open for a wonderful future. And best of all, it's just waiting for the lucky girls with the necessary qualifications.

All of the branches of the Armed Forces are now open to girls who are looking for honorable and intriguing careers. In 1948 the Congress gave the women's services full partnership with the men. And permanent, exciting and fascinating jobs are open to you—today!

How do you know you would like a career in the service of the United States? Here are a few questions for you to ask yourself. Look at your answers objectively and then make your decision.

How would you like a career in which you may learn the profession or trade for which you are best suited—decided by your own desires and achievements and through tests made by experts? How would you like to be able to get ahead as fast as you're able with salary raises and honors? How would you like to get your food, wardrobe, lodging, medical and dental care and job transportation "free" as part of your job? How would you like a month's holiday each year? How would you like to travel—"and see the world?" How would you like to know that when you're older you may retire with a good sum of money coming in each month? And, above all, you have the opportunity of being of service to your country. Impossible? Not at all. These are only a part of the things you'll get, if you choose this really glamorous career—in the United States Armed Forces.

I needn't point out to you that in any branch of the Armed Forces you'll meet a lot of interesting men. Many romances have been started in the military services. We all know girls who married while serving their country.

And certainly not to be disregarded are the many lasting friendships made with other women members of the armed forces. These friendships are broadening and enriching experiences. In what other career will you be able to find such a cross-section of the finest American women?

You may choose your own branch of the service, the one that seems to offer to you the most advantages. If you are a registered nurse, you may become an Army nurse or a Navy nurse with, of course, a commission. But if you're not a nurse, don't worry, because all of the other services are open to you. You may become a WAC, a WAF, a WAVE, a Woman Marine or a SPAR.

The qualifications for all of the branches of the Army Service are similar. If you are a high school graduate, you're undoubtedly eligible. If you're a college graduate, you're eligible for a commission now. If you're not a high school graduate, go back to school and earn that diploma, and then you'll probably be all set to get in.

The other qualifications are such that I'm sure you can pass them. First of all, you must not have anyone who [*Please turn to page* 80]

ILLICIT
"I'll go anywhere, anywhere
with you," I murmured.
"Just love me."

HONEYMOON

The intimate revelations of a restless bride... she ended her honeymoon in the arms of a stranger

I was certain from the start that I loved Bill, but I know now that in those early months it was a love without depth and without understanding. Perhaps it was because it all happened so quickly, like a vague dream come true. It was a storybook marriage and a storybook honeymoon.

I met Bill during the summer term at the small midwestern college I had been attending for four years. I had graduated that June, but had stayed to do research for one of my instructors. It was dull and tiresome work, but even so better than going home and looking for a job that maybe wasn't there.

And then one day Bill Conway walked into the office—and into my life. He came to see Frank Trainor, the young instructor I was working for, but he stayed on to talk to me. He was just up from Mexico where he was working for a mining company. And he was full of plans about returning and someday doing the type of archaeological exploration he was really keen about.

Although I only partially understood the things Bill was talking about, I caught some of his enthusiasm. Perhaps it was just the romantic lure of far-off places. Perhaps it was just the craving to escape the dull routine that had been my life up until that moment.

And it may be that Bill was lonely, too—that he had been away too long from American girls.

"I haven't any right to ask you, Lil," he surprised me by saying one evening as we were walking across the campus. "A lot of women get bored and lonely down there and go off the deep end. But you seem genuinely interested in the same things I am." He paused and smiled suddenly, his gray eyes crinkling in self-mockery. "Fine way to make a proposal, isn't it? But I guess you

BIG NOVEL FROM LIFE

know by now I'm not much of a ladies' man."

"I think it's a lovely way," I told him softly. "A lovely way, Bill."

It happened as suddenly as that.

Not until three days later, when we were in a plane flying over the mountain peaks that guard the central valleys of Mexico, did I realize that this was really me—quiet little Lillian Mason. Only it wasn't Lillian Mason any more. It was Lillian Conway. Mrs. William Conway.

We spent only a night in Mexico City, just long enough for me to catch a tantalizing glimpse of that city of amazing contrasts between incredible luxury and stark poverty. Then we were in another plane and flying down to Acapulco.

I have wondered since if my understanding of Mexico would have been different if it hadn't been for the seven-day honeymoon in that fabulous resort. For Acapulco was like something the ordinary person only reads about or sees in the movies. In a way that's actually what it was—a scene out of a movie being played in real life. The land-locked harbor with its clear blue-green water was speckled with smart yachts. The white crescent of sandy beach was gay with colorful cabanas and beach umbrellas. The hotels rising from the rocky cliff were richer and grander than anything I had ever imagined.

"Acapulco is something pretty special, I'll admit," Bill said with a wry smile when we were settled in our hotel room and I kept exclaiming over all the luxury. "For most Mexicans it's too expensive, but with American dollars it doesn't come to so much. Only this isn't Mexico, honey," he added, pulling me down on the couch beside him. "This is just the frosting on the cake. I hope it doesn't spoil you for the place where we're going to live."

"What a thing to say!" I cried, going into his arms. "I'll go anywhere, anywhere with you, Bill," I murmured. "Just love me."

Music drifted in from the ballroom downstairs, and a soft sea breeze stirred the curtains at our window. It was a moment of enchantment such as I had never known. Bill's arms tightened about me, and I was lost in his embrace. I wanted him to keep on holding me in his arms forever.

It was a golden, magic week. We spent lazy mornings stretched out on the beach, with Bill resting on one elbow beside me, making me blush as he drawled sweetly personal compliments in my ear. And at night there were late dinners, with the *mariachis* serenading me with special songs at Bill's request —and then much later, just the two of us. The two of us, and love. . . .

Then the honeymoon was over and we were driving over the winding mountain roads to Tetaxco, which was to be our home for the next year. The town itself seemed almost too colorful and picturesque to be real, with its buildings in white or faint pastel shades and the gay red of the tiled roofs against the green of the mountain peaks. Even the narrow cobbled streets that ran every which way up and down the mountains were laid in patterns of colored stones in the ancient Indian symbols of the zodiac.

Bill had taken a house for us high on a mountain slope, overlooking the village. It was only a single story, but the bedrooms were large and high-ceilinged and the living room was enormous.

I sighed a little as I looked at the gleaming tile floors and the spotless walls. "How in the world am I going to keep it as clean as this?" I cried.

Bill laughed. "That's something you won't have to worry about, honey. Housework is about the cheapest thing there is here."

I wasn't sure what he meant until he called in the servants and introduced them. There was Petra, a stout, middle-aged woman who was the cook; Conchita, a young Indian girl with beautiful velvety-black eyes and long; Lupe, an old man who was to take care of the terraced gardens.

They all disappeared after they had murmured something in soft Spanish about being at my service. I gave a tremulous little laugh. "I'll never get used to it," I insisted. "I've always had to do everything for myself."

"Just stay yourself," Bill said with a warm smile. "That's all you ever need to do."

So the first few days passed in a haze of delight as I discovered each new phase of the life that would now be mine. Maybe I sounded a little smug in the excited letters I wrote home to my family and friends. But I was only human, and I felt like a real life Cinderella.

Then I met Sally Blair and she took me under her wing.

Sally was the wife of Jack Blair, manager of the mining company and Bill's boss. She had been married to Jack for nearly twenty years, but with her bright blond hair, quick, nervous gestures and vivid make-up, she might have passed for any age.

We were invited to her house for dinner our second night in Tetaxco. The boisterous heartiness of her welcome embarrassed me.

"How'd you ever break old Bill down and make a human being of him?" she shrieked as we stepped into the living room. "All us women here had given him up. The only thing that ever excited him before was the thought of discovering some beatup old Aztec idol. Just what have you got that we didn't have!"

Then, without waiting for me to answer, she was introducing me to the other guests, so quickly that their names were just a blur in my mind. Later I was able to sort them out, but even so I only had first names to go by. They all seemed to know one another so well and have so many private jokes. I was conscious of being a stranger, and I was certain they must be watching me without seeming to. Because of this I tried not to notice the number of cocktails they drank or to look shocked at some of the stories they told.

"After all," I thought, "I have Bill, and that's all that's important!"

Yet when the evening was over, Sally put her arm about my shoulders as we stood by the door saying good night.

"You're coming over to lunch tomorrow," she announced. "Bill has had you to himself long enough. I've got to see that he doesn't get you off to a wrong start with some of his crackpot ideas."

She laughed when she said that, and Bill just grinned back.

On the way home, I asked Bill what she meant. He shrugged. "Sally thinks trying to understand a people and their history is a waste of time. She's too busy figuring up fun for today to bother about what happened a thousand yesterdays ago."

"I like her though," I said. "It's nice of her to want to be friends."

Bill didn't say anything.

Sally amazed and shocked and fascinated me all at the same time. She was so sure of herself, so sure of everything. During my first half hour alone with her the next day she made me feel almost childish in my delight over Mexico. I'd blurted out to her how exciting I thought it would be to learn the language and visit the native shops.

"Parts of Mexico are all right," she agreed in an offhand manner. "You can amuse yourself in the city and Acapulco and Cuernavaca.

But the rest is a bore and a nuisance —and horribly dirty, besides. That's why we're lucky to have our own little crowd here."

"But there are lots of Americans here in the village," I protested. "I mean, I've seen—"

"Those!" She cut me short with a laugh. "Most of them have gone native, or might as well have. They're a bunch of artists and writers who live here because they like it, so you can figure something is wrong with them to begin with! Take my advice and don't let any of them get chummy, my dear. They just don't fit in with our kind of crowd."

I couldn't help wondering why not, but I didn't say anything. I listened to Sally's brittle, nervous voice running swiftly on, telling me the things I should know and warning me about the things I shouldn't do. I would have to watch the servants, she said, to see that they didn't shirk their work or walk off with my best handkerchiefs.

"They'll smile and agree to everything you say," she complained bitterly. "Then the minute your back is turned, they'll go and do just as they please. Lazy, that's all." She clapped her hands for Pablo, the houseboy, ordered more coffee and then glanced at her watch. "Marge Ames and Maude Parsons will be here any minute now. You're free for the afternoon, aren't you? We've planned some bridge."

That day marked the beginning of a new life. It was as though all at once Fate were making up for all the fun and gaiety I'd never had before, crowding every moment with something new and different and exciting. Before the bridge game broke up late that afternoon I had accepted invitations for the next day and the one after that, and there were vague plans for driving up to Mexico City the following week.

But later during dinner, when I was bubbling over with plans for the days ahead, I noticed that Bill just nodded quietly, not saying much. When I paused for breath, he surprised me by asking, "How did things go with your Spanish teacher? Didn't you tell me at breakfast you were going to have your first lesson this afternoon?"

For some reason I felt myself coloring a little. "I had to postpone it," I said quickly. "I didn't know that Sally had planned a card game, and I couldn't disappoint her and the other women. I'll work the lessons in as soon as I get settled."

Glancing swiftly at Bill through lowered lashes, I wondered for a brief moment if he could be jealous of my new friends and new activities. After all, up until now he had had me to himself. It had been to him that I had had to turn for explanations and advice. But now, thanks to Sally and the other wives who had accepted me so warmly, I was no longer a stranger.

I told myself that I was being foolish to imagine there was any change in Bill. Of course he was happy that I had made new friends so quickly! After all, they were his friends, too. It was his life as well as mine.

I began to notice little things, though, in the weeks that followed. I was more strict with the servants than I had been at first, remembering what I had been told about their laziness and habit of putting off whatever they could until the next day. Several times after I had called Conchita or Petra to give new orders or scold them sharply, I caught Bill looking at me oddly. Once he protested quietly, "You might do better, honey, if you gave just one order at a time. They're only human, you know."

"Even so, they can do what they're told," I flared hotly. "Conchita knew this morning that I wanted my yellow dress washed and ironed to wear this afternoon. But it still isn't done, and all I can get out of her is a silly smile and a lot of excuses I can't even understand. And she can speak English if she wants to, too!"

Instead of answering, Bill looked out the living room window and across the deep veranda. I followed his gaze. It was still the rainy season, and all morning a soft, silvery drizzle had been falling over the mountain peaks and down into the green depths of the valley below.

"That may be the reason," he said. "Even in Mexico clothes don't dry in the rain. Perhaps that was what Conchita was trying to tell you."

"Then she could have made it plainer," I said fretfully, angry with myself and Bill and the rain for putting me in the wrong.

Just little things. Things that didn't count. Misunderstandings that didn't seem to make any sense at all when I tried to reason them out to myself.

Once I confided to Sally. "Bill is too softhearted and easygoing," I said with a weary sigh. "No matter what the servants do or don't do, he's always sticking up for them. He makes me feel like a female Simon Legree or something!"

Sally laughed, then squinted thoughtfully at me through a cloud of cigarette smoke. "It wouldn't be that little Indian girl he sticks up for most of the time, would it?" she asked casually.

I stared at her blankly. "You mean Conchita? But why—"

She gave one of her characteristic shrugs. "I've been wondering how long it would take before you woke up. She's much too pretty a girl to have around the house. Particularly if you have a husband who is too interested in Mexico for his own good."

"But Bill wouldn't do a thing like that!" I stammered. "Not Bill!"

Sally cut me short with a mocking laugh. "My dear girl, your precious Bill is just like any other man —or any other husband, for that matter. And these little Indian girls are wise enough to know that!"

It was just Sally's flippant talk, I kept telling myself afterward. Just her habit of seeing something off-color in everything that happened, like the stories and jokes she and the rest of the crowd were always telling. But even while I was telling myself that, I was remembering the way Conchita brought Bill his coffee the first thing in the morning, the way his clothes were always neatly laid out for him and the way his pipes and tobacco always seemed miraculously at hand.

For awhile I toyed with the idea of letting Conchita go, finding some excuse to fire her. But that would mean making explanations to Bill. And it would mean that secretly, deep down in my own mind, I had accepted Sally's insinuations as true.

Bill was away often on business trips. The company was interested in property on the other side of the Sierra Madre, and sometimes Bill would be gone for nearly a week.

At first I was lonely, and missed Bill. I would have been terribly bored and restless with too many empty hours and empty days if it had not been for Sally.

Sally always had new plans, new ideas to vary the regular routine of luncheons and card parties. Sometimes, on the spur of the moment, we would drive to Cuernavaca or Mexico City, dressing in our smartest clothes for what Sally called a few hours among "civilized" people. That meant visiting the exclusive shops and later having cocktails or dinner at one of the famous tourist hotels. It was always a tantalizing glimpse at a world of luxury and ease that afterward left a little hang-over of discontent.

And then one day she suggested driving down to Iguala.

"But what on earth is there?" I demanded.

"In the town itself, nothing," she admitted with a shrug. "It's hot and dirty." She paused and smiled at the puzzled look on my face, and then added casually, "But there's a lovely swimming pool on the out-

skirts. I have an idea you might enjoy it."

It was a twenty-minute drive down the winding mountain road to the sprawling, sun-baked town of Iguala below. Just before we reached Iguala, I noticed a little oasis of green trees set back from the highway. Sally turned the car in and came to a stop in front of the archways of La Quinta. We crossed the terrace with its tables and bar, and there was the huge tiled pool, set in a frame of colorful tropical flowers.

Sally startled me by waving toward a couple of young men in the pool and calling out something in Spanish.

When we were in one of the dressing rooms, changing into bathing suits, I asked her curiously about them.

"They're nice boys," she said lightly. "You'll like them, and they're good company to have around."

I felt hesitant and guilty, almost as though I were starting on some forbidden adventure. But then I told myself sharply not to be silly. What harm could there possibly be in this casual meeting?

The boys were sitting on the edge of the pool, waiting for us. Sally murmured a quick introduction and quickly dived into the pool with the young man called Pepe. I was alone with a stranger—a smiling young Mexican with wavy black hair and laughing eyes.

"That Sally!" he said with just a faint accent. "She does things in such a hurry always. So that even now I do not know your name, she said it so quickly." He smiled up at me, his white teeth flashing. "Me—I am Carlos."

"And I'm Mrs. Conway," I started to say, then stopped myself. There was no point in being foolishly formal and stilted.

"I'm Lillian," I said. "Just Lillian."

A little of my uneasiness slipped away once we had joined the others in the water. Sally was bright and gay and casual, as though the presence of the two attentive young men were the most natural thing in the world. She was as nonchalant as she was about her bathing costume, which had been scantily designed for sun-bathing, not for exercise, and was constantly slipping out of place.

We swam briefly and then stretched out to sun ourselves on the warm tiles at the edge of the pool. For a moment nothing was said, but I was sharply aware of Carlos lounging beside me. I was aware of his darkly expressive eyes that were almost like a physical caress when they swept over me. I became oddly self-conscious.

Desperately I sought for something to say to break the silence that in some strange way was becoming too intimate. Then I said, "You haven't told me what you do or how you learned English so well."

Carlos shrugged his bronzed shoulders. "The English I learned in school and from tourists as a small boy. Just now I am working as an assistant to the manager at the Casa Grande."

I knew then why his face had seemed faintly familiar. The Casa Grande was the largest of the tourist hotels in Tetaxco, and once or twice Bill and I had gone there for dinner with the crowd.

"Only I am very fortunate," Carlos added in his soft voice. "It is the quiet season now, and I can be away when I wish. And what better way to pass the time than with a lovely beautiful young lady!"

I wanted to remind him firmly that the young lady in question was married and knew very well that she was neither beautiful nor lovely. But I didn't. It is hard for any woman to resist the soft words of flattery, even when she knows they aren't true. What harm? I thought. What harm in listening?

But later, driving back up the winding mountain road to Tetaxco, there were doubts.

"Have fun this afternoon?" Sally asked. And then, without waiting for me to answer, she went on smoothly. "I'm glad you and Carlos seemed to hit it off together. He's a nice boy, and it's handy to have a young man around."

"Perhaps," I said slowly, not realizing I was speaking my thoughts aloud. "But it might be dangerous."

Sally took her eyes off the road long enough to glance at me quickly. Then she laughed.

"And why not danger," she demanded, "if it's fun?"

"Perhaps for you," I thought, "but not for me." It was the kind of danger against which I closed my mind, refusing to admit that it could even exist.

There would never be anyone but Bill. . . .

If only the days that followed had been different! I know now that I was at fault, but at the time I blamed Bill and his aloof, critical attitude for the growing chasm between us. There were moments and brief interludes when we were caught up in the swift, unthinking ecstasy that I had once thought would last forever, but when the fire was spent we became almost strangers again. Worse than strangers, for strangers would have had no unspoken words and thoughts hanging heavily between them.

Once Bill tried to clear the atmosphere.

"I've been thinking, Lil," he said suddenly in the darkness. "I've been wondering if it wouldn't be better for us if I tried to get a job back in the States."

For a moment I was silent. Then I said, "What do you mean, better for *us*?"

"Just that." He chose his words slowly, almost as if he were putting his thoughts in order as he went along. "Maybe you'd be happier if we were back home. Here you seem to dislike so many things—the servants and the natives and the different customs. If you don't care for the country, there's not much of a life here."

"That's your imagination!" I told him hotly. "You're just making things up in your own mind. I'm perfectly happy here. But for some reason you disapprove of Sally and the rest of our crowd—your own people! You're just upset because I won't turn into a Mexican housewife. I don't know why you didn't marry one in the first place!"

When Bill answered at last, his voice was heavy with weariness. "I married you because I loved you, and because you seemed interested in the things that interest me most. I thought we could have a lot of fun together, going on little trips and prowling around ancient ruins."

"I'm still willing to do that, Bill," I said defensively. "All it comes down to is that you're jealous because I've made friends on my own." I paused, and then went on swiftly, "If you only knew it, you ought to be glad that Sally and I are so friendly. You're being seriously considered for a promotion only because I assured Jack Blair that you could be depended on to stay with the company and not go flying off on some impractical scheme of your own. You talk so much about digging up old idols and things that the company was beginning to figure that was all you were interested in!"

The silence lengthened, became strangely frightening. Then in the darkness Bill said quietly, "And suppose you were wrong? Suppose I don't want to spend any more of my life than I have to tracking down ore and mineral deposits? Suppose I have different ideas?"

I twisted impatiently on the bed. "Now who's being obstinate! You

brought me here, Bill, and now you're upset because I like it and have made friends. It doesn't make sense."

That's what I kept telling myself in the days that followed. Bill's attitude didn't make sense. He was the one who had changed, not I.

I had too much time to brood during Bill's frequent absences from home. "He wants me to lead his kind of life," I kept telling myself bitterly, "but what am I supposed to do when he's away?"

I nursed my hurt in secret. But my unhappiness must have showed too clearly, for one morning Sally breezed in full of plans for a vacation.

"What you need, my pet, is a change of scene," she announced firmly. "You're in danger of being trapped here. That's what too often happens to wives who followed their husbands to isolated spots like this. The only thing to do is assert your independence." She paused and stared at me for a moment and then said calmly, "We're going to Acapulco for a little holiday of our own."

"Oh, I'm afraid I couldn't," I said instinctively, "Bill wouldn't—"

"Husbands never do," Sally cut in smoothly. "If most of them had their way, we wives would still be slaves in the kitchen. It's a good idea to remind them every once in awhile that you have a life of your own. Besides, Bill's going to be away himself on a trip into the interior."

I was still hesitant, but as Sally talked on I thought of the glamorous glimpse I had had of that resort during the glorious days of my honeymoon.

"The Hetzels are lending us their house on the cliffs," Sally was saying persuasively. "We'll have a lovely place to stay and privacy besides. On top of that—" she stopped, looked at me oddly and then shrugged—"I can at least promise you we won't be bored."

Even as I agreed, I was certain Bill wouldn't care for the idea. I was on the defensive when I mentioned it to him that evening, ready with answers to any of the objections he might bring up.

He surprised me by listening quietly until I had finished. Then he said in a strangely flat tone, "If that's what you want to do, Lil, I won't stop you. But I think you know without my saying so that I don't care much for the idea."

"I didn't think you would!" I flared. "I suppose you want me to tell Sally you don't approve of my going away with her. That will be a fine thing!"

A muscle in Bill's cheek twitched, as it always did when he was trying to control his anger. "Sally has a right to her own life. It's not my business to approve or disapprove. But I hate to see you getting mixed up in it. You've changed enough—"

"I haven't changed at all!" I cried angrily. "And don't call me Lil. You know I hate it!"

Bill pushed back his chair slowly and got up from the table. He stood for a moment looking down at me. Then he said flatly, "Have it your own way, Lillian. I can't teach you a sense of values. That's something you'll have to learn for yourself."

I was right, I told myself bitterly that night as I tossed and turned fretfully, vainly trying to sleep. Sally was right. Men brought their wives to some primitive, out-of-the-way spot and then expected them to sit doing nothing while they behaved just as they wanted.

Bill was like all the rest.

I was still moody with rebellion two mornings later when Sally came by to pick me up. As Pablo carried my bags down the lane to the car parked on the cobbled road below, Sally said, "It will be a long, hot drive. But we'll take our time. As long as we get to the coast before dusk, it won't matter."

I had a feeling that she was going to add something else, but she didn't.

Then we were in the car and dropping down the mountain roads to the flat country below. When we approached Iguala I caught a glimpse of the cool green trees that marked La Quinta, the swimming pool. Without intending to, I thought of Carlos and wondered vaguely why Sally had never arranged another swimming party.

We crossed the hot, sun-baked plains that stretched nearly to Chilpancingo, the capital of the state. We stopped there for a late luncheon, and then were in the car again, climbing the final towering range of the Sierra Madre that had been for centuries a barrier to the coast.

It was late in the afternoon when at last we reached Acapulco. We drove directly through the town and around the curving beach of Caleta. It was like a golden crescent holding in the incredibly blue waters of the harbor.

The Hetzel house was on the cliff drive, overlooking the ocean. At first glimpse it seemed to be two houses connected by an enormous terrace hewn out of solid rock. And just below, almost at the base of the house, was the constant murmur of the sea breaking against the cliffs.

Servants were waiting for us. As the housegirl took my suitcases and started to show me to my room, I noticed Sally talking in swift Spanish to one of the other servants.

Then she turned and called after me, "Hurry and change into something light and cool. We're having guests for cocktails, and then we're going over to the Casablanca for dinner."

I stopped and turned to stare at her. "But who—"

"Surprise." She laughed lightly. "Run along now."

It took me less than half an hour to shower and dress in a cool summer chiffon. Idly I wondered who the cocktail guests might be, and then decided that they were probably local friends of Sally's.

But when I walked out on the terrace a few minutes later, I stopped short with a little gasp of shock. For there, lounging at ease in rattan deck chairs, were Carlos and the boy called Pepe. Sally was sitting between them. She glanced up at me with a bright smile that ended in a little laugh at the expression on my face.

"Sally's Special Service," she announced lightly. "Escorts provided at short notice. Take your cocktail, darling, before it gets warm."

I was aware of Carlos standing before me, holding out a frosted glass and smiling at me as he murmured a flowery Spanish phrase of greeting.

Automatically I smiled back, answering mechanically, oddly conscious of Sally's amused gaze.

I wanted to ask her how the boys happened to be there, how they had known we would be in Acapulco, but there was no opportunity. It was Sally who directed the conversation, Sally who made the plans for the evening.

"The trip was hot and tiring," she announced. "We want an early dinner and an early good night. Tomorrow is another day."

And so we had cocktails, then drove over to the Casablanca for dinner and danced to the haunting strains of a native stringed orchestra.

While we were dancing, I asked with careful casualness, "How did you happen to be here, Carlos? And how did you know exactly when Sally and I were arriving?"

He seemed to hesitate, then made a little gesture with his shoulders. "I told you before that I am fortunate. The gods are always kind to Carlos."

"The gods," I thought with a sudden awakening, "aided by Sally."

That first evening broke up early. When we were back at the house and had finished a final drink on the terrace, I noticed Sally speaking in a swift undertone to Carlos.

I saw him frown for a moment before he gave a quick smile and a nod. Then he came over to me, bowed and held out his hand.

"May your dreams be as beautiful as you are, señora."

I smiled, not knowing quite what to say, and in the end only murmured softly, "Thank you."

He held my hand a little longer than was necessary, his eyes boring into mine. "Until tomorrow, señora."

"Until tomorrow," I repeated. Firmly I took my hand back. "Good night, Carlos."

Sally came up then, said good night and explained casually that her room was on the other side of the terrace. In the next breath she was saying something about plans for a swimming party the next morning. Later that morning, really.

Then at last I was in my room and in bed. I was tired and sleepy from the long drive. Just below my open windows I could hear the hushed, rhythmic beat of the sea. I wondered if Carlos and Pepe were staying in the same house. Worriedly I hoped not. What would Bill think if he found out?

And then I reminded myself that I wasn't doing anything wrong. There was no harm in just talking and listening to pretty speeches. No harm at all. . . .

But the next morning I still had lingering doubts in my mind. Sally joined me just after the housegirl had brought me coffee and orange juice. She sat on the foot of the bed, smoking a cigarette. "Don't bother to dress," she told me. "Just put on your bathing suit and we'll drive directly to the beach."

It was then that I showed my concern. "Carlos and Pepe—" I said slowly. "Are they going to be here all the week?"

Sally laughed. "But naturally!" Then she went on smoothly, "Escorts are very important here. Without them we'd spend half our time brushing off the local wolves. And we certainly need dancing partners if we plan to step out a little." She stood up and brushed some ashes from the sheer, almost transparent robe she was wearing. "Come along, pet. It's after ten and the boys are waiting."

From that moment there was little time for doubts or worries or hesitancy. Sally had a nervous, hectic energy. No matter what we were doing, she was always planning where we should go or what we should do next. There was swimming and sun-bathing at Caleta in the morning, and then the same thing later in the day at Los Hornos, the afternoon beach on the other side of the bay. There were luncheons on the terraces of the smart hotels, cocktails at the Mirador, watching the native boys dive with dangerously precise timing from high above into a narrow crevice in the cliffs, catching the exact moment before each giant wave receded.

And in the evening there were the night clubs and dancing.

Bit by bit my hesitant reserve with Carlos wore away. It was true that he made light love with his eyes and his softly accented words, and sometimes when we danced his hands lingered a moment too long and too intimately, but I told myself it was only a pleasant game. A pleasant and harmless game.

Once or twice when I thought guiltily of Bill and spoke of him to Sally, she answered with her abrupt, mocking laugh. "You don't suppose he's sitting at home playing solitaire or reading a book, do you? He's having his fun!"

And so the first few days of the holiday passed, and they were innocent enough.

Perhaps nothing would have changed if we hadn't returned early from the Casablanca one night. Sally, oddly enough for her, had complained about a headache. But once we were back at the house she didn't mention it again, and she and Pepe disappeared somewhere.

Then Carlos suggested softly, "It is still very early and there is a moon, señora, that we can see so well from the balcony outside your room."

I started to shake my head, but he said swiftly, "For one final drink and one cigarette, no? If you have never seen the full moon over the ocean it is something you should not miss."

He took my silence for consent and turned, saying he would mix highballs. Left alone, I moved slowly through my room and out onto the balcony. I stood for a moment by the thick balustrade, feeling the soft night breeze whisper about my cheeks, listening to the muted sound of the sea breaking against the rocks below.

As Carlos had promised, the moon was breath-takingly beautiful—a round pendant of gold pinned against the black velvet of night, trailing golden moonbeams across waters as softly dark as the sky itself. Standing there, staring out over the endless ocean, I felt a sharp, poignant loneliness and a hunger for companionship. It was a setting for romance, not for solitude. Then I heard a step behind me and Carlos' voice at my shoulder.

"It is as beautiful as I promised, is it not?" he said softly. "There is a saying that Mexican nights are created solely for lovers."

"Perhaps," I answered with a shaky laugh. "But not always."

There was a moment's silence. When he spoke again I could feel his breath against my bare shoulder. "Why not always?" he was saying. "Why not?"

Despite the warmth of the night, I shivered a little as I shook my head and started to move away. Only there was nowhere to move. Carlos' hands were on my shoulders, turning me slowly. His face was bent over mine, his dark eyes were as deep as the night, and his lips were too close.

"No!" I whispered in quick protest. "No, Carlos!"

His lips closed off my words.

"I must stop this," I thought automatically. "I must stop this before it is too late. In a minute, in another minute. . . ."

But when my lips moved they were against his lips, and my muted protests were lost in the wild hammering of my heart.

Carlos' whispered words of love became part of the soft murmur of the sea, lulling me into forgetfulness. . . .

There was the nagging torment of guilt in the remaining days of the holiday. A holiday, I remembered, that Bill hadn't wanted me to take. I tried to tell myself that I was just being foolish and old-fashioned. I reminded myself that Sally had once warned me about Bill and Conchita, though I had dismissed the warning. Perhaps, after all, she had been right.

Yet I wasn't sorry when the week finished and we started back to Tetaxco. I wasn't easy in my mind, and I wondered how much Sally knew or suspected.

Bill greeted me quietly when I arrived home. His welcoming kiss seemed only a mechanical gesture, his questions about my trip routinely polite. All of a sudden I

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couldn't stand it any more—the barrier between us that we hid behind a mask of politeness, the weary, resigned look on Bill's face. I threw myself into his arms and clung to him, sobbing. It was a moment of rapture we shared then, a sweet kiss of reunion. Bill's arms went around me tighter. "Darling, darling, Lil," he murmured brokenly, and I answered his kiss with all that was in me. I felt then as if I'd really come home, and all the events of the past week were as dim in my mind as if they had never happened. How foolish I was to think that one moment of love could wipe away my wrongdoing, could turn me from the path of folly I had already chosen!

The next morning the old resentment came back to haunt me. Bill surprised me by saying, "Too bad you didn't phone me before you came back, Lil. You could have stayed a few days longer." He paused and finished lighting his pipe. "You see, darling, I have to leave today on an exploration trip into the interior. It will be five days or a week, depending on how far I can go by jeep and how fortunate I am in getting horses for the rest of the way."

I stared at him, wondering. "Do you have to go?" I asked. "Do you have to leave practically the moment I get back?"

He nodded. "I'm afraid so. The Indians have been bringing in samples of ore from an old mine the Aztecs used to work centuries ago. The company wants me to go over and investigate."

Was it really that way? I asked myself. Was he telling the truth or just making an excuse? Where was the rapture we'd known, last night? I know now that I was selfish, wrong in being annoyed because Bill had to leave, but at the time I could feel only a deepening mood of resentment.

To cover up my uncertainty, I said more impatiently than I intended, "If the mine has been there for three or four hundred years it seems to me it could wait another few days. After all, I just came home!"

"But I've been here," Bill reminded me quietly. "And that is all the company is interested in."

When he was gone, I brooded and the hurt feeling grew. What did Bill mean, going away like that, leaving me alone in the house? Not caring whether I had plans for the days ahead or not!

Even after I saw Sally later in the day and she assured me that she knew from her husband that Bill had actually left on company orders, I still felt faintly angry.

"Forget it," Sally advised lightly. "What you need is a stiff drink. Later, some of the girls are coming over to the house for a bridge session. Maybe you'll win enough for a new hat when we go to the city next week."

"That's another thing!" I thought bitterly. "Bill taught me to drink and now he frowns when I try to keep up with the other girls in the crowd. Just as he seems to object to the hours I spend over the bridge table, even though I usually come out ahead."

I told myself I was stupid to worry and fret. Bill was away and if I didn't enjoy myself it was my own fault.

So I went to the luncheons and cocktail parties, drank and played cards and laughed off the heavy-handed flirting of the other husbands who only flirted because they felt it was expected of them.

On the evening of the fifth day there was no party, so I had dinner alone and got ready for bed early. It was one of those still, hot nights, the air heavy with the threat of rain. I put on my sheerest nightdress and stretched out on the bed with the latest American fashion magazine that I had borrowed from Sally that afternoon.

About an hour later I heard the soft sound of singing. Without thinking, I put down the magazine and listened, not able to make out the plaintive Spanish words. The song seemed to be coming from just outside the window, from the shadowy depths of my veranda.

Forgetting the way I was dressed, I got up and moved over to the door and stepped outside. The song kept on for a moment and then trailed off into a soft, familiar laugh.

In the next instant a voice said, "Did I awaken you, my lovely señora?"

I saw him then, sitting casually on the thick balustrade at the edge of the veranda.

"Carlos!" I cried. "You shouldn't be here! You shouldn't—"

His laugh cut short my angry protests. "I came to keep a lonely lady company." He stood up and moved closer. Even in the darkness I could see the brightness of his eyes, and then as his face came nearer to mine I caught the strong odor of rum. "I was told a lovely lady had been left alone, and to myself I said, 'That is not right, Carlos. That is something you should do something about.' "

"But I don't want you here!" I cried out. "You had no business coming here to the house—no business at all! Suppose some one saw you—"

"There's no one to see," Carlos murmured. "Not even the moon that spied on us before."

Before I could evade him, his arms were about me. His lips sought mine as I turned my head quickly away and twisted in frantic desperation.

"Please, Carlos!" I sobbed. "Please—"

It was at that moment that the veranda lights clicked on.

I felt Carlos' arms drop away from me before I fully realized what had happened. And then without turning, without hearing his voice, I knew.

Bill was standing there in the doorway leading out from the living room! When he spoke it was not to me but to Carlos, in brusque Spanish that snapped out like a whiplash. In a sort of nightmarish daze I saw Carlos leave—not through the living room but over the balustrade of the veranda. Leaving the way he had stolen quietly in. Leaving me alone to face Bill.

The silence seemed endless as we stood there. Then I could stand it no longer.

"Don't look at me like that!" I cried. "I haven't done anything. I couldn't help it if he came here. I was trying to send him away."

"He was in Acapulco with you, wasn't he?" Bill broke in flatly.

"That wasn't anything either," I sobbed. "He was just someone to dance with—a friend of Sally's. I didn't even know—"

Bill stopped me with a weary gesture. "You don't seem to understand, Lil," he said quietly. "You don't seem to understand that it doesn't matter."

When I stared at him blankly, he went on, "Maybe you're right and nothing happened, either here or in Acapulco. But that won't be true next time—or the time after that. It will happen, not because you fall in love or even because you're attracted to someone, but simply because you've nothing better to do."

I cried out a shocked protest, but Bill just shook his head. "Your sense of values has changed, Lil, and I'm partly to blame. You've been able to live here without doing anything at all. Like the other wives here you took it for granted after a few weeks that you should have servants [*Please turn to page* 88]

Spending a birthday check can be a problem...

THE NOTE with Dad's check said, "No fair spending this on dull things—buy something you *really* want."

But spending money's a *problem* when you want so *much*—everything from dancing lessons to another place setting of beautiful International Sterling!

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★ **When I let Sandra have the key I betrayed the trust that was given to me. But I would do anything... anything she wanted because she could give me the man I loved**

desperate!

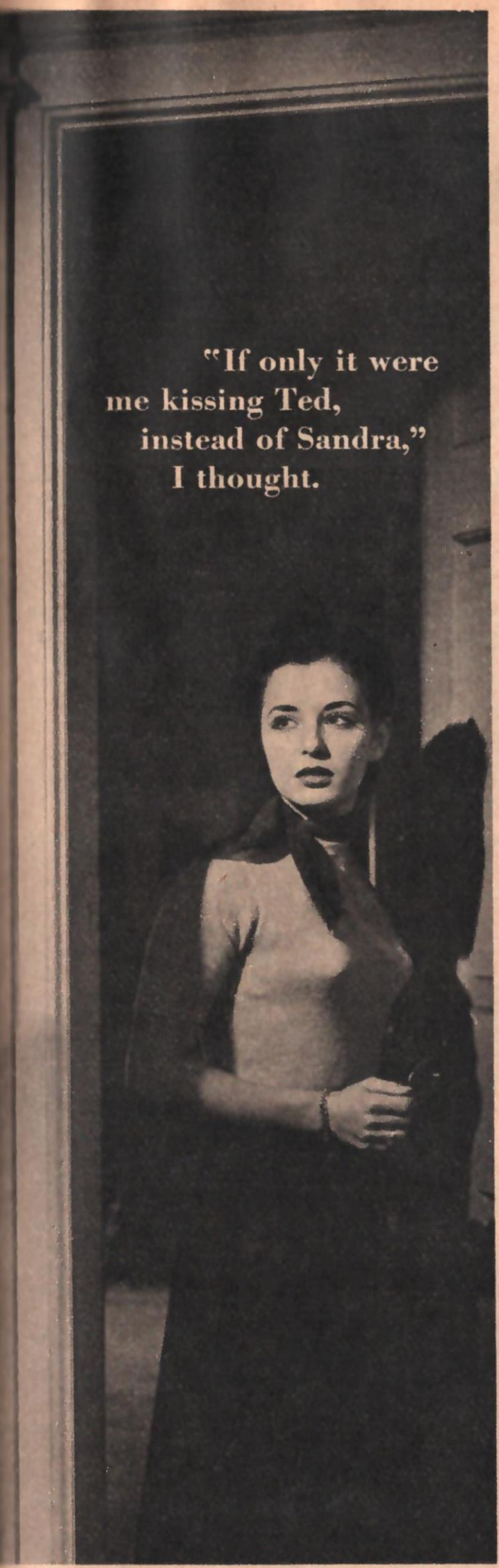
We went out the door of the boarding house together that morning, Sandra Evans and I—two slender girls in tweed skirts and bright wool jackets, our hair gleaming and our white blouses crisp and fresh. But there the resemblance ended, for Sandra would swing to the right and go up the hill to Harris Hall, while I must turn to the left and walk to the corner to catch the bus for work.

"Morning, Babs," she said as we clattered across the wooden porch. I didn't bother to answer, just smiled briefly and turned away. Her courtesy didn't mean anything. We weren't friends and never would be. She was one of the hundreds of college students that crowded the little town of Whitehall each autumn. I was a town girl, an outsider.

"I wish I could go away!" I thought fiercely, as I had so many times before. "If I could just get a room someplace where I wouldn't have to see them all the time!" But you couldn't walk out on a grand person like Missy Grady just because your heart ached. Not if you owed her as much as I did. She was getting old now, and since she had fallen and broken her hip last summer, she needed someone she could trust and depend on.

Missy's hip hadn't knitted properly, and though she could limp about, the doctor had ordered her to get more rest. "Breaking the habits of a lifetime!" she'd grumbled. "I've been sitting up late every night for twenty-five years to let these girls in, ever since I first decided to rent out my rooms. And now he expects me to go to bed at nine o'clock! I know I won't sleep a wink."

"Well, I'll take over for you some nights, and you try it for awhile, anyway," I'd offered not too keenly.



What else could I do, when Missy had been so good to me? She hadn't had to take me in and give me a home when my parents had died. She wasn't even a distant relative, just my mother's friend.

"I wish I could go on to college," I'd said wistfully when I graduated from high school in June.

Missy spoke to me sharply then for the first time in many months. "You can't have everything, Babs. I've done everything for you I can afford. I never promised you college. It would be different if I'd promised."

"I know," I said, feeling guilty. "You've been wonderful to me."

"You have your key and your freedom and your paycheck to spend as you please," Missy went on firmly. "You have a lot of things that girls in school don't have."

If only that had ended it! But after I took over for Missy, the yearning only seemed to get worse. Nights when I was on duty, I locked the door at 10 and then waited until 12 to let in the older girls with late privileges.

Those two hours were a constant reminder of the envy that filled my heart. How I wished I could be part of the teeming, laughing student body that swarmed up the hill each day. All the fun, all the social life of Whitehall—the dances, the plays, the football games and fraternity parties—were a part of college life. If you weren't a student, you just got left out, that's all!

That night, as I waited in my chair beside the door, my thoughts went over and over the whole thing wearily. Upstairs, squeals and laughter rang out, doors slammed, feet clattered back and forth as "Missy's girls" visited from one room to another.

"Missy's girls" was what the editorial in the college paper had called them. It had gone on to speak with pride of Miss Grady's rooming house, how she had always kept the rules and regulations of Whitehall to the letter, so that none of her girls had ever been in trouble. Missy had beamed and tucked the clipping away with her important papers.

Presently the racket upstairs subsided as the girls settled down for the night. As usual, no one had come near me or even bothered to call down the stairs with a friendly word. "Well, why should they?" I asked myself gloomily. "We have nothing in common. I'm a telephone operator and they're coeds."

I glanced at the clock. It was almost 12. Sandra Evans was the only one still out. She'd probably come scurrying in at the last minute, as usual griping about the rules that brought her in.

Hearing someone on the porch I got up and unlocked the door. Sandra stood outside with her boy friend, Ted. Their arms were around each other, their lips clinging.

"If only it were me kissing Ted, instead of Sandra," I thought. But kissing Ted wasn't what I really wanted—just the glamor and excitement of being with any college man.

Sandra jumped and looked over her shoulder as I stood in the doorway. "Well, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "You might give me time to say good night."

"Come on," I urged. "I've got to lock up for the night."

She shrugged. "Good night, Ted," she murmured, then flounced past me. "Bossy thing!" I heard her mutter.

I locked the door behind her. "Don't forget to sign in," I said.

"I won't." She grabbed up the pencil and jammed it down so hard that the point broke. "Do this! Do that!" she snapped. "I'm getting tired of being treated like a baby. I wish I were home where I could come in as late as I pleased!"

"Well, don't get sore at me. I'm only doing what I'm supposed to."

"You don't have to be such an old prig about it." She started for the stairs. "Don't you ever want to have fun, Babs?"

Resentment flooded me. I clenched my fists at my sides to keep them from trembling. "Yes, I do!" I cried. "Maybe you think I wouldn't rather be in class than sitting in front of a switchboard all day! Maybe you think I wouldn't like to go to dances and football games and date fraternity men the way you do! Sure, I can date local boys and go to the movies, but what fun is that when there's a dance going on up at the hill? You think I wouldn't like to be there? I just never had a chance, that's all!"

Sandra paused, her hands on the railing, peering down at me curiously. "Well, well, who'd have thought it? Babs is jealous!" She laughed. "Why don't you turn college widow?" she asked, and fled up the stairs.

I cried myself to sleep that night, her mocking laughter still in my ears. College widow! There were a few of them in Whitehall—hard-looking older girls who picked up college boys in bars and sometimes tagged along to activities with the wilder fellows. I beat my pillow into a lump and shuddered. I couldn't ever be like that. But, oh, how I longed to be in on the fun!

Still miserable, I was rummaging through my drawers the next morning when someone tapped on my door. It was my day off, but I hadn't been able to sleep late. I was too stirred up.

"What is it?" I asked icily as I saw Sandra in the hall. I hadn't forgiven the cutting thing she had said.

She hesitated, then grinned shamefacedly and said, "I'm sorry about last night, Babs. I had no call to be so nasty. I cut my first class so I could apologize." She reached out impulsively and clasped my hands in hers. "Let's be friends, huh? Come on down to Dink's Dive with me and let's have a Coke."

All my defenses collapsed at once. Why, Sandra was really nice! "I'll get my jacket," I said quickly.

Dink's Dive isn't anything like it sounds. It's just the sweetshop where Whitehall students hang out. Its walls are scrawled with penciled messages and its tables scarred with initials, but it's always filled with a laughing [*Please turn to page* 92]

Dora's DOWN

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My Name Was Treason

[Continued from page 29]

the time my mother was comparatively well again, I got news from Kirk that he had enlisted—not in the Navy, but in the Army. Of all the things he might have done, that was least expected. But I felt I knew why he had done it. It was his way of showing Father to be wrong in what he had called him, and of doing it in the way that Father would resent. There was boyish defiance in Kirk's joining up as a private in the Army to spite Father, with his Navy tradition.

I gloried Kirk's defiance, but I grieved at the thought of the time that would pass before he could go on with his music. What if some injury to his hands made him unfit ever to play the violin? But above all, with Kirk gone, I felt a terrible emptiness, a loneliness that I couldn't combat.

During my trial the newspapers called me neurotic, emotionally upset, and I suppose I was and still am. I know I brooded and fell into melancholy moods that grew blacker with each month of Kirk's absence.

During one of those black periods, over a year after Kirk's leaving, I got an invitation to a cocktail party from a casual friend in town—a girl named Marjorie Powers. I started to refuse, then fearing that I was keeping to myself too much for my own good, I accepted. If only I hadn't changed my mind! For it was at that party that I met Beliz Krenzi.

I remember very little about that party beyond the meeting with Krenzi. One moment I was sitting quietly in a corner wondering why I had come. The next, Marjorie was standing before me, presenting Krenzi, and he was saying that he had wished to know me for a long time.

I was conscious of his charming manner and good looks, but I was not in a pleasant mood. I believe I said something like, "I can't imagine why you've wanted to meet me."

Krenzi smiled. "There are many reasons. You are a very attractive girl, and I understand that you are very intelligent. In fact I hear you are so intelligent that your distinguished father values your services as his confidential secretary. That is very high praise."

I shrugged. "I'm efficient," I said.

He shook his head in protest. "Oh, I am sure you are more than efficient. It seems almost too much that one so lovely should be brilliant too, but I am sure that it is so. It is my business to be certain about such things. Krenzi does not make mistakes."

I laughed without mirth. Then before I knew what I was saying, I said acidly, "My distinguished father would hardly agree with you."

He gave me a quick glance, and I felt my face flame. I *was* in a bad way—sounding off like that to an utter stranger. Yet I felt I had to say something more—to make light of what I had just said. "My father—well, Navy men judge by very high standards," I said lamely.

He bent forward and looked directly into my eyes. "You would not suffer by any standards. Not your beauty, nor your intelligence."

I was human enough and feminine enough to respond to that. My parents had never encouraged outside friendships and beyond a few boys I had known casually in high school and at college, there had been only Kirk.

Looking back now, I marvel at the swiftness of Krenzi's advances, at his quick gauging of my weaknesses, particularly my passion for self-regard and my vanity.

Before the evening was over, I heard myself promising that I would visit him at what he called his "small place" in New York.

"We must have tea and talk of many things—things one cannot talk of here," he told me.

When the party was over, he took me home. I felt a quick surge of pleasure as he bent and kissed my hand. Long after I had gone into the house I could feel the touch of his full warm lips against my fingers. Lying in bed, I let my mind run forward to the day that I knew would surely come when I would feel his lips against mine, feel his arms about me, pressing me close. I wasn't ashamed when I dreamed of greater intimacy. Why be ashamed? I was in love. The wonderful thing that I had somehow been afraid might never happen was going to happen to me! I knew it in every nerve and tissue of my body, and with everything in me I longed for it.

It was two days before I saw Krenzi again—two long days filled with the fear that I might never even hear from him, days when I was almost convinced that I had taken too seriously what to him may have been no more than party manners and party talk. I had sense enough to know that as a lonely, unloved girl I may well have exaggerated his attitude of polite gallantry into something he never intended.

On the third day, when Krenzi telephoned asking me to meet him in a heavily wooded park that night at 9 o'clock, I could hardly control myself. I sounded like a child, frantic with joy and excitement. It shames me now to admit what I really was—no child, blundering into some dream romance of moonlight and roses, but a love-starved eager woman, unmindful of anything but the forces that were driving me.

How well Krenzi knew that! How quickly he matched his words and behavior to that eagerness. "I am not like the men in your country—cool and slow in love. I am a man of deep feeling," he said to me in the darkness under the trees. "I want you as I have never before wanted a woman. I have wanted you like that since I first saw you."

But he did not tell me when he had first seen me. He told me very little of himself that night—or later. Our time together that night—and later—was not filled with words, but with the frantic delight of being together.

Now, today, I cannot say which of us was the pursuer and which the pursued. No wisdom, no maidenly modesty held me back. From him I held back nothing. . . .

Not once during those first feverish weeks did Krenzi ever come to my home. He always asked me to meet him in some out of the way spot. It never occurred to me to wonder about that. The wondering and the questioning only came when I started going to his place in New York. All the way into New York, on the half-hour bus trip from my home, I tried to picture what the "small place" would be like.

It proved to be a room in an ordinary brownstone house in the East Eighties.

UGLY. **"Scrubbing my hands constantly,** in order to keep them 'hospital clean,' could easily make them look red and ugly," says Jean Crow, Registered Nurse of Baltimore, Maryland.

LOVELY. **"But my hands don't show** the harsh treatment they undergo," she continues. "I use Noxzema throughout the day to help keep my hands looking soft and smooth."

Hands Look Lovelier in 24 Hours* ... or your money back!

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Mrs. J. I. Ransome, Dallas housewife, says: "Cleaning, washing and cooking used to leave my hands looking rough, and feeling dry and uncomfortable. But now, Noxzema medicated hand care helps keep them looking lovely! I use Noxzema as my regular hand cream—and think it's wonderful!"

Winona McClure, Denver schoolteacher, says: "My druggist first recommended Noxzema for chapped hands—and it's been my regular hand cream ever since. In spite of schoolwork and the chores I do at home every day, medicated Noxzema helps keep my hands looking soft and nice."

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The street looked dirty and uninviting in the afternoon light. For the first time odd doubts came into my mind about Krenzi. Wasn't there something furtive about the man? Wasn't it queer that he should live in another town and yet have this place in New York? Who was Krenzi, anyway? Was his name really Krenzi? What was his occupation? For all I'd bothered to find out about him, he might be a criminal in hiding, or some cheap Don Juan intent on blackmail.

Standing there in front of that high-stooped brown house, I hesitated. I recalled that Krenzi had mentioned my "distinguished father" more than once, that most of our brief conversations had been concerned with the work Father was doing for the government and my part in it.

Once he had said to me, "It must give you a sense of great importance, walking about with the secrets of a great nation in your heart. I marvel that your father permits you to go about as you do."

As I hesitated before the house, I thought of my naive reply to him: "There is nothing of importance to me in my heart but you, Krenzi. As for my father—very little about me is of any importance to him."

I'd made no effort to conceal my bitterness against my father from Krenzi. I had talked to him openly about it now and then. It was amazing how much of myself I had told Krenzi.

But then the moment of hesitation passed. Whoever Krenzi was, whatever he might have done or plan to do, I loved him. I went up the stone steps of the brownstone and rang the bell beneath the card that bore Krenzi's name.

His room was on the second floor in the back. As he opened the door I saw that the room was exquisitely furnished. There were deep chairs, a low, wide couch drawn up to a brightly burning fire in the fireplace, heavy draperies drawn at the windows, a handsome Persian rug. My eye took in these things at a glance. Then all my attention settled on Krenzi, on his hands drawing me inside, his eyes warm on mine, his lips touching mine with gentle, flaming caresses.

When he released me, he looked down at the overnight bag in my hand and said huskily, "It cannot be true, darling. It cannot be true that we are to have this night together—to be alone at last behind a door that is closed, locking the world away." He pulled me against him, his arms hard about me.

"But it is, darling. It was really very simple to arrange. I have often come in for shopping, then gone to a play or a movie and stayed the night," I told him, laughing excitedly between the words.

He ran a hand over my hair and down along my arm. Then, drawing me to the low couch, he opened his arms to me. "Come to Krenzi, darling. Put your head on my shoulder."

I pressed my head against his shoulder. He shifted gently until his arm was under my head, his lips on mine. "You are like my own heart," he murmured huskily, "like Krenzi's own heart."

He never called himself anything but Krenzi, nor did I. But he had many names for me—small, sweet endearments, spoken in his rich accent. They were part of the magic that charmed me out of ordinary caution, even out of the barest common sense.

How well he understood the frailties of girls like me. How exactly he chose moments of advance to sweep me off my feet, moments of retreat. He knew so well how to play on my emotions, keeping me at a constant feverish pitch. Sometimes I was ecstatic, drunk with the hours of being near him. At other times I was sick with wanting him, fearful of losing him, of perhaps discovering that the hot flame of his love had died and he was tired of me. I was convinced that to have Krenzi go out of my life would kill me.

But that day, my first day in Krenzi's place, I couldn't quiet the doubts in my heart. Even in his arms, I kept thinking, "Krenzi? Is that really his name? Who is he? What is he?" I had to know!

Suddenly he sat bolt upright, his back to me. "You are not relaxed," he said. "Something is disturbing you? Something is wrong! You are not like always."

I said it then. "I keep wondering about you, Krenzi," I murmured. "Who you are, what you are, why you live in one place and have this place here—oh, a hundred things. Not that it matters. Nothing matters," I whispered, "except that you love me."

He turned to look deeply into my eyes. "I wonder if that is true?" His eyes were very dark and searching in the dim light that filtered through the heavy draperies.

I looked back at him steadily. "It is true, Krenzi."

He smiled—a peculiar half-smile. "Suppose I were to tell you that I am married?"

My heart was hammering wildly inside me, but I kept my voice calm. "I suspected that. But that isn't the reason for all these secret meetings, is it, Krenzi?" I was voicing a suspicion that had just begun to hover at the edge of my mind—a suspicion built on memories of brief remarks that he had made, of questions he had asked, the flicker of expression in his eyes as he had asked them.

"Krenzi, you're Russian, aren't you?" I shot the question at him before he could answer my first question.

He continued to look at me searchingly and answered, almost without expression, "I'm a Pole. I sometimes do translations for the United Nations. I speak seven languages. I am in this country legally. I am here on a mission—to organize the Movement for International Peace."

For one long moment my breath and the beat of my heart seemed to stop. Did Krenzi think me the fool that my father had so often called me—or was he so sure of me that he felt completely secure in telling me that he was an enemy agent, a spy?

There, in that alien room, I seemed to hear my father's voice, thin with scorn, saying, "It's like you. You would find a scoundrel to run with. In a world full of decent, honorable, right-minded men, you'd stoop and pick up a crooked stick." Oh, I knew so well what Father would say if he knew, how purple his face would get, how the thought that anyone bearing his precious name should be mixed up with espionage would horrify him.

Low in my throat I began to laugh. My heartbeat quickened and seemed to throb like a drum against my side. I think my eyes must have been wild, for Krenzi caught me by the shoulders and shook me, demanding, "What is it? What's the matter with you? Why do you laugh like that?"

"It's—it's so funny," I gasped, still laughing, really teetering on the edge of hysteria because of the thoughts wheeling through my mind.

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"What is funny?" Krenzi demanded again, digging his nails into my shoulders. "You think it is a laughing business—to organize a movement for international peace?"

I sat up then and faced him squarely. "I wasn't laughing at that, Krenzi. I was thinking of the superb joke, the lovely irony. The daughter of John Atwater Harper consorting with a Communist, a Red—a spy!"

As I said the word, the strangest thing happened to Krenzi's face. His eyes went opaque and his features went completely blank, seemed to lose contour, as if they were wax that had suddenly softened and run together or as if a veil had been drawn over them.

His voice was as blank as his face as he said, "You say very strange things—dangerous things."

I shook my head impatiently. "Oh, stop it, Krenzi. You're not really disturbed." I put my hand over one of his on my shoulder. "I think you wanted me to know. I'm sure you are far too clever and shrewd to be unintentionally clumsy. But—" I looked at him narrowly—"I don't quite understand why you wanted me to know."

He took my face in his hands, and his eyes were warm and shining again. "My heart, when a man loves a woman he wants nothing between them hidden. His sins, his shames, his glories, his prides—he wishes to share them all with her. When you have shared so much with me, could it be that I would do less? But in words I could not tell you, for your words for what I am are not my words. You say 'spy.' I say—but it does not matter. The only thing that matters between you and me is that we love, that one will do for the beloved—anything. That is true?"

A queer tightness pulled at the cords of my throat. I felt a cold numbness at my fingertips. I think I knew what was coming before it was ever put into words. One part of my mind was busy with what Krenzi had said and would say next, and another part was quite as busy remembering the past with its agonies and resentments. I recalled the vow that I had made—the vow that someday, in some way I would pay my father back, make him suffer for all the contempt, the sneers that Kirk and I had suffered.

The newspapermen said I was mad about Krenzi—and I was. But it was not love for him alone that drove me. True, my hunger for his kisses and for the assurance that he loved me became a craving as strong as that of an addict for drugs. But my craving to betray my father, to dishonor him in the way that would hurt him most, lay behind the other craving and added strength to it.

I shall never forget the first act in the tragedy that I was to play out to the end. I can still see myself as I stood that night in my father's study, holding the keys to his desk that was always kept locked. From the day that I had begun to work for my father it had been my duty to lock that desk and carry the specially designed key always upon my person. Whatever my father thought of me in general terms, at least he had regard for my efficiency, and he trusted me. Much as I hated him, much as I held him responsible for making my life miserable and for despising Kirk and the talent I had fostered in Kirk—it was still not easy for me to reach in and take those papers Krenzi had asked me to copy.

It was well after midnight when I stood in the study. The household was asleep, and the study was utterly dark. Off somewhere in the darkness a clock ticked. It made a sound like—like drops of blood, I thought. A twig on a tree outside the window kept tapping against the glass. The house was icy cold, but the palms of my hands went hot and clammy. I stiffened my spine and thrust the key into the lock, took some papers and crept back to my room.

I had had no time for selection, and so I'd taken what my fingers found. Krenzi was disappointed. The information the papers held was too general, though not useless. Explicit, specific information was what he wanted—facts and figures, if possible.

Sometimes, in the weeks that followed, Krenzi grew impatient with me and we came close to quarreling. But always he was contrite, pleading that his mission meant so much to him—his very life.

"I'll always be true to you!" Linnie told Steve the night he went away to war. It was easy to promise with his arms tight around her, but after he was gone... Could any ten-day bride be faithful to a man she hardly knew? Don't miss Linnie's heartbreaking story...

Hasty Bride

At Your Newsstand February 9th

Oddly, throughout our whole relationship, Krenzi never once missed a chance to insist that he was working for world peace. I don't believe that he was really hoping to convince me so much as parroting a line, the "party" line all Communists must live by.

Twice, as I was searching for papers that held information Krenzi particularly wanted, I was nearly caught. Once by my father, who came down to the study late at night to check over some blueprints for the super tank he had helped design. Once by my mother, who had heard me slipping downstairs and had followed to ask me to heat a hot-water bottle for her and make her a cup of cocoa.

When I told Krenzi about my narrow escapes, he caught me by the wrists and his eyes blazed as he said, "Those blueprints. I want them. I want them more than anything else. You will get them for me."

My mouth went dry. The blueprints of the tank. My father's tank—the one thing he had declared he was not ashamed of having helped bring into the world. If only I could! If only I could put that prize, the crowning achievement of my father's whole career, in Krenzi's hands. Perhaps I might yet see Father's efforts defeated.

But it was impossible.

"I can't, Krenzi," I told him. "There's no way. The blueprints for the tank are always in the safe when they are not in Father's own hands, and I haven't the combination. Only my father knows it."

Krenzi began nervously pacing the floor of his apartment. I had never seen him so excited. At last he turned and said, "Very well. Impossible is impossible. But I must know—is the thing completed? When will it be available for use?" He sprang at me and grasped my wrists. "This you must find out for me."

I shook my head again. "I don't know, Krenzi. I can try but I'm—" I began to tremble. "Lately I'm afraid, Krenzi. I came so close to getting caught the other night and—well, for nearly a month now I've had the feeling of being followed. Several times when I got on the bus to come here, I thought someone was trailing me—and once when I met you out by that little park at home."

"You had no right not to tell me those things! Must you be stupid?"

Now Krenzi was calling me stupid! I flared up at him, telling him to shift for himself if he thought he could do better. Then, as usual, we went into each other's arms....

That night, though, we decided there should be no more meetings at Krenzi's "small place." We would arrange each place of meeting always in some different spot, and we would approach the place by separate ways.

The idea seemed childish to me—like some game of fox and geese. But on the way home from that night's rendezvous, I changed my mind. I had scarcely reached the corner where I was to take the subway before the nerves of my spine began to crawl and an irresistible desire to turn and look over my shoulder possessed me. I knew better than to yield to the impulse, knew that I must not even permit myself to glance into a store window to see if I was being shadowed. Even the slightest pause or break in the rhythm of my gait might be fatal. There was nothing I could do but walk straight ahead. Somehow I kept on, clutched my purse tighter. My mind was working frantically to think of some way to shake this man who was following me. I climbed the subway stairs on shaky legs, dropped my dime into the turnstile and hurried into the first car that stopped before me.

As I sat down, a dark-haired man sat down across from me and opened a paper. Because I dared not do anything else, I looked straight at him, casually, as one does at people on trains and subways. I almost gasped when the man winked at me over the edge of his newspaper. Was he flirting with me—or mocking me? I couldn't tell. But I turned my head sharply, keeping my eyes blank.

I was frightened when I found the man walking beside me, as I left the car. On the platform he pushed quite close and said something out of the side of his mouth. But to me the vulgar expression was music, my relief was so great at finding the man was not an espionage agent but merely someone trying to make a pass.

The relief was short-lived. The very next time I went to meet Krenzi, a gray-eyed young fellow wearing a gray snap-brimmed hat got on the bus when I did, got off when I got off. I took a cross-town bus, walked through a department store, took the subway to Grand Central Station, then the shuttle to Times Square. But as I entered a drugstore there, I saw him! I was sure of it—the same gray eyes, the same gray snap-brimmed hat, the same blue suit—and yes, he was wearing a maroon tie. I had noticed that maroon tie on the bus. There could not be two men so exactly alike—not two such men all in the space of less than an hour who appeared in so many places! Panic twisted in my stomach, clawed at my breast. I went to the soda fountain and ordered a Coke and gulped it down. As I stumbled off the stool and turned, the gray-eyed man was nowhere in sight.

But on the bus as I started home there were *two* men in blue suits, both with gray snap-brimmed hats—or were there? Terror started in my throat at the thought that I was having delusions, that my mind was slipping. I fought down the fear, began to count from one to ten and back again, to calm myself. Then I turned and looked first at the man across from me and then at the one who had gone to the back of the bus. One was wearing a blue-striped tie. The other had on a maroon tie, all right, but when the man lifted his head and glanced at me I saw that his eyes were brown—almost black.

That night I couldn't sleep. The next morning as I worked with my father, I noticed him watching me closely. Once he stopped in the middle of a letter he was dictating and asked abruptly what was the matter with me.

"Your hands are shaking," he said. "Your color is bad under all that stuff you've got plastered on your face. Stick out your tongue."

My first panic left me, and I giggled in hysterical relief as I realized he was just acting like an anxious parent. I almost expected him to tell me to take a dose of castor oil or some tonic he kept in a green bottle, but he didn't. He ordered me sternly to see my mother's doctor. "I mean it. Now." He drew his shoulders together and added. "Some things are hereditary."

For a moment I was startled, then I realized that he was referring to Mother's "condition."

"There's nothing wrong with my heart," I said shortly.

"You don't know anything about it," he snapped at me. "You do as I say. I've got enough to worry about, keeping tabs on one fool young one, without the other one neglecting something that could be serious."

I stared at him, my mouth open. "Keeping tabs?"

He lifted his eyebrows and showed the whites of his eyes in the old way that had frightened me as a child. "You don't think I'd have that idiot boy loose in the world without knowing where he is and what he's up to, do you? Put that notebook away, and go to the doctor's—now. March."

With my thoughts reeling, I left. It was the first inkling I'd had that my father had concerned himself about Kirk. And it was the first time that I could remember that he had concerned himself about me—in the way of a parent caring for the welfare of his children. The knowledge of his concern shook me, brought kind thoughts into my mind that I fought to banish. I couldn't let such feelings toward my father remain and gather strength. They

different

as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley,
the homespun Vermont scientist,
proved with thousands of pictures
that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.
Millions of housewives,
in more millions of washings, have proved
there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha
. . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts,
and all white goods literally "as white as snow."
For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's
nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.
Use Fels-Naptha *Chips* in your machine or tub.
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Remember *only* Fels-Naptha gives you

1. **Mild, golden soap.**
2. **Gentle, active naptha.**
3. **"Sunshine" ingredients for whiter whites—brighter colors.**

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Selected by Confessions' Fashion Editor, TRUDY COLLINS ★

HANDBAG of the Month

Scotch plaids are heading the fashion hit parade this season so you'll want to get in the act with something in a tartan. This gay and colorful little handbag will give you and your daytime costumes that high-style look that is so important to complete a smart ensemble. The one shown, is made of bright wool plaid and is a carry-all compact kit. It is complete with a gold metal compact, lipstick holder and comb and is roomy enough for extras such as hankies, keys and, of course, a fat wallet. The bag was designed by Dorset. Price $2.95 at Franklin Simon, New York 18, N. Y.

★ ★ ★ ★

were too damning—to me and to the whole pattern of the hatred I had nourished against Father.

All the way to the doctor's, all through the brief interview and the examination that followed, I kept seeing my father, not as he had appeared to me throughout most of my life but in a guise that I did not wish to recognize.

Wishes are frail defense, once doubt begins to undermine a long cherished conviction. Though long denied, truth at last flourishes, stamps out the evil self-told lie and finally kills it. Not all at once, but bit by bit—and each revelation presses against the heart with a special agony.

So through the haunted days and sleepless nights that followed I traced my footsteps backward—then forward, to the appalling, fatal present moment.

Without knowing that I used the words I found myself voicing the sinner's old cry: "My God! What have I done!"

But the very words carried falsehood. I *knew* what I had done. And I had done it deliberately—to destroy, to smear my father's pride, to strike a blow at the thing to which he had given his heart, his soul and all his honor—the Navy. I'd hated Father because I thought he had given himself to the Navy and had no father's love left to give Kirk and me. How I had cursed him for attempting to force the sacrifice of his son's career to his own special deity, his mania—the Navy.

But what had come of this plan for revenge on Father?

I stood, sickened to the core, knowing the answer. I had delivered myself into the hands of a stranger and an enemy—and perhaps not only myself but the very destiny of my country.

Perhaps. The word sprang from my horrified mind, hung in the air like a banner of hope. Though I myself was hopelessly lost, I still might undo something of what I'd done. I could—I must—go to the FBI.

And then I thought of Krenzi—not as Krenzi the spy, instrument of my country's enemy, but as the man who had held me in his arms, thrilled me with whispered words of love. Krenzi, my beloved, the man who had awakened my woman's heart. Could I jeopardize his freedom, his very life even? Could I tear out the strings of my heart and betray him, as I had betrayed my father and my country's secrets? Perhaps I exaggerated the importance of the information I had given him, enlarged upon the possible dangers that might result from what I had put into his hands. Our countries were not technically at war. The cold war might never turn into a shooting war, and even if it did the information I'd given Krenzi might be useless and outmoded by that time.

Sometimes I was convinced by my own arguments to justify the monstrous thing I'd done. At other times, usually in the reaches of those sleepless nights, I knew that I must go to the FBI. But in the morning, I always delayed, telling myself it would be useless and foolish to give myself up.

Soon Krenzi began to press me frenziedly for information about the great super tank. "Just tell me the nearest possible date when it will be available for use," he pleaded. "I will not ask you more. It is the last demand I shall make."

I had the information by then. My father had unknowingly given it to me. Twice I had heard him complaining about the time it was taking for the tank to be completed. Once I heard him shouting over the telephone that anything could happen before October, and though he spoke in careful terms, not mentioning the tank, I knew he was talking about the tank. I knew by the way he pounded with his fist the blueprints that lay face down upon his desk, by the way he sat staring grimly at them when the telephone conversation was finished. The tank would not be ready for use until October!

Later, lying in Krenzi's arms in the shabby hotel room which was our final hideaway, I told him that last important bit of information. It was almost as if the words were torn out of me in the moment his lips met mine. Perhaps I felt, though I cannot now trace back the workings of my love-drugged mind, that giving him a mere tentative date for the completion of the tank, the bare designation of a month, could do no harm. Surely I must have reasoned so.

"October—" I told him. "October!"

But Krenzi was not content. He pressed for confirmation. I might be mistaken, he insisted. Somewhere among my father's papers there must be a written memorandum about the date the tank would be ready.

At home, Krenzi's insistence came back to me, and also something he had said more than once: "In my country a man is not allowed to make a mistake twice—not even once."

But, for me, the moment of decision had come. I could not give Krenzi what he asked. I could give nothing more—ever! I could no longer hesitate and delay. I would go to the FBI and tell all there was to tell, but I could not turn Krenzi in. I had to give him a chance to flee the country—for the sake of all he had meant to me, all we had been to each other.

On a chill March night, rough with a rainy wind, I wrote Krenzi a note telling him I could give him no more information about the tank than I had already given. I repeated then that it would be available to the armed forces sometime in October. I told him that all the information I had given him would be useless for I felt it my duty to go the FBI and expose the fact that he had such information. I made no attempt to explain my change of heart, for I could not then clearly explain it to myself. I said only that my love for him would keep me from the FBI until he'd had a chance to leave the country. I ended the note by saying, "I shall not go to them until I know that you have gone." And I signed it—"With more love than you will ever know—Petite." That was his pet name for me.

I think I shall always remember the long bus ride into New York, the thick odor of damp woolen clothes, the sharp, sweetish smell of chewing gum, the cheap perfume of a tired-looking blond in shoddy furs who shared my seat. I had telephoned to Krenzi and he was waiting for me in the dim shadow of a doorway far down in Greenwich Village. Without greeting me, he held out his hand and said, "My darling! You have brought the memorandum!"

You know from your newspapers what happened next. You know that my note never reached Krenzi's hands. I felt the touch of the FBI upon my shoulder, saw the FBI agent's hand close about the note that I had just held out to Krenzi. You know how Krenzi and I were taken into custody and kept apart until the trial.

You know too, that the father I had hated so came to me—first in outraged horror. I can still see the way his thin lips curled back from his even white teeth and he cried, "What you have done with your person, I could forgive as the act of a fool. But you are no simple fool—you are a traitor! You let yourself be used as a dupe and a tool by this filthy Red."

"No," I told my father. "I did what I did of myself. Whatever he is, Krenzi loves me. Whatever he is, I love him. He is the only one besides Kirk who has ever loved me."

As I said that, Father's tall body seemed to droop, and his thin face went haggard, as white as his snow-white hair. His voice trembled and there were tears in his eyes as he said, "Whatever my shortcomings have been as a father, I cannot desert you. You are my child. It must be that in some way your crime is also mine—because I have failed in my parenthood, in my responsibility as a father."

There were tears in my own eyes as I looked at him. I thought in amazement, "Why, my father is an old man. He is an old, old man and this thing has broken him completely." There was no triumph in the thought, no savoring of revenge now. There was only the unbearable realization that in some tight, hidden way that he could never express Father had always loved both Kirk and me and had wanted desperately to be proud of us.

My mother died of a heart attack, brought on by the shock of the trial. I was permitted to go to the funeral. Walking beside my father, standing beside him at her grave, there was no gesture of compassion that I could make, no word of comfort I dared offer.

I thought of Kirk on duty with the armed forces in Japan. How differently he had reacted from me! What he had done, he had done uprightly and with honor. Would he condemn me utterly—see me not as the sister he had adored, but as a dishonored wanton, corrupt to the core, traitor to the country whose uniform he wore? I knew the answer. And it seemed to me then that I had reached the depths

of suffering. Surely there could be no more. I had nothing left—nothing but the thought that Krenzi, my companion in disgrace, loved me.

I hugged the poor rags of that thought to me on the day when at last Krenzi and I were brought into each other's presence. As I caught sight of him in the courtroom, I looked straight into his eyes, letting my love show for the world to see.

He looked straight back at me—and through me—and beyond me—with the cold, unblinking indifference of an utter stranger. Krenzi, who had held me in his arms, whose heartbeat had so often quickened and mingled with mine. Krenzi, who only a little later in the trial said, "This woman pursued me, followed me about. I could not escape her. She came to my rooms forcing papers at me, offering them as payment for my attentions. Those papers—to me they were so much trash. I had no use for them. I am a simple man, working to earn money to return to my wife in Europe whom I love very much!"

Again and again he said the same things: I had fastened myself upon him, pleaded with him to take the papers I offered in return for his love. He didn't believe me when I told him the papers contained valuable secrets of my country, he insisted. Again and again he denied that he was a foreign agent, that he had ever thought of espionage.

"I wanted neither the woman nor what she had to give!" He said that till the sound of it seemed to fill the universe.

I screamed at him across the courtroom. I behaved like any primitive woman scorned and denied. All that I had felt for him turned to hate. I hated him with all my heart and soul, and I shrieked that hate at him until I lost my senses.

When I fainted, they carried me from the courtroom. For two days I lay wishing that I need never again open my eyes to see the face of any human being.

There is little more to my story, the story of me as it has not been told until now. You know the jury's verdict was, "Guilty." And perhaps you know that Krenzi was sent back to his own country in disgrace, never to return. But the end—the one last dreadful drop in the cup of remorse that I was to drain to the dregs—you do not know that.

Kirk, the man and soldier, so beautiful as a child that I, with my child's mind, thought he must resemble St. Michael—dear, blue-eyed Kirk was among the early casualties in Korea. . . .

Here in my prison cell I hold the telegram. I know the words but I cannot see them for the tears that scald my eyes: "Killed in action."

Here—God forgive me—beside my hand, the same hand that gave the secrets of my country to the enemy, lies a newspaper clipping. It reads: "The Kremlin's possession of data disclosing the United Nation's forces weak spots, plus the Communists' knowledge that the new American super tank could not be supplied to the armed forces until October at the earliest, may largely account for the June attack on South Korea."

How fragile and white my hand looks against the fabric of the drab prison dress I am wearing—a delicate hand with delicate oval nails. But I know it is stained with blood—the blood of the brother I adored, the blood of other brave men who have since fallen on the field of battle.

No use to beat my breast and cry out for pity. What use to ask God to forgive me? What forgiveness can there be for what I have done? What absolution?

Traitor that I was to myself and to my own, my name—now and forever, world without end—is Treason! *The End*

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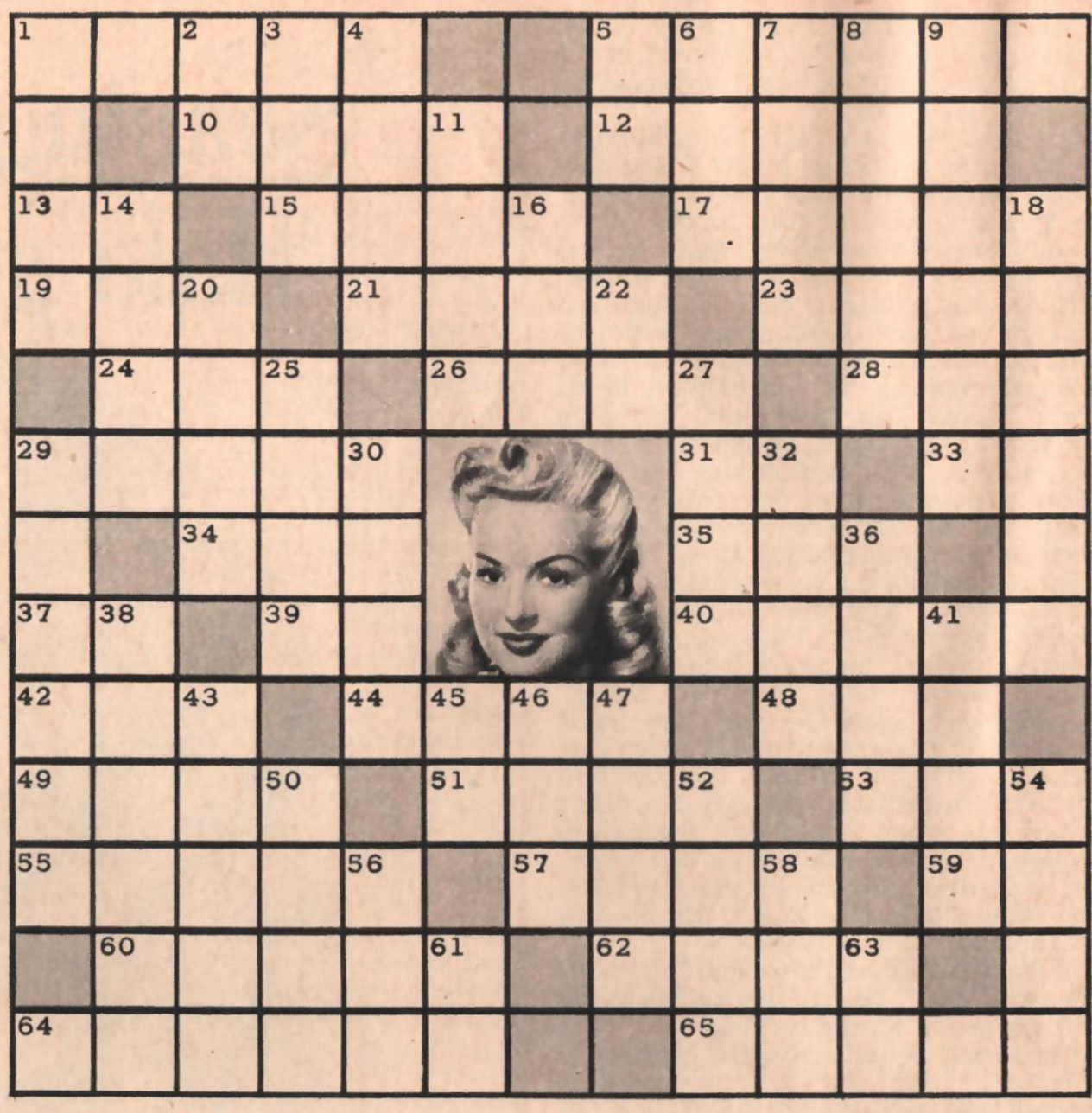

MOVIE CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. & 5. Star of puzzle.
10. First name of titular character in Love That Brute.
12. Maria Ciavelli in Asphalt Jungle.
13. Initials of Angela Lansbury's ex.
15. Main story of a screenplay.
17. What children register when refused permission to attend movie.
19. Titular character in Challenge to Lassie.
21. Descriptive of stepmother in Cinderella.
23. Chris Christopherson's daughter, portrayed by Garbo.
24. Subject of Marlon Brando movie.
26. Margaret in Life With Father.
28. Month in which star of puzzle celebrates birth (abbr.).
29. British actor.
31. Pictured actress was starred in When My Baby Smiles at ——.
33. Initials of O'Lan's portrayer in Good Earth.
34. Susan in Lady Takes a Sailor.
35. What Wimpy likes best to do.
37. Ava Gardner's birthplace (abbr.).
39. "You" in Biblical films.
40. What Jackie Robinson tries to do in baseball.
42. Pinocchio's headgear.
44. Movie in which Mark Stevens and Coleen Gray were starred.
48. Trigger's bed.
49. First name of one who had Oscar-winning role in Way of All Flesh.
51. Child actress in No Sad Songs for Me.
53. First name of pictured player's co-star in Mother Wore Tights.
55. A kind of musical comedy.
57. Inventor in Key Witness.
59. Mr. Eddy's initials.
60. Parts in a drama.
62. Payne's vessel in Captain China.
64. One teamed with star of puzzle in Wabash Avenue.
65. Principal roles.

DOWN

1. Either of titular characters in Bill and Coo.
2. Linda Christian's husband (init.).
3. Kind of dance that made Bojangles famous.
4. Late actor who was Mickey Rooney's father.
5. Sergeant York's portrayer (init.).
6. Short for given name of Mr. Denny.
7. Nazimova's first name.
8. Richard Widmark is one.
9. Ethel Barrymore's brother.
11. Songwriter's inspiration.
14. A star of Words and Music.
16. Jack Holt's son.
18. June Haver's co-star in Daughter of Rosie O'Grady.
20. Mary in Night and the City.
22. Initials of one who portrayed Boy From Indiana.
25. Abbott and Costello were here in certain film.
27. Doctor in Skipper Surprised His Wife.
29. Pictured star was one in Dolly Sisters.
30. Used by Crosby in golf (pl.).
32. To —— His Own.
36. Creature sharing title with Ichabod.
38. Faced by star of puzzle when working.
41. Miss Colbert's co-star in Secret Fury.
43. What ballerinas sometimes do.
45. Miss Whelan's initials.
46. San Francisco "Hill" used as film title.
47. Mother of The Yearling (pl.).
50. Little cartoon heroine.
52. Johnson's screen wife in Scene of the Crime.
54. Short subject of current happenings.
56. Ever (contr.).
58. Told by the villain.
61. Initials of one who portrayed Bad Girl.
63. Kilbride's role in Kettle series.

For Solution See Page 62

Should I Tell?

[*Continued from page* 30]

in a shaky voice, "but someday you'll find out what it is to love someone the way I love Tony. Then you'll understand how easy it is to leave every one else you love —to move down the block or thousands of miles away if you have to. But, please try to understand how it is, and remember I love you as much as ever, baby."

There was something sort of solemn and impressive about that moment. Somehow I think it was then, in the twinkling of an eye, that I grew up. All of a sudden what Jan was doing seemed right and natural. I was reconciled.

As time went on I even grew glad and happy for her. I got to like Tony more and more. By the time their wedding day rolled around, I'd almost forgotten how I used to feel about Jan's getting married and leaving me. I danced at the reception in my bridesmaid's dress with a heart as light as my feet were heavy on the toes of the poor ushers who got saddled with "Jan's little sister."

A couple of years went by. The braids had come off, and I had a fluffy short haircut. My braces were gone, and so was my gawkiness. Boys were beginning to sit up and notice me, and I was beginning to take notice of them.

The spring when Jan's baby was born I was going around with Ronnie Griffiths. Maybe it was just puppy-love the way everyone said. Maybe Ronnie wasn't smooth and polished like Tony. Still, I'd never understood Jan's solemn words about loving a man so much as I did when I was with Ronnie.

There wasn't any high-powered romance attached to us. "Hi, Obnoxious, how about a soda?" Ronnie would say. But just the same it was Ronnie who put the extra glow in my eyes and the lilt in my walk.

I remember Jan's commenting on the change in me once when I went to visit her in the hospital. Tony grinned at her and said, "I always told you I should wait for Laurie, but I guess now I'm stuck with you." Then we all laughed. Big joke!

After Jan was home and the baby was off night feedings, I started baby-sitting for Jan once or twice a week. I loved doing it, and I did it free, which meant that she and Tony could go out more than they would have otherwise.

Whenever Jan tried to tell me how grateful she was, I'd say, "You used to sit with me, didn't you?" And once Ronnie told her, with a wicked look in his eyes, "Heck, Janet, we ought to be paying you —a nice comfortable house, an evening alone with my girl and plenty of eats in the icebox. What more could a guy ask?"

That's what it was—an evening of fun out for Jan and Tony and an evening of fun in for Ronnie and me. When the evening was over, Ronnie would take me home. I'd be lifted up to the clouds by the wonder of his good-night kiss. I still hadn't grown used to kisses.

Yes, I was really living!

Then Ronnie got a part-time job in Johnson's garage, and that eliminated our regular Friday night baby-sitting session. I kept on going to stay with Mike, of course, but it wasn't the same. And then it happened—the terrible thing that I can't get out of my mind.

Tony had been taking me home Friday nights ever since Ronnie got his new job, and though it didn't make up for Ronnie, still it was fun. Tony would kid me a lot, reminding me of how things were when he first came into the family.

"Remember how you used to hate me

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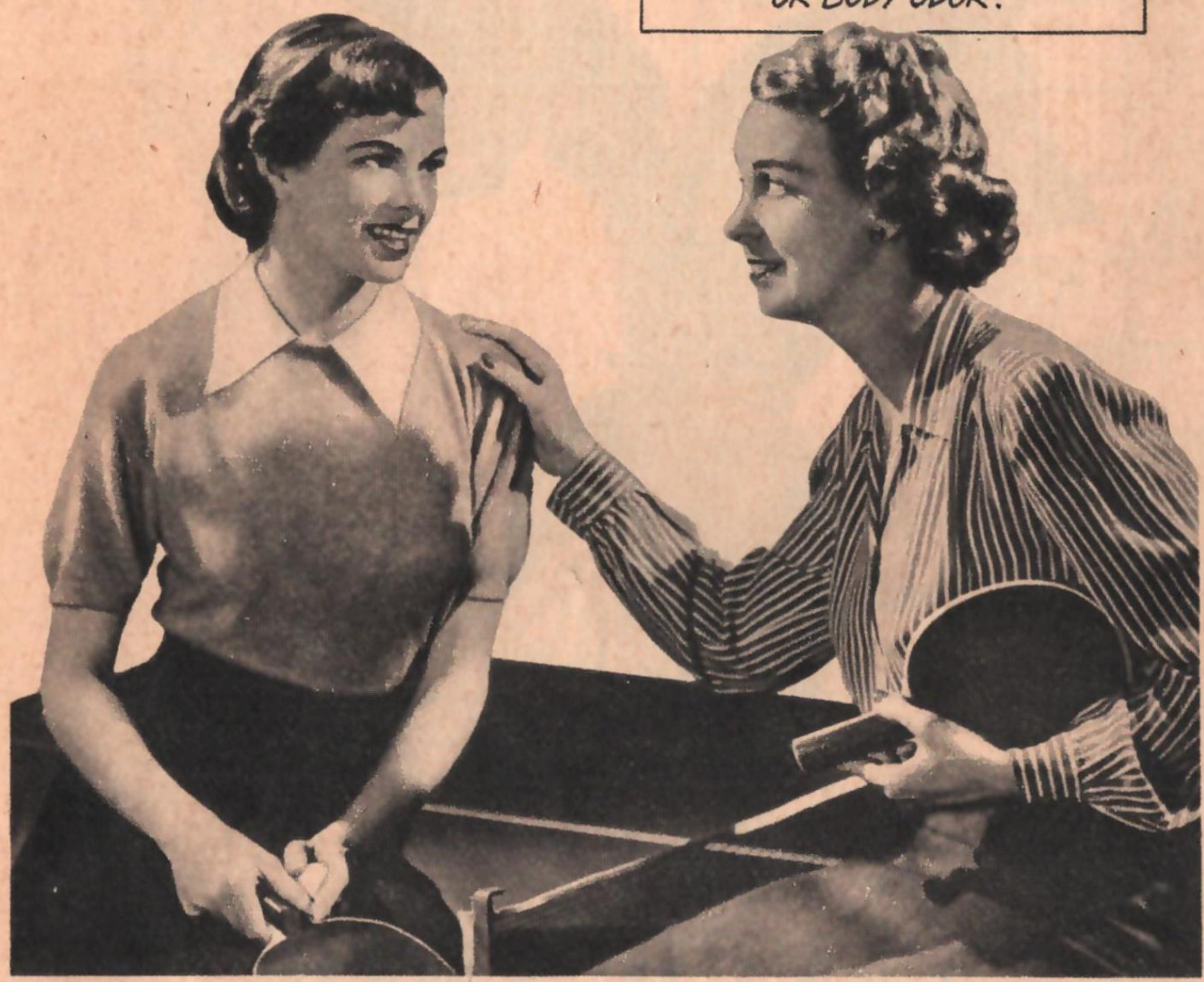
HAS YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOU THESE Intimate Physical Facts?

JUST THINK, MOM, I'LL BE AN OLD MARRIED WOMAN THREE WEEKS FROM NOW.

YES, AND I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE. ABOUT A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.



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and wish Jan wouldn't marry me?" he'd tease, and I would blush and laugh.

"You don't hate me now, though, do you?" he'd asked often.

"Of course I don't hate you," I'd tell him a little uncomfortably. "You're my brother now."

One time after I said that, Tony got me to the door and leaned toward me. "Well, if I'm your brother I've got the right to kiss you good night," he said. "All good little sisters let their brothers kiss them."

After he left me, I put my pocketbook and magazine on the telephone table in the hallway and covered my hot cheeks with my hands. My heart fluttered strangely. Sisters and brothers kissed, but not like that. Even with only Ronnie's tender kisses to go by, I just knew a brother didn't kiss like that.

I was disturbed by Tony's kiss, but I told myself it meant nothing and I should forget about it. Every time I remembered about it during the next week I scolded myself for being silly.

Then came the fourth Friday night that Tony took me home. We were walking along a deserted alleyway that was a short cut home. He was telling me how I'd grown up and how pretty I was, and I was getting uncomfortable again. His voice was like that good-night kiss—not at all brotherly. I tried to laugh it off, but he wouldn't let me.

"What a funny little kid you were," he said. "Who would ever have thought you'd grow up into someone I could be crazy about?"

That was going too far! "Tony, don't speak to me like that!" I cried sharply. "Not ever again."

"But it's true, you know it is," he whispered. Suddenly he grabbed me, kissed me . . . saying horrible things. Tony . . . my sister's husband! When I tried to break away, he held on tighter and started backing toward a fence, pulling me with him.

Then I was really frightened. I tried to cry out, but couldn't, Tony kissed me and kissed me. Not the way Ronnie did—not that way at all.

He said terrible things—such terrible things they'll haunt me all my life, no matter how much I want to forget them. All the while he kept crushing me to him, his arms bruising me, his lips fierce on mine. He was like a madman.

I was sick with dread and loathing, and I felt close to collapse. Some wild instinct warned me there was only one thing to do—to pretend I was weakening.

Tony was fooled. His hold on me loosened, and I seized that moment to tear myself out of his grasp. Then I ran, the way you'd run if your life depended on

Solution to Puzzle on Page 60

B	E	T	T	Y			G	R	A	B	L	E
I		P	A	U	L		C	E	L	L	I	
R	C		P	L	O	T		G	L	O	O	M
D	O	G		E	V	I	L		A	N	N	A
	M	E	N		E	M	M	A		D	E	C
D	O	N	A	T				M	E		L	R
A		E	V	E				E	A	T		A
N	C		Y	E				S	C	O	R	E
C	A	P		S	A	N	D		H	A	Y	
E	M	I	L		W	O	O	D		D	A	N
R	E	V	U	E		B	E	A	L		N	E
	R	O	L	E	S		S	H	I	P		W
M	A	T	U	R	E			L	E	A	D	S

being quick. Tony didn't bother to follow; I guess he realized it would be no use, or maybe he'd come to his senses by then.

I let myself into the house, and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving that no one else was up. I turned out the hall light Mother always left for me when I was the last one in. I went upstairs to the bathroom and let the sickness come. Late as it was, I took a bath, but I couldn't seem to wash myself clean of the feeling Tony had left me with.

I still can't, and all this happened weeks ago. Sometimes I think I'll never be the same again. Mother's worried. She thinks maybe I should see a doctor. The boys tease that maybe something's happened to my love life, and I shudder each time they say it because it reminds me of what I want to forget.

It's not even the same with Ronnie. Poor Ronnie thinks he's done something wrong and begs me to tell him what it is so he can make amends. But how can I tell him that every time he comes near me, Tony's face, hot and flushed and horrible-looking, comes between us and I'm sick and afraid all over again? Yet I care for Ronnie as much as ever. Will I always be afraid of his kisses now?

But more than anything, I'm worried about Jan. I haven't been near her since the terrible thing happened, and I used to see her almost every day. In the beginning, when she called about taking care of Mike, I kept making excuses. Now she's stopped asking me, but she's hurt and bewildered, I can tell.

There's only one way I can relieve her hurt about me, and that's by giving her a much more terrible hurt about Tony. I'm torn all the time, wondering whether I should or not. That's what I want help about—in deciding what to do.

Should I tell Jan the truth about the man she loves and perhaps destroy her marriage and her happiness? She worships him so, has such faith in him that what I could tell her might easily break her spirit and ruin her life.

But if I keep quiet and try to spare Jan, will I be doing the wrong thing? Will I be letting her live in a fool's paradise she'd be better out of? Will I be taking the risk that she might hear these things someday from someone other than myself? If Tony did it to me, he might do it to someone else. Next time it might be more serious.

Perhaps it is dangerous to keep quiet. Perhaps Tony is sick and needs help, too.

But I don't know the answer myself. I only know I'm miserable and that I'm making those I love miserable. I want to find the answer that is right for all of us —for Ronnie and me, for Tony, my family, for little Mike and Jan—oh, most of all for Jan.

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Teen-Age Barfly

[*Continued from page* 33]

suddenly loud, as if he were repeating himself. "By the park at seven, huh?"

Little Bud was coming down the stairs, in clean polo shirt and dungarees, his hair glistening with water. He grinned as he stepped over my feet, his new front teeth too big in his skinny face.

He murmured, "Ho, sis," as I whispered to Joe, "Okay. See you."

I put the telephone back on the stand, tossed my suede jacket and my books on Lucy's bright yellow couch cover. Sullenly I drifted to the dining room. I wasn't scrubbing up for dinner, but I did slow down as I passed the hall mirror.

I stared at myself appraisingly. Boys said I was cute, but five foot five is a bit too tall to be the really cute type. Brown hair with bangs, brown eyes, fair skin, nice curves. When I was dressed up, I looked a lot older than 17, but Joe didn't like girls to dress up. Maybe if I let my hair grow—

From the dining room, Dad called, "Hurry, girls, chow's on."

His hearty tone didn't fool me. That was more of Lucy's doings. Be cheerful at mealtime! I had to admit that the dining room, which was the darkest in the house did look cheerful. Lucy had painted the woodwork white, the wallpaper was patterned with strawberries, and the old oak furniture had been bleached to a light finish. On the window sill, daffodils bloomed in a yellow bowl.

"Have a good day, Kathie?" Dad asked. He was a big raw-boned man with a kind face. He worked as foreman at a mill where he had started working as a kid right out of grade school.

When I didn't answer him, he went on talking about my graduation from high school in June. I didn't mention that I might not graduate, that I'd had a conference with my grade adviser that afternoon on the subject of cut classes and low marks. Dad would hear about that later.

Just then, Lucy came in from the kitchen. In her middle thirties, she was tall and straight, her coal-black hair marked with a wing of white. I suppose she was rather handsome but I always said she wasn't my type. She looked too much like the trained nurse that she was. Kay would have laughingly called her a do-gooder.

Lucy carried a huge platter of meat loaf surrounded by carrots and browned potatoes. It looked like a picture out of a magazine. Dad and Bud made comic slurpy noises of approval. I merely said I wasn't hungry, which was true. I'd had two hot dogs, a banana split and a Coke before I came home.

"There are three fresh blouses on your bed, Kathie," Lucy said. "Don't you want to change?"

"No, I don't want to change," I said, mocking her tone. "And I want to be called Kay."

"Don't you think Kathie is more youthful?" Lucy asked, as she took her place opposite Dad and began to serve the salad.

"Kay was my mother's nickname, and I like it," I said, slouching into my place.

As I spoke, I heard Linda's flat heels on the stairs. There was a moment's pause, and then she rushed in—a spindly 12-year-old, redhead like Mama. Her blue eyes were blazing right then. She stopped breathlessly by Lucy's chair, as if she'd run a mile, and glared across at me.

"Kathie Connors, you're a stinker!" she announced.

"Really, Linda," Lucy protested gently.

"She is, Lucy," Linda repeated hotly. "She made smudge marks on the new wallpaper in the hall. I bet she did it on purpose. She wants to spoil everything for everybody."

A lot of mad words flew around, but I got in the last word as I jumped up and pushed back my chair. "If you like living in an institution, you can have it. And if you've forgotten our mother, I haven't!"

Then I went flying up to my room. I slammed the door and was about to throw myself on the bed on top of the blouses when I realized I'd have to wear them. I hung them up first. My hand was shaking and that awful churning was going on inside me. When I finally slumped on the bed, tears scalded my lids. The need for Kay was so fierce in me it was like a knife turning around.

It had been a year and a half since that November night that Kay and I came home to the dark house after leaving Brady's tavern. Slim and redheaded, Kay looked a lot younger than 35, but she always got out of breath walking in the wind. That night she complained of a pain in her side.

Dad was working the night shift then, and Linda and Bud were at Grandma's.

I hurried into the empty house and cleared a place for Kay on the living-room sofa. She just about made it.

We didn't have a telephone then so I ran the two blocks to Dr. Fletcher's. He brought me back in his car. I can still remember his questions, my burning resentment at what Kay would have called his nosiness.

How old was I? What was I doing out at 2 in the morning? Where could Kay and I have been until that hour in a little city like Uniontown? I didn't give him much information.

Dr. Fletcher's firm tread echoed on the carpetless floor as he followed me into the house. Kay was lying on the sofa in the living room where I'd left her, terribly still except for her tortured breathing. The doctor looked at her and said we'd have to get an ambulance.

They let me ride with Kay in the ambulance, only Kay didn't know that. She never knew anything again.

Four o'clock in the morning is a black, frightening time. I sat alone in a little room, crying, waiting for Dad. When he came, Dr. Fletcher stopped him in the corridor. I caught snatches of what the doctor was saying: "Heart condition aggravated . . . usual history in these cases . . . vitamin deficiency . . . she didn't eat."

Kay never did eat much. When we went out she'd buy Cokes and hamburgers for me and then say, "I'll drink my supper." Dad quarreled with her about eating, and about cooking and keeping house. She said it was his fault they fought so much.

But she never fussed at me. I was her pet, her pal. She took me everywhere. Sometimes she'd park me in the movies, but usually I went where she was going. Even back during the war when she knew so many soldiers, I was always along. I thought it a wonderful free life—movies and amusement parks, hot dogs and hamburgers, and nickels from Mike Brady to play the juke box in the bar.

Once Dad sent me to his sister's farm in Iowa, but I kicked up such a row that they were glad to get rid of me. Dad's mother

lived across town. She kept Bud and Linda most of the time, but I wouldn't stay with her, either. Kay said Grandma Connors spied on us and wanted to separate Dad and Kay.

I think Kay knew about her heart, because she was always telling me what would happen to us when she died. Dad would marry Lucy Weaver, a nurse at the factory, she said. And he did—a year and two weeks after Kay's death. It all happened exactly the way Kay said it would.

"That Lucy will make you hop," Kay had warned. "She's the starched-curtain kind. Me, now, I'm a rebel."

I was a rebel, too, I thought fiercely. And Lucy couldn't make me hop, even if she was Dad's wife. Linda and Bud thought she was great, but they were too little to know their real mother. Grandma Connors liked Lucy, too, but hadn't she always been against Kay?

When I talked a little about it to Joe, he said all families were a mess. His folks were always fighting. He'd quit school in the ninth grade and hadn't lived at home since he was 16. During the war he'd made big money, but now, at 21, he didn't work often. He got by on unemployment insurance and "deals" for Higgie.

Lying on the bed, I traced the pattern of flowers on the spread and thought about Joe, about us. Did he love me? Would he marry me and take me away? I went all weak and quivery inside, as though his arms were around me, his narrow eyes watching me.

I was torn between wanting to see Joe right that minute and wishing I never had to see him again. If only I could go away on my own! Dad didn't want to let me quit school, but when I flunked out he might change his mind. I could get a job, away from Lucy and all of them. . . .

A knock on the door brought me spinning back to the moment. I sat up, stiff and guardedly angry. Then Dad called. I relaxed a little. At least it wasn't Lucy. I told him to come in.

There was a nervous smile on his lips as he opened the door. "All right, kitten?" he asked.

I nodded, looked away. He sat beside me on the bed, and began to talk gently, coaxingly. "Try to get along, honey. You're making it hard for Linda and Bud, for everyone. Can't you meet Lucy halfway?"

"Why?" I asked sharply.

"She's my wife." Dad's voice tightened. "She is making a real home for us."

"Maybe I don't want it," I said.

"But you need a home, Kathie. All Lucy wants is that you live here in peace and not spoil things for the others. You're older. You should have some idea—"

"I have lots of ideas," I snapped, facing him then. "You were crazy about Lucy before Mama died. She said it would be like this."

"She . . . she!" His face flushed and the veins in his neck stood out. "If I could tell you—"

Lucy appeared in the doorway. "You won't gain anything by shouting, Sam," she said softly, making it sound like a warning.

I whirled on her angrily. "You won't get anywhere with your pussyfooting and spying, either. I hate it here, and I hate you. Why don't you let me go?"

"You're not capable of taking care of yourself, Kathie. When you finish school, have job training—" Suddenly she dropped her cool professional tone. "Please, Kathie, can't you see what you're doing to your father?"

"I can see what you've done to him," I cried. "You've made him forget my

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mother. But you won't change me. I'll live my life my way."

I dashed down the stairs, snatched my jacket and tore out of the house. A quarrel was a good way to get out without questions, but I wouldn't admit to myself that I'd promoted a row.

I cooled down a little as I walked to town. In the ladies' room of the bus terminal, I combed my hair, washed my face and put on fresh lipstick. It was almost 7. I walked slowly down Lincoln Avenue toward the park.

Despite a soft feeling of spring in the air, the April night was cool and cloudy. I wished I had a topper. Dad had promised me a suit and topper for Easter. I wondered now if I'd get them. I hated having to take things. If there were only some way to be free!

I shivered a little as I walked the shadowy park paths, keeping an eye out for police cars. Kids weren't supposed to be in the park after dark. That was something else I hated, still being called a kid. Joe had another name for me—jail bait.

The name brought back a dozen memories with it—especially the first night I'd met Joe. He picked me up, really, in a downtown drugstore. He was good-looking in a rough kind of way. Medium-tall but sturdily built, with dark wavy hair and smoldering eyes. He had a secret way about him, in his walk, in his slow, tight-lipped smile, in his gruff voice.

Joe walked me home that first night. We stood on the porch in the cold February wind, and his big hands slipped under my coat, held me tight to him as he kissed me. I'd never been kissed like that before.

"That's a reminder to meet me at the same place tomorrow night," he murmured.

I told him I wouldn't be there, but he seemed to know I would. Joe always seemed to know what I would go for—the hideaway meetings, the late hours no other girls could keep, the cut classes. We'd meet in places like the back rooms of bars or at his friend Higgie's apartment on Market Street.

Higgie's place was a hangout for the gang. Usually I was the only girl there. Once Joe and I had been there alone for a little while. Then Higgie came in—a sharp, lean guy about 25. He looked at me in a funny way and made a crack about my age.

"Don't worry about Kay," Joe said. "She can take care of herself."

Joe had borrowed Higgie's car to take me home that night. He always parked at the corner, pretty far from the house. Sitting close to him, I remembered what he'd told Higgie. "Joe, what makes you so sure I know my way around?" I asked.

Joe laughed. "I know you, baby. I spotted you for my kind from the beginning. No beaten track stuff for you. You're like me—a lone operator, a rebel."

That word, Kay's word, clinched it for me. From then on, Joe ran the show. What he said went—almost. Joe and I belonged together. He always said that.

A fine cold rain started. I glanced at my watch. It was long after 7. What if Joe didn't come? But just then there was the blast of a horn, and a blue convertible pulled up beside me. With a glad cry, I hopped into the car. Then Joe's arms were around me, his lips on mine, warm and possessive.

"You're shivering," he said, as he stepped on the gas. "Got a couple of errands to do, then we'll go to Higgie's. This is his new car. Sharp, huh?"

It really was. Joe said it was the kind he was going to get one of these days. Higgie owned a chain of poolrooms, and he was going to promote Joe into something big. We stopped at a couple of poolrooms that night and Joe strode in and out as if he owned them. Actually he was just delivering some cigars.

It was after 9 when we got to Higgie's apartment. It was downtown, in a bad neighborhood, the section called the Little Bowery. Around the corner was Brady's tavern, where Kay used to hang out—the one place I wouldn't go with Joe.

Higgie was waiting when we came in. He scowled at Joe's report on the poolroom stops. "You took long enough," he said, holding out his hand. "Give me the car keys."

Then he murmured something to Joe. I didn't hear it, but I thought it referred to me. Finally he went out, left us alone. Joe went into the kitchenette, got a drink for himself and a Coke for me.

"Higgie doesn't like me, does he?" I said.

Joe grinned. "He'd better not. You're my girl."

"That's not what I meant," I insisted. "Didn't he say something about me?"

"No. He had a job for me tomorrow. Come on, finish your drink and sit over here on the sofa. I want to talk to you."

We didn't talk much—we never did. The things I'd planned to say melted away when Joe's arms were around me, his lips on mine, feverish, demanding. I could feel myself getting weaker, weaker. . . .

In sudden fear, I pushed Joe away, sprang up and crossed to the window. The rain was slanting along Market Street, dancing on a bus roof, shimmering against the neon sign on a Chinese restaurant. This was the block I'd walked so often with Kay, not knowing I'd ever come back.

The room was still. Joe took time for a cigarette, then came toward me, his big frame mirrored in the window. He switched off the one remaining lamp and stood behind me in the dark, his arms holding me against him, his cheek pressed to mine.

"What's all the dither, Kay? You belong to me. I told you that the first night I kissed you. When I get set with Higgie I'm going to load you with diamonds."

Eagerly I turned in his arms, lifted my face to his. "A ring, Joe?"

I read a promise into his low laugh—a promise of freedom, escape, a life of my own. A rebel, as Joe called me, as Kay called me—but with a ring! Standing by the window in the darkened room, my arms went around Joe's neck, my lips found his, answered his kisses wildly.

Joe caught the answer in my mood and swung me up into his arms. "Oh, you wonderful—" he began, then stopped on a sudden oath and almost dropped me to my feet.

"What is it?" I demanded, even as I followed his startled gaze through the window. There, parked across the street, was the blue convertible. As I watched, Higgie stepped out of the car and two fellows followed him.

Joe fumbled blindly for his coat. "Get your jacket," he said. "Act as though we were leaving."

A breathless moment later I was on the landing with Joe, as Higgie and the two men came up the narrow stairs.

Joe made his greeting sound surprised. Higgie peered at him unbelievingly with those cold, marble eyes, and then looked sneeringly at me.

"I wondered why the lights were out," he said.

"We were leaving," Joe mumbled.

"Say, will you be using your car, Higgie?"

"No, but it's staying right where it is." Higgie laughed unpleasantly. "What's the matter? Ain't she got a home?"

I'd moved to the bottom of the narrow stairs by that time, but I spun around then as if I'd been hit. And in a way, I had been hit, slapped with the implied charge in his words—tramp! I looked up to where they were standing—Joe and Higgie eye to eye on the stairs, the two fellows a step below. I started to cry out to Joe not to hit Higgie. But Joe, hunching his big shoulders, was running down the stairs. Then the other fellows laughed as they followed Higgie into the apartment.

I pushed open the street door and ran outside. The raindrops mixed with the tears pouring down my flaming cheeks.

Joe was on my heels. "Hey, wait, Kay! Don't get sore. Higgie didn't mean anything. He rates all girls low."

"Your girls! His girls! He should rate them low," I cried wildly, still running.

Joe caught my arm, swung me around. "Cut the act. You went there, didn't you?" His face, livid with anger, was close to mine. "What if Higgie had come ten minutes later?"

For a moment I stood staring at him through the rain, while a wave of hot shame swept over me for the terrible thing I had almost done. "Ten minutes later," Joe had said.

Joe was talking fast. "That's all over, Kay. But I've got a place. It's not so swank, but nobody can barge in on us. The old Railroad House where I live. We can go there, and tomorrow I'll pick up a car and we'll go away. Just what you wanted."

What I wanted! The Railroad House—a flea bag, Kay used to call it. Joe wanted me to go there, as if I really didn't have a home. Joe thought that was what I wanted, what I'd settle for!

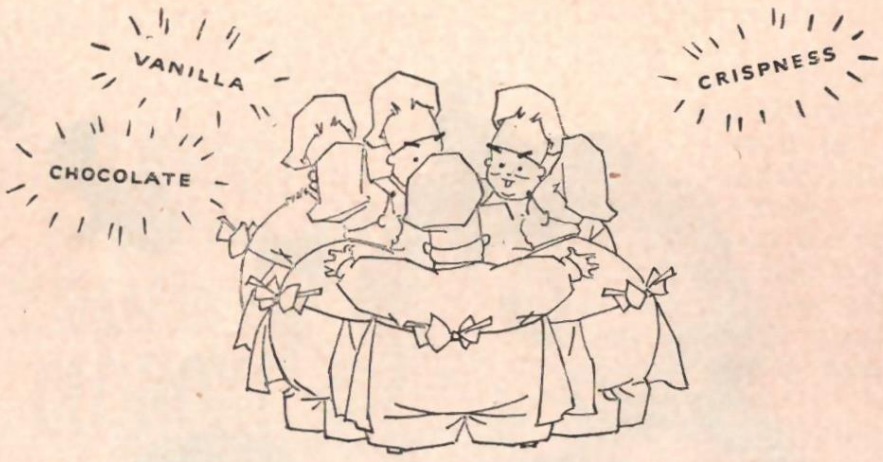
With a cry, I broke loose from him and went racing down the street. I had a head start, but Joe was gaining. I ran down an alley, through a side street. I was confused, tracking back on myself. I stopped to get my breath and heard the heavy thud of Joe's feet running past me. I'd lost him!

Suddenly I looked around and realized where I was—in back of Brady's bar. With a gasp of relief, I ran around to the side door that Kay had used so often. It brought me into the rear of the tavern. One of the back booths was empty. Gratefully I slid onto the bench and collapsed against the wall. Clutching the table, polished by the passage of thousands of glasses, I felt strangely as though I were back in the past again.

Perhaps it was the familiar smell of stale beer and cigarette smoke, the memory of hours in this same booth, the feel of nickels in my hand, the taste of popcorn, the sound of Kay's laugh and the voice of a man—some man, any man—the half-remembered tunes on the juke box. It was all that—and the terrible, cold reality of the past half hour.

My head went down on my arms. Murmuring Kay's name, I sobbed the bitterest, blackest tears in the world. When the tears finally stopped I couldn't move. I felt sick and empty, unable to raise my head. Then slowly my numb mind took in the present—the darkness, the voices from farther down the bar, the scuffle of feet, the tinkle of glasses.

Finally I sat up and glanced around the edge of the booth. There was a fight on television. Television was new since Kay's time, but everything else was the same—the mirrors, the pictures, the bowls of



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popcorn on the bar, Big Mike expertly drawing a beer.

Old Louie, the flat-footed waiter, came shuffling toward the booth.

"Are you alone, girlie?" he began gruffly. "The management don't— Hey it's Kathie Connors!"

"Hi, Louie!" I managed a bleak smile as I tried to sit up tall, but I couldn't miss his look of shocked surprise. I knew I was a mess. My hair and clothes were rain-soaked, and my face was puffed with crying.

He rested his head on gnarled hands. "What are you doing here?"

"I had a little trouble with a boy friend," I admitted. "I just popped in."

"What kind of boy friends you got that bring you down to the Little Bowery?" he demanded in a hoarse whisper.

"I thought I could come here where I was known," I said, pouting. I dug out my compact and tried to hide my fear behind an attempt to straighten my hair. "I—I just wanted a ginger ale. Of course, if—"

"I'll get it for you," Louie muttered savagely, "but don't let Big Mike see you. No minors allowed."

"I was a minor when I used to come in," I reminded him, smiling coaxingly.

But Louie had no answering smile. He shuffled off without a word.

At that moment the television show ended. The lights, such as they were, went on, and the customers eased down along the bar. I retreated against the wall of the booth. There wasn't a big crowd, though, so not many people came toward the back booths. From farther up front, a leggy girl went by to put coins in the juke box. She was about my kid sister Linda's age.

A man at the end of the bar called the girl, wanted her to pick a lucky number on the punchboard. How often that had happened to me! Once I had won $10 and had given it to Kay—right in this booth. The man who won had kissed me. I could feel his rough hands on my arms as though it had happened only minutes ago instead of years. Kay had laughed. . . .

Louie came with a tall, frosted ginger ale. I took a grateful gulp. My head was aching. I was so confused. It seemed as if any minute Kay ought to come out of the washroom, her lipstick fresh, her eyes too bright.

The couple in the next booth were quarreling. He said some words I'd heard before, but suddenly I realized what they meant. I felt my cheeks burn.

The little girl at the bar hit a winning number on the punchboard. She took the man back to the booth where she had been. I heard a woman's shrill laugh, and over the high-backed benches I could see flowers nodding on a yellow head. Then the man sat down with them.

Way, way back a soldier had given me a quarter to introduce him to Kay. Suddenly I could see them sitting close together, hear her low laugh and the bold way he hollered to Louie, as if he'd won something, "Set 'em up again!" That was the night Kay had left me in the movies so long. . . .

I had finished my drink and was sliding toward the edge of the seat when Louie came back with another ginger ale. I said I didn't have any more money. Actually, I wanted to get out of there.

"It's on the house," he said gruffly, taking the empty glass and wiping the table in one swift motion.

"Louie," I whispered. "Hasn't—hasn't the place changed? I mean in the two years since Kay used to come?"

He shrugged. "Bars don't change much,"

he said. "I've known 'em for forty years. Not so crowded as during the war, but lots of the same people."

I followed his glance toward the bar. Were the people the same? The men looked different, rough and coarse and not as old somehow as I'd thought them at 14. Then I'd thought of them all as fathers, but now I wouldn't trust any of them with me—or with Linda. I shuddered at the thought of Linda's being in here.

Then I saw Vickie, who had been Kay's best friend. She was carrying a drink and picking her way along on spike heels. She was heavier than she used to be, and her make-up was awful. A man helped her on the bar stool, and she giggled apologetically. She was drunk.

Just then a tall man came in the back door. He stalked past the booths, looking in each one, and stopped where the woman with the flowers and the little girl sat.

Trembling I pressed back against the bench. I felt as if Papa had come, the way he used to, to talk and plead with Kay. She used to laugh at him. Once she threw a drink at him and I cried. Another time she ran away and didn't come back for days. She was a rebel, she'd live her own life, she said.

There was a scuffle in that other booth. The man who had won on the punchboard hurried away. Then the newcomer pulled the woman to her feet. His voice was rising like a thunderstorm. "Not enough you waste my money, but you ruin the kid. Once more and that'll be the finish. I've had enough. I'll put you in City Hospital where you belong. You're unfit—"

Big Mike came from behind the bar, but the man was pushing the woman and the girl ahead of him out of the tavern. Mike put some slugs in the juke box and started a noisy Spike Jones record. But I could only hear the man's voice echoing, "Unfit . . . unfit—"

I sat rigid and still, but my mind was spinning. I couldn't believe what I saw, what I suddenly understood. Kay and those men! All that liquor she drank and the way we didn't have any money, no matter how hard Dad worked! And how Dad was always trying to take us to one relative or another, to give Kay another chance.

I wanted to cry out that Kay had never been drunk. She'd always said she could handle a quart a day. But as the evenings passed, she used to laugh louder or get mad quicker, and she'd spend money faster.

At the bar, Vickie shouted with laughter and fell against the man beside her. Suddenly I wasn't really seeing that girl at the bar. I was seeing my mother . . . hearing her laughter . . . remembering. And at last I knew the truth.

"Kay! Kay," I moaned. "You loved me!"

I pressed my hand tight on my lips, glanced around in fear lest I had cried aloud. Loved me? Had Kay loved me? Would Lucy let my little sister, Linda, come here and be exposed to these men? My arms wrapped tight around me to stop my trembling. Lucy took care of Linda, Lucy who loved Dad. Lucy, whom Kay had taught me to hate.

I thought of Dad—his money wasted, his house a pigsty, his children scattered. But still he hadn't abandoned Kay, divorced her or put her in City Hospital. That was love—not kisses in a parked car or stolen hours in a darkened room, but living faith and protection.

I could see it all now, clear as a brightly lit room. And suddenly it was Lucy I thought of. Lucy had known about Kay all the time, but she'd never thrown it up

DON'T GO OVERBOARD FOR "FANCY" FOODS

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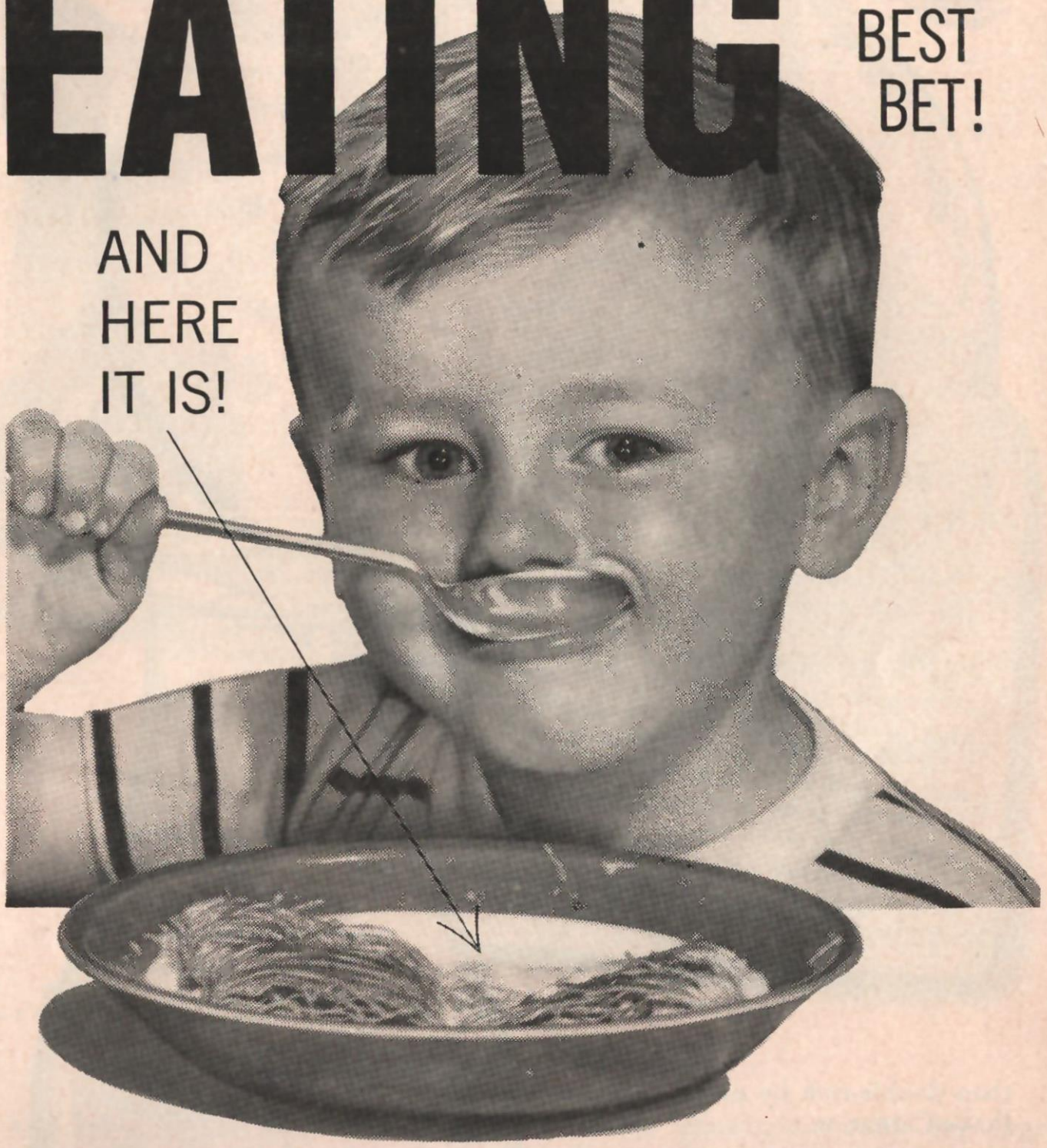

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to me, never even let Dad say it. Kay had been such a heroine to me, so bold and brave. But what did she really know about courage? Tears dropped on my hands—tears for Kay, but so different, so very different. They were tears of pity.

Very firmly then, I put down a quarter for my drink and started for the back door.

Louie came pattering after me. "Where you going, Kathie?" he asked.

"Home, Louie," I said softly. "Thank God I still have one."

I walked along the glistening rain-swept sidewalk toward the bus stop. Then the old car rattled to a stop beside me—our car! Dad leaned out, half smiling, apologetic.

"Louie phoned," he said. "I thought you might want a lift."

"I could have come on the bus," I managed, "but thanks, anyway. You won't ever have to come for me again."

He couldn't know it was a vow, couldn't know how bad I felt about bringing him here, where he'd come so many times. I couldn't tell him yet that I was sharing his heartache and his shame.

Silently I got into the old car with the tied-up door. As we drove around the corner, we passed Higgie's blue convertible. Shuddering, I moved closer to Dad's arm. "What might have been—what might have been," I kept thinking.

We were almost home before I found a way to say some of what had to be said. Even then I sort of backed into it.

"I didn't tell you, Dad," I started, "but I—I'm having some trouble at school. With math and Spanish. I might not pass if I don't have some help."

"I thought something was worrying you," Dad said eagerly. "Is that all?"

"That's all now," I said. "But I wondered if Lucy would help me, being a college graduate. . . ."

"Why, honey!" It was almost a shout. "You know she'd love to."

"Yes," I said softly, my head against his shoulder. "I know now."

It's October, four months since I graduated from High. Not with top honors, of course. I didn't do nearly as well as I would have done if I'd worked during the first part of the term the way I did at the end. But I made it—with Lucy's help.

Lucy has been so wonderful. She's never asked why I changed, or reminded me how horrible I had been. The kids remind me, though, and Linda still doesn't trust me. Lucy merely says I grew up, and she's happy for Dad's sake, because she loves him.

I wasn't in love with Joe Morgan. He only happened to match all the dark, unpleasant things I wanted to do. Lucy says you attract what you want, and what I wanted then was destruction. I almost got it!

Now everything is so different. I have a good job in laboratory, and this winter I'm going to college at night, to major in chemistry and science. I've met some nice boys, too, who come to the house. I've met their families, too. There's no one I'm serious about yet, but as Lucy points out, I won't be 18 until December. I've got lots of time.

Last month I read in the paper that Joe Morgan was arrested for stealing a car and taking it over the state line. There was a girl with him. She was only 17. She was sent to the reformatory. I might have been that girl! I feel so sorry for her. Perhaps she, too, was betrayed by a false ideal, a false picture of love—the way I was betrayed by a false picture of Kay.

The End

YOUR HOME

True Confessions' Complete Homemaking Magazine

VIVIAN READE, Homemaking • MARY BAILEY, Beauty • SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG, Child Care

By VIVIAN READE
Homemaking Editor

Chocolate...

...First in The Nation's Flavor Parade

Ask a real chocolate lover what kind of cake he wants and most likely he'll give you a bewildered look and say, why chocolate of course, is there any other flavor? This delicious product of the cacao bean has become such a popular part of our national palate that to many people when a chocolate dish is available, there is just no other choice. The chocolate eaters in your family will love these luscious desserts. They'll be doubly delighted with the chocolate cake, which has chocolate in it and chocolate on it.

Chocolate Roll: Melt 2 squares (2 ounces) unsweetened chocolate over hot water; remove from heat and stir in 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon baking soda and 3 tablespoons cold water, mixing until thick. Set aside to cool. Sift together 3 times, ½ cup sifted cake flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat 4 eggs with ¾ cup sugar until very thick and light. Stir in flour mixture all at once. Blend in 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold chocolate mixture into batter. Turn into a paper-lined and greased 15x10 inch jelly roll pan. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 15 minutes. Turn out onto a towel or waxed paper; cut off crisp edges and remove paper from cake. Allow to cool a few minutes; spread with sweetened and flavored whipped cream or a cream filling. Or allow ice cream—chocolate, vanilla, coffee or mint—to soften slightly. Spread on cake. Roll up. Cover with a chocolate glaze, or just sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Slice and serve.

Chocolate Cake: Melt 1 package chocolate pieces over hot water; cool. Sift together 1¾ cups sifted cake flour, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Cream together ⅓ cup shortening, 1 teaspoon vanilla and ¾ cup sugar. Add 2 well-beaten eggs and beat until light and fluffy. Stir in melted chocolate. Add dry ingredients alternately with 1 cup sour milk. Beat until smooth and blended. Pour into two greased 8-inch layer pans or a 13x19 inch oblong pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes for the layers; 45 to 50 minutes for the large cake. Put a butter cream filling between layers and frost with Marshmallow Frosting: Melt a package of chocolate pieces over hot water; stir until smooth, then add ⅓ cup warm undiluted evaporated milk, beating until glossy. Spread thinly over sides of layers. Add 8 marshmallows, quartered to the remaining frosting and pile on cake.

Chocolate Mousse: Melt ½ package chocolate pieces over hot water. Cool. Beat 3 egg yolks, one at a time. Stir in ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff; fold into chocolate mixture. Spoon mixture into 4 sherbet glasses. Chill. Serve with light cream or whipped cream.

For A Satisfying Supper Tonight...

make a meat Pie

By VIVIAN READE
Homemaking Editor

YOU may not have four and twenty blackbirds handy in your kitchen, but on a chilly February night, you'll find a simple meat pie will make just as dainty a dish to set before your "king."

The makings of a meat pie are tender cubes of meat, rich, flavorful gravy, assorted vegetables, and some kind of topping. If you have left-over meat, either beef, lamb, pork or veal from last night's roast or stew, or if you're using canned meat, you can make the pie in a jiffy. Use small onions, or slices of carrot, cut snapbeans, peas or lima beans. Whatever the amount of meat is, use double the amount of vegetables. Cook or heat the vegetables and add to the meat with some hot gravy. Place in a casserole and choose your topping. Top the mixture with a crust of thin, flaky pastry or light, tender biscuit dough. Or try an open pie effect—cut the pastry in strips and arrange on top of the mixture, lattice fashion. Or use small biscuits in diamonds or rounds or a ring of fluffy mashed potatoes, then bake.

Here's how to make some fine meat pies using fresh meat.

Beef Pie

1½ pounds lean beef round or boned chuck
1 tablespoon fat
3 cups water
2 sprigs parsley, chopped
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
12 small white onions, peeled
3 medium carrots, scraped and sliced
½ pound snapbeans, cut
Pastry

Have butcher cut meat in 1-inch cubes. Brown meat on all sides in hot fat. Add water, parsley and salt and pepper. Cover and simmer about 2 hours or until meat is almost tender. Add vegetables and cook 20 minutes. Thicken gravy with a paste made of 1 tablespoon flour and 1½ tablespoons cold water. Place in a casserole. Prepare pastry dough using the new quick method given below or your favorite pastry mix. Roll out pastry, cover top and prick with fork. Or if using a mix, cut into strips and make a lattice topping. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Quick Method (Stir-N-Roll) Pastry

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons cold milk

Combine flour and salt; add oil and milk. Stir with a fork lightly until mixed. Round dough into a ball. Place between two sheets of waxed paper and roll out to desired shape. If paper begins to wrinkle, turn and roll other side. Peel off top piece of paper. If dough has cracked in rolling press edges together or press a piece of dough over the split. Make a few slits in dough to allow steam to escape. Top casserole with pastry; trim and press edges to dish. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Barbecued Hamburger Pie

1 pound ground beef
¾ cup chopped onions
¾ cup catsup
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
Dash salt

Brown meat; add onions and brown lightly. Add remaining ingredients. If mixture is too thick, add a little water. Simmer 10 minutes. Fill a casserole with hot mixture; top with biscuit dough made from new quick method given below or from a biscuit mix. Bake in a very hot oven (475°F) about 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Quick Method (Stir-N-Roll) Biscuits

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup salad oil
⅔ cup milk

Preheat oven to very hot (475°F). Sift together dry ingredients into a mixing bowl. Pour oil and milk into a cup but do not stir together; add at once to flour. Stir with a fork until mixture rounds up into a ball. Knead about 10 times. Press out dough on a sheet of waxed paper or roll between sheets of waxed paper. Cut into desired shapes with an unfloured cutter. Bake in preheated oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Frankfurter Sauerkraut Pie

8 frankfurters, cut in ½ inch slices
1 can (No. 2½) sauerkraut or 3⅓ cups bulk
¼ cup fat drippings
½ teaspoon caraway seed
2 tablespoons grated onion
3 cups well-seasoned mashed potatoes

Combine frankfurters, sauerkraut, fat drippings and caraway seed; place in a casserole. Stir onion into mashed potatoes; pile lightly on top of mixture. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes or until potatoes are lightly browned. Makes 6 servings.

Free! Elegant But Easy Recipes With Ripe Olives. For your copy send large stamped self-addressed envelope to Vivian Reade, Dept. T. C. 2, Fawcett Publications, Greenwich, Connecticut.

◀ *Silver: Rogers 1847, Remembrance Pattern*

teaching baby to like New Foods

Photo by Gerber's Baby Foods

By MRS. SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG
CONFESSIONS' CHILD CARE ADVISER
Special Consultant to the Child Study Association of America

With all the advice young mothers get it is no wonder that they are confused. Every mother knows how important it is for her child to be well-fed. She knows, too, that her child must have a *variety* of foods—not just great *quantities*. She wants to take advantage of all the new knowledge and all the new preparations that are on the market and most of the time she goes merrily on her way, doing the best she can.

Every once in a while, however, she is brought up short by disapproving remarks which make her wonder. They come sometimes from her friend or neighbor or sister-in-law, sometimes from a woman in an older generation —her own mother or her mother-in-law. Chances are that they raise doubts in her mind, she becomes worried and confused. What I shall do here, therefore, is try to discuss a few of the food and nutrition questions about which there is most confusion.

First of all, what about strange new foods, especially those that have a strong taste such as squash? At what age do you start them? What do you do if your baby doesn't like them? Force them down anyway?

The different kinds of vegetables are usually started when a baby is four or five months old. You choose any of the more common vegetables that are easily digested—green peas, carrots, string beans, spinach, beets, asparagus, tomatoes, and summer or winter squash. You may want to choose a vegetable with a milder flavor or one that you particularly like. It's hard to predict what a baby will like, however—and it really doesn't matter.

What *does* matter is this: Don't introduce a whole new flock of vegetables at once. Concentrate on one vegetable at a time, giving it a fair trial. Serve it either at lunch or at supper—at whichever meal your baby is hungriest. Serve it for three or four days in a row. This will mean opening two cans or jars of baby food because cooked or preserved vegetables for babies should be kept in the refrigerator for only 24 hours. Therefore, if your baby shows a violent dislike for the vegetable the first two times, don't bother wasting a can of baby food. It is only if he is doubtful, making a puzzled little face, not sure whether he likes it or not, that it is worth your while to open the second can. If he *does* act this way, it is most definitely worthwhile because your hope is that by the third day your baby will be less puzzled, more interested in the strange new taste. And that's the way it often works. By the fourth day the taste is beginning to be familiar and by the fifth it may be well on the way to being a dear old friend! If this is the way it works with your baby, just keep on giving him the squash or the peas or whatever the first vegetable happened to be until it is thoroughly familiar to him. After several weeks, start on a new vegetable. If that is as successful as the first, alternate the two for quite a long time before introducing a third. However, if your child does *not* like the new vegetable after two or three times, skip it for a week or two. There are so many delicious foods to choose from that it is a great pity to insist on a baby or child eating something he doesn't like. We make it *easy* for him to like it; we give him several chances to *learn* to like it; we give him plenty of *time* to find out; but we don't force it on him.

Forcing a baby not only sets him against a particular kind of food, but even against eating generally sometimes. If on the other hand, he has three tiny bites and doesn't like them, but doesn't taste the same food again for a week or so, you have a clean slate to start on when you offer the food again. Little Jim or Susie may very well love squash or asparagus the second or third time it comes his way. And if he doesn't, if he never learns to like it, that's all right too because, as I said, there are so many delicious foods to choose from [*Please turn to page* 79]

Have you considered a textured inlaid linoleum like Sloane-Blabon's Texfloor?

For your home, have you considered a

HARD-SURFACE FLOOR COVERING?

By VIVIAN READE
Homemaking Editor

HARD Surface Floor Coverings are handsome underfoot, extremely durable, and easy to maintain. If you need new floor coverings for your home it would be worth your while to consider what is available in this field.

Hard surface floor coverings come in five basic types, each having certain advantages. The least expensive of all and the easiest to install is *felt base*. This can be bought in rugs or by the yard and comes in floral, geometric, tile and juvenile patterns. It comes in two weights . . . standard and heavy and some of the best known names in the heavy field are Congoleum, Quaker Maid, Pabco, Duralin and Sloane's Resilient Enamel. With proper care any of these major brands will give you several years of good service at very low cost but felt base will not outwear any of the others.

Plastic coated floor coverings are midway in price between felt base and inlaid linoleum. The major brands in this field, Sandran and Kolorflor, will last about three times as long as felt base but not as long as inlaid or plastic.

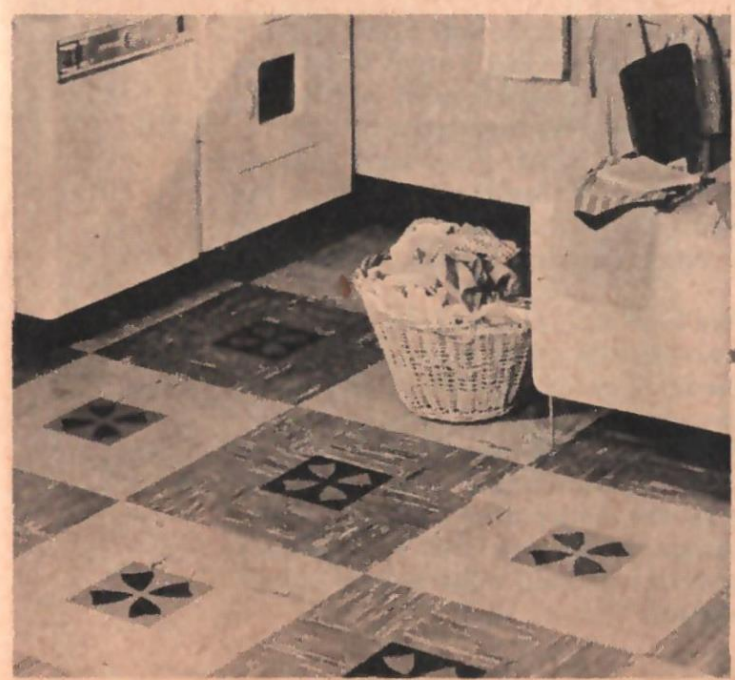
Inlaid linoleum, which comes by the yard, in tiles and in three weights, light, standard and heavy, is known in general as a quality floor covering. It is available in plain colors, marbles, jaspe or streaks, geometrics, and embossed and some of the leading brand names are Armstrong, Nairn, Sloane and Pabco. Standard gauge inlaid is probably the best dollar value in the field, but care should be taken in using it. Avoid strong soaps and cleansers as they frequently bleach the colors, and wax inlaid after cleaning to seal the pores, since it is porous. Inlaid will indent, therefore place flat-bottomed casters under heavy objects.

Plastic floor coverings like Florever, Goodyear Vinyl Tile and Sloane's Koroseal, are plastic through and through and not to be confused with plastic coated floor coverings. Plastics, which come in plain and marbleized patterns, are extremely durable. Plastics can be bought by the yard and in tiles. They are non-porous and are therefore grease-proof and resistent to water, fire and alkalis. Dry cleaning fluids can be used to remove rubber heel marks, and since plastics come with medium gloss, they need no waxing.

Asphalt Tile, a tough floor covering, is excellent for basement installations since it can take dampness. But it is hard underfoot and tends to chip easily. It is moderate in cost and is sold under such names as Kentile, Armstrong, Matico. *Rubber Tile,* made by Hood, Danbury and Amtico is a comfortable, very durable floor covering but it is generally used in commercial installations since it is high in price.

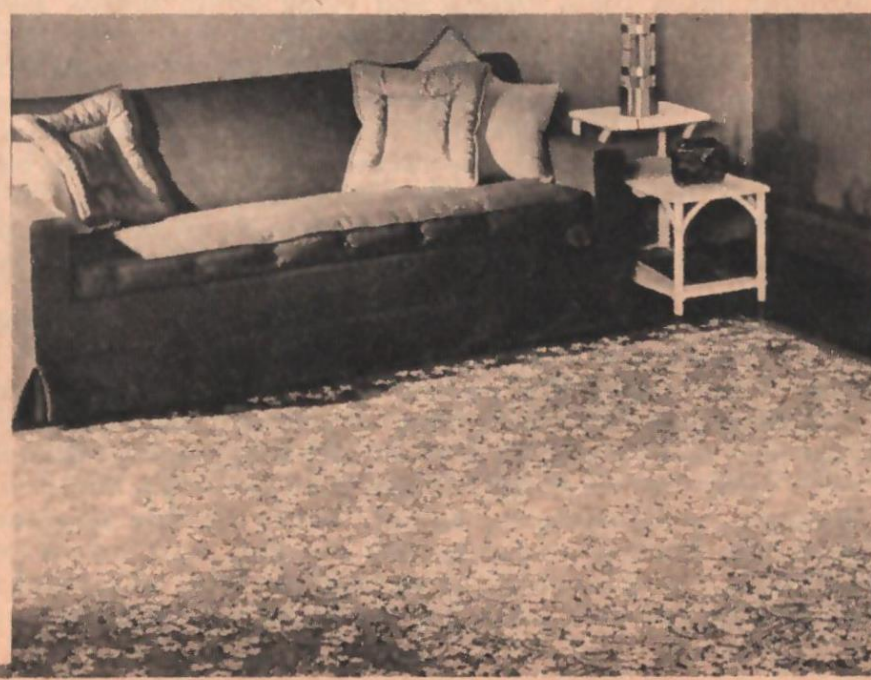
Have you considered a good-looking, good-wearing floor covering like Delaware's Vinyl Plastic Florever shown at left in a marbleized pattern? Makes excellent tops for work surfaces.

Have you considered a durable inlaid linoleum like this one by Armstrong in the striking spatter pattern?



Have you considered glamorizing your laundry with an asphalt tile like David E. Kennedy's Kentile? It is shown here in the eight plus one pattern. The center tiles come in birds, fish, etc.

Have you considered an economical, easy-to-clean easy-to-install felt base rug? Shown at right is a Gold Seal Congoleum rug in a floral pattern.



my week in a BEAUTY SCHOOL

Diary of Jean, Beauty Editor Mary Bailey's assistant, who attends a 5-day Beauty Course at a Fifth Avenue Salon

monday . . . Whew! Didn't know I had so much to learn about beauty—until I walked into Rubinstein's plush Fifth Avenue salon this morning, got into my gym suit and started my 5 Day Wonder Course. And it's really a wonder, how much they've taught me in just one morning.

POSTURE came first, because as our exercise prof, Diana, put it, "The way you carry yourself can put on or take off inches." She made us take a frank look at our profiles—all the way down in the full-length mirrors that line one side of the room. We moaned. Our silhouettes were all bumps and angles.

"Find your diaphragm," Diana ordered. "Breathe in and out fast. That's it, just below your bust. Now pull it up and in—hard. See, your tummy falls in line. Now tuck your hips under. And look at the difference." Our waists were slimmer, hips flatter, busts higher, all because we were standing right. Then we learned to walk—of all things. Put one foot directly in front of the other, keep legs together, knees brushing and you get a much smoother glide.

"Now show me how you'd stoop down to pick up a handkerchief," Diana commanded. We did, hips waving. "That's terrible! Bend your knees and go down holding your back and shoulders straight."

And you sit the same way, bending your knees first. You don't push into the chair, hips first.

Next we did something about our poor posture. Diana lined us up, backs to the wall and dared us to push our backs flat against it. We had to work hard to make our waists touch. Then we went into a good posture exercise in this same position, feet slightly apart, heels a few inches from wall. Flop over slowly and try to touch your toes. Then slide back up—slowly, making "each vertebra push against the wall." We did this several times until we could raise our arms overhead, elbows hugging the wall, too.

Each of us got a physical check-up, to be sure we could take exercise safely and to see whether we needed to lose pounds or inches. Some of the girls got special diets. Thank goodness, I just have to work off inches with exercise.

NEXT, OUR MAKE-UP LESSON and we sat at little make-up tables, tied a make-up cape around our shoulders, a band around our hair. First, we cleansed our faces thoroughly. Then I was given a pink-tinted creamy cake foundation. The trick to any base, I learned, is to use the least bit, blend it carefully to hairline and under chin and blot excess with a tissue. We put cream rouge high on each cheekbone, close under eyes and spread out toward temples. Then plenty of powder on a clean cotton pad, pressed into neck and face; let it set a minute and brush off excess with the other side of puff. This way, your mat finish lasts much longer.

We did our eyes, too. And it's real easy. You begin with the brows, brush powder out and fill them in with eyebrow pencil that closely matches the real ones. Next, eyeshadow, and I got a jade green one to contrast with my brown eyes. You just put a dot on the center of the lid and spread up to brows. To mascara, you get up close to the mirror, tilt your head back and brush your lashes from roots to tops. And your eyes look twice as big and bright.

tuesday . . . Pardon the groans. But today was Exercise Day, and we kept at it for almost an hour. I know those excess inches couldn't withstand this work-out.

FOR THE WAIST: We did two to a slow waltz record.

Toe touch: Stand with feet apart, arms straight out at sides. Bend slowly from waist, keeping knees stiff. Touch right hand to left toe; back up and stretch. Then left hand to right toe. For about five minutes.

Side stretch: Same position. Bend and touch right hand to right toe; left hand to left toe, pausing each time you come up to stretch arms at sides.

FOR THE STOMACH AND ABDOMEN, to same slow waltz.

Knee Hug: Lying flat on floor, feet together. Pull up and hug knees tight against chest. Lie down slowly, legs and back going down together. *Leg Pull-ups:* Lie down, arms flat at sides. Pull both legs up in air, far overhead as possible, keeping them straight. Hold for a second and bring down, slowly. Just a few to start with.

FOR THE THIGHS. Diana changes the record to a rhumba. *Leg Cross Over:* Lying flat, arms overhead, legs apart. Bring left toe over right leg and touch floor as high up as possible. Leg back to place. Then right toe over left leg, touch floor and back to place. Keep back and waist tight against floor as you go. *Ballet Stretch:* Sitting up, grasp left ankle with left hand. Push that leg out straight, still holding on. Do the same with right ankle. Try to stretch both legs out together.

FOR THE HIPS, still to the rhumba. *Hip roll,* lying on back, knees bent, feet together, arms over head. Flop both legs to right side, touching floor. Then to left, speeding up, for 50 counts. *Buttocks bounce,* in same position, but pull hips up an inch or so off floor. Then slap them down to right side, left side, for about 50 counts. *Buddha roll:* in sitting up position. Back straight, knees bent, feet together. Grasp both ankles with hands and roll on your hips from side to side, 50 times.

We rested and dressed and gathered together again—to talk frankly about FASHIONS. Our leader, Helena Hale, suggested we coordinate our wardrobes around a basic suit or dress in a neutral color. Then have several changes of accessories to make many outfits. She pointed out that black is very practical and smart but needs a touch of color or jewelry to relieve its somberness. We talked about accessories, decided: the size of our handbags should correspond with our physical size, that is, a small purse for a small girl, etc.; dark stockings make our legs look smaller; white gloves call attention to a girl's hips—beware if she's hippy. And every girl can find a couple of hat styles that look well on her, if she tries. We discussed undergarments, agreed they're terribly important. The right girdle and bra can overcome many figure faults. And Miss Hale reminded us that not only light colors and big prints make you look larger, but shiny and stiff fabrics add bulk, too. Then each of us tried swatches of colored materials against our face, discovered we could wear several colors we had figured were taboo before, found we could wear most any color with careful make-up.

wednesday . . . Must admit we were a crochety group of gals at 10 a.m. this morning, but a few minutes of exercising eased the kinks out, honestly. The stretches and bends came easier today, too. Funny, but this exercising business grows on you, gives you a smug feeling, like you're putting something over on the other girls.

We got a lesson in the right way to use FACE CREAMS, today. And there's a definite technique so you don't pull your facial muscles down. You spread cream along your fingers and, using both hands, start on chin and smooth up over face with light, upward strokes. When you remove cream, a neat trick is to wrap a tissue around each hand and sweep the cream off, with the same upward strokes. And when you're working around your eyes, pat the cream on and off very gently because the skin is thinnest there.

My complexion analysis showed that I have the commonest type skin: combination oily down the center and dry on the outsides. So at night, I have this easy cleansing-softening routine. I'll remove make-up with cleansing cream, leaving it on a few minutes so it has time to work. Then tissue it off. Apply once more, to be sure. Then I wash my face with a mild soap; rinse carefully, of course; and press a medicated camphor lotion on the enlarged pore area (chin and nose). And lastly, I'll apply a light coat of night cream to the dry parts, leaving it on just 20 minutes (goody, no greasy pillow).

Mustn't forget my neck and throat. They get the same cleansing and softening as my face.

thursday . . . I can't help but purr over my new HAIR-DO, now that it's all over. But I must admit I entered the hair salon this morning with some qualms.

As one of the girls put it, "Hope they don't do anything too radical."

First my head got a good, long brushing. Next, the shampoo and *so much* rinsing. Then, the big moment, my hair stylist, Mr. Larry, came in to do the sculpturing. And Michel, head of the hair salon who's just back from Paris, buzzed in and out supervising. Mr. Larry took a long look, turned my head this way and that, before he started snipping. And actually, I noticed he wasn't doing too much shortening but plenty of thinning and shaping. I queried him about the principles of hair styling, whether they force the newest hair trend on everybody, even if it doesn't suit every face. He laughed and explained that the first consideration in shaping your hair is the shape of your face and your features. If your features are perfect, he plays them up by keeping your hair very simple. If your features are too sharp, he works for a softening hair-do. If your face is too long, he arranges the hair to shorten it, and so on. So hair styling is a very personal matter, not dictated by fashion.

"But," he continued, "within every hair fashion trend, we can find a variation for almost every face."

And sure enough, on the way out I peeked into the girls' booths. And the brunette with the long mane still has it, but now it's smoothed back into a low bun. The red head's hair still brushes her shoulders, but now it fits her head and waves all the way down. The little girl with wispy, uneven locks now has a feathery halo. And the tweedy girl with the beautiful face has a severe sleek shingle.

friday . . . GRADUATION DAY, and Diana admitted she was proud of us. One girl has lost 3½ pounds and all of us have lost inches. Diana made us promise to keep up the exercises, at least 20 minutes a day. And the best time to do them, according to her, is in the morning when your stomach's empty, not last thing at night, because they're liable to keep you awake.

The surprise of the morning came when Diana announced we would learn the RHUMBA. And believe it or not, it actually has lots to do with posture. You hold your back very straight, you don't work your hips intentionally. You just bend your knees. And the rest comes naturally.

We all felt like experts on our last make-up lesson. The new lesson, though, was in giving ourselves a FACIAL MASQUE. It's a thick preparation that you apply just to the enlarged pore areas of your face. You work it in and let it dry for 20 minutes. Then it comes off easily with a wet towel—and your face comes out glowy. Today, too, we had our eyebrows shaped. "But not too thin," Rod Barron, head of the make-up department, warned. "Scanty brows throw your features off balance."

And I tried blue eye shadow with my navy dress. Looks wonderful. Today, too, we tried "modified doe eyes." We drew a line with the eyebrow pencil on the top eyelid, right at the base of the lashes—from the inside corner to the outside with a little flip up at the end. Makes my lashes look much thicker. Lastly, we learned to use a lip brush! It's not hard, really, if you support your chin with your little finger and draw a neat outline, then fill in boldly. It comes easier with practice, too, and once you've mastered it you're sold for life.

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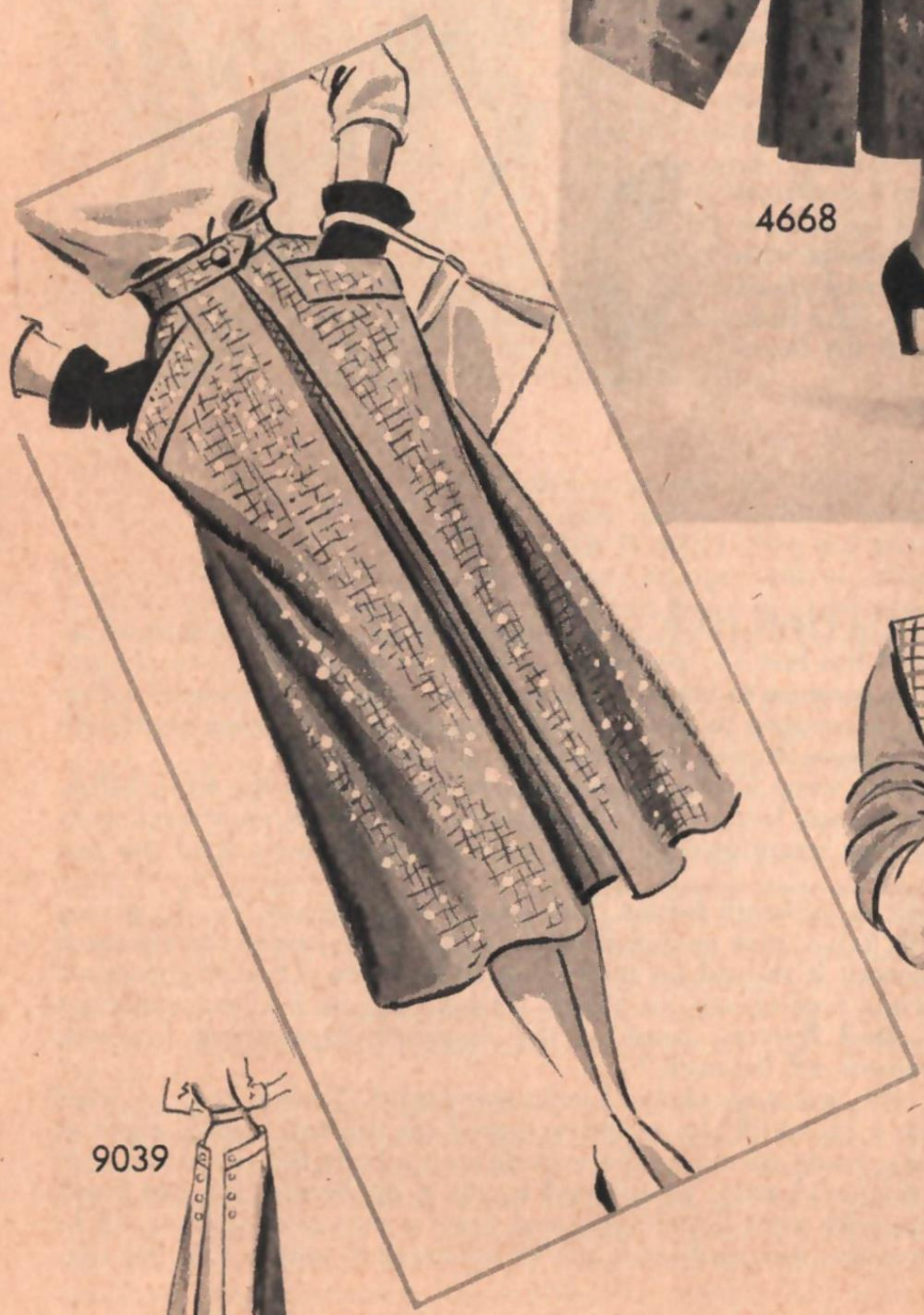

Teaching Baby to Like New Foods

[*Continued from page* 74]

that we don't have to get upset if one or two are out of the picture entirely.

As for introducing new fruits to our babies, this usually doesn't demand the tact and patience I have advised for vegetables. For the first few tastes, babies are usually puzzled by fruit. But after a few days of sampling almost any fruit, most babies will decide that they definitely like it. If you don't have this usual good luck, make a new start with another fruit. Use the same method I described for vegetables, beginning somewhere between three and six months—depending on your baby's general digestion. Start with either scraped bananas or applesauce; and then add the other. Continue with these two until they are completely familiar to your baby and then add (one at a time) the usual strained pears, peaches, apricots, pineapple and so forth, as well as the mixtures that are available.

Most babies switch from the baby foods to "Junior" foods without any trouble at all when they are around ten or eleven months old. Occasionally a child will protest at this strange texture. What I would suggest here is to open both "baby peaches" and "junior peaches," for example, and mix them together to begin with. At first have the consistency nearer to that of the baby foods; then, little by little, use more of the junior food in the mixture. Presently your little one will be eating junior foods without knowing that he's made the switch. It is important to get him used to coarser foods by the time he is a year or a little older. Later on it will be much harder to teach him, so *don't do any forcing* but use your tact and patience (and tricks such as these if necessary) while he is still around one year.

Now, I have been talking as though all of a baby's food comes in cans or jars. What about the idea that it is better to strain your own? The jars and cans are so easy to open and use that many mothers feel it is positively wrong! They feel it *must* be better for their children if Mother's own hands wash the vegetables, cook and strain them. Aren't the "vitamins" lost they ask? Or some other "food value?" Isn't it "safer" when you do it at home?

The manufacturers of baby foods have maintained such a high standard that we really cannot improve upon their products by using home methods. They choose the best quality fruits and vegetables and they prepare them with great care in regard to taste as well as cleanliness. The prepared foods offer every advantage because they give you more time to spend with your child or in other ways that are pleasant. We may profitably get rid of the fear, still too common, that unpleasant things are somehow "good" for us, while pleasant things are not.

Meat is usually easy to introduce to babies. The texture is strange but the taste is so good that most babies soon love it and clamor for more. Meat for babies brings up other questions, however. Some of the grandmothers are horrified at the very thought. How can they chew it when they haven't any teeth? Can babies digest meat?

Yes, at around nine or ten months, most babies can digest meat easily. And they don't need teeth in order to chew scraped or ground meat. They do a pretty good job at mashing it up with their tongues and gums. You start with scraped beef, but after a couple of weeks you change to ground beef (a good grade of hamburger).

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You do this partly because scraped beef is wasteful while ground beef is not; but you also do it because you want to get your child used to coarse and lumpy food by the time he is about a year old. By this time he can also eat lamb chop cut up fine, chicken, and liver. Even before he is a year old he has probably been chewing on crisp bacon, which most children love.

As early as seven months most children have canned meat soups. These contain a little meat, vegetable, and a starch such as rice or barley. They are so satisfactory as well as convenient, that many mothers count on them several times a week. Most babies like soups, but if your baby happens to be one who doesn't—who likes his different food materials separate—don't bother trying to *teach* him to like them. The slow, tactful method I described for vegetables is important here, for every child should learn to like some vegetables (though not necessarily all). In the case of mixtures such as special soups, however, it's not worth the trouble and patience required.

Later on (at about the same time as a baby is starting real meat) he can begin to eat the canned meats specially prepared for babies. These are just as wholesome as fresh meat. Many a mother will choose them because they are not expensive and it is less trouble for her if she is not buying meat for the rest of the family or if the family is having ham, veal, pork chops, stew or something else which babies don't eat. Children can continue to eat these canned meats for just as long as they like them. If they don't like them or if they stop liking them, use fresh meat only. Even where boys and girls do take to canned meats, it is desirable for them to have "real" meat for time to time. It is *not* that the food-value is any different, *but* that they must practice chewing regular meat instead of getting used only to finely ground foods.

What of the food-value of meats? With meat so expensive, is there any reason to give children meat? Isn't spaghetti or something of the sort just as good?

What we have learned about nutrition is more than the well-known fact that "vitamins are good for you." This has been drilled into us so hard that mothers sometimes forget the importance of minerals and proteins. We know that meats supply proteins which are necessary building materials of the vital substances of the body.

Meat is therefore not a "luxury" but a useful part of any diet. It can be served three to seven times a week depending on your budget. And speaking of budgets, remember that meat does not have to mean steak. Fish, eggs, and good old hamburger all contain good proportions of protein; cheese, nuts, beans and whole-grained cereals also contain some of the proteins. Spaghetti, potatoes and starchy foods generally are no substitute for meat. When children develop a taste for a great variety of foods they are likely also to select pretty well according to the varying needs of the body.

Lastly, what about the question of "balanced meals?" Is it all right for a child to have only meat and potatoes for lunch and then, at supper time, make a meal of vegetable and fruit? Yes, by all means, yes. It is not even necessary that he "balance his diet" the same day by making up for certain lacks at the next meal. If a child balances his diet over the course of the week, that is just fine.

Many individuals act as if they had never learned to enjoy food. If your child has to "learn" that, by all means help him to it. That kind of enjoying seems to be basic for sound eating in later life. Many a child becomes a poor eater (and his nutrition then suffers) because of the battles over food and eating in the early years. Mothers may well cultivate a friendly indifference. The child should feel that his eating or not eating, or his eating or not eating particular foods, is not of excessive importance to his mother. And we have to guard also against making the child too finicky and choosy, as if his eating were of excessive importance to him.

The End

The Armed Forces

[*Continued from page* 39]

is dependent on you under 18 years of age. And you must not be married when you enter any branch of the Armed Forces. If you marry later, that's different. Some of the special qualifications for the different branches are different in detail. Usually the age limits are between 18 and 34. If you're between 18 and 21, you must have parental consent. If you're over 34 and were a member of one of the services after July 1, 1943, you may enlist again. Girls who want to be in the Armed Forces must be in good physical condition. You must be in good mental condition and be able to pass tests showing "normal mental aptitudes." This is to make sure that the girls with whom you'll associate are both mentally and physically healthy.

The periods of enlistment vary with the service. You can always enlist again, if you want to make the service your life work, as many women are doing today. Your first enlistment in the Army is for three, four, five, or six years—in the Air Forces it is four, five, or six years.

For the WAVES, the age limits are different. Ages for enlistment are from over 20 to under 26 years, but the length of enlistment is the same as for the WACS. And for all branches of the Armed Forces, the applicants must have the highest character, as well as excellent backgrounds.

The United States Services are the only military services in the world where women receive the same pay and the same benefits as men. Compare those salaries with the salaries of the average woman worker, and you'll see some of the advantages of going into the Armed Services.

The new Army recruit begins by receiving $75 per month for the first four months. During the next four months, she gets $80 per month. When she becomes a private, she gets $82.50, and $95.55 when she's a Private First Class. A corporal's monthly pay is $117.60; a sergeant's, $139.65; a sergeant first class, $169.05 and a master sergeant, $198.45. All of these salaries are increased each year. The salary is automatically higher for foreign service. And, of course, there's every chance to get ahead. If the money earned seems small, remember that the enlisted girl can save as much of it as she cares to. Laundry, cosmetics, dry cleaning and incidentals are the only things the girls will have to pay for. Excellent food is free. Good-looking uniforms, designed by fashion experts, and complete official wardrobe are all free. Lodging is free. So are excellent medical and dental care. And, annuities, after twenty or thirty years, are free.

Quarters for the women are attractive. The food, prepared under the strict supervision of dietitians, is the best. The freshest fruits, vegetables and high grade meats in abundant quantities are served every

Hints collected by

Mrs Dan Gerber
(Mother of 5)

FINGER TIP from a registered nurse. She says that tiny babies keep their fists so tightly clenched for a large part of the time. That makes finger-nail cutting difficult. But if you wait until Baby is drowsy after a feeding, his hands relax and nail snipping is easier.

RECOGNIZE THAT SEAL? You've seen it again and again on Gerber's Cereals, Fruits, Vegetables, Desserts and Meats. The Seal plainly says that all these good foods your baby likes are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

OH! SAY HAVE YOU SEEN—and tasted Gerber's new Orange Pudding? This is the latest addition to the large family of Strained Foods (True-Flavor Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Desserts). Such a nice change for topping off Baby's lunch—or for a between-meal snack.

GOOD SEATING ARRANGEMENT. A Virginia mother offers this helpful hint: She uses Baby's car seat in the house. By attaching it to a living room chair, the seat is high enough to avoid floor drafts, yet can't possibly tip over. Best of all, the seat is ever so easy to remove and replace.

FREE—"QUADS" FOR YOUR SMALL ONE. Yes, new sample boxes of Gerber's 4 Cereals (the brand-new Rice Cereal, Barley Cereal, Strained Oatmeal and Cereal Food). To get these—all ready-to-serve, just drop a card to Dept. 32-1, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie, Niagara Falls, Canada.

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For every girl, there's a desirable job in the Armed Forces. For the ambitious girl, or for the girl who has some special work in mind or has already had some training, there are wonderful opportunities. Most of these jobs are in new fields, fields that are not overcrowded and that provide security. The future holds rare promise for the girl who has capabilities.

There's a special career management plan, under which the Armed Forces provide advancement for girls from apprenticeship to supervisory status. To qualify for these advancements, girls are given special schooling and periodic examinations. Experts have found that there are actually four hundred jobs in the Army alone—non-combatant jobs—that can be performed efficiently by women. Do you know of any place else where you can get salary, excellent board and room, clothes, medical care and recreation while you're learning to become proficient in the very branch of work that you like best?

It's almost impossible to tell you of all of the things that non-commissioned women are doing in the Armed Forces. And hundreds of them will progress so rapidly that they'll receive commissions and continue on in the job in which they're making good. Here are just a few:

Medicine: dental laboratory, medical X-ray, surgical technician.

Physical sciences: physics laboratory assistant, chemical laboratory assistant, chemist.

Telephone work: telephone operators, telephone switchboard operators, switchboard installers, installers of toll telephones, telegraph equipment.

Writing: public relations, reporters.

Photography: photographers, film recorders, motion picture sound camera, photographic laboratory technicians.

Drafting Department: draftsmen, surveyors, tracers.

Radio: telegraph operators, radar operator, radio operators, radio inspectors.

Personnel work: occupational rehabilitation counselor, job analyst, personnel consultant.

Administration: chief clerk, mail clerk, librarian, administrative officers, code clerks, cryptographers, cryptanalysts, stenographers, teletype operators.

Statistics and finance: clerks, accountants, bookkeepers, auditors.

Foods: bakers, cooks, commissary stewards, mess sergeants.

Supplies: shipping checkers, stock record clerks, stock control clerks, chief storekeepers, supply officers.

Perhaps you have a special talent. Here's a fine chance to develop it. The Armed Forces have jobs for girls as animation artists, artists in many fields, interpreters, educational specialists and entertainers. There are places for practically every talent or ambition.

With all of this training, you may wonder what the women in the Armed Forces actually do. The work is exciting and varied. You may serve in almost any spot in America—from California to Alaska, Maine or Washington—or all over the world.

Girls in the Adjutant General's department help with the classifying and assigning of personnel and with the records. This department publishes the Army booklets. The special service supervises and organizes sports and recreation. This service also cares for and operates rest hotels.

Girls in the Signal Corps help control, maintain and repair communication systems. These range from walkie-talkies to radar. The Chemical Corps conducts laboratory research in chemistry necessary in peace as well as war. The Quartermaster department designs, and produces clothing and general equipment, and tests and supplies food. Girls in the Finance department act as paymaster, maintain auditing and accounting records and are bankers for the Army.

Girls who are in the Air Force help provide efficient transportation for all services all around the world. They fly the new planes, conduct photo reconnaissance—and actually teach flying, train pilots, test aircraft parts and direct research and aviation tests of new equipment.

There are a lot more jobs in every branch of the Armed Forces. If you are interested, find out where the nearest recruiting station of the branch you like best is located, and find out if you are able to qualify. You'll fill out an application blank, take mental and physical examinations and your name will be placed on an eligibility list. From this list, selections are made monthly for basic training.

New members of the Women's Army Corps go to Fort Lee, near Richmond, Virginia, for their first thirteen weeks. The new WAFS go to Lackland Air Force Base near San Antonio, Texas, for eleven weeks' training.

Training at Fort Lee starts with a briefing at headquarters and a general introduction, assignment to sleeping quarters and issuing of equipment. Then there are physical checkups, followed by tests for radio, clerical, mechanical and automotive aptitudes. There are classes five days a week, marches, drills, physical training. In the evening, there is recreation and entertainment and a chance to make friends.

After basic training, except for those who already have skills needed for the Army, the WACS may attend one of the Army's service schools or clerk-typists courses. The courses include tabulating machine operation, classification specialist training, stenography, surgical technician, medical technician, pharmacy procedure or a hundred other courses. Leadership is stressed, and there's a leaders' course which instructs students in the psychological aspects of leadership and personal adjustments. This is a full training course for the girl who is capable of being a leader.

There are chapels, a library, movies, swimming pools, tennis courts, archery ranges, softball fields and a gymnasium, a hobby shop for handicrafts. This training center is similar to those for other branches for women in the Armed Forces. The whole course is designed to help the new recruit get acquainted and understand her part in the Armed Forces. Everything is under expert guidance. The girl's natural aptitudes, preference and past experiences are taken into consideration in helping her choose a career.

Pioneer women helped their men in frontier warfare. The first American woman may have been "sergeant" Mollie Pitcher, who fought next to her husband—and then took his place at the Battle of Monmouth. Or it may have been Deborah Sampson, who fought in the Continental Army and was wounded at Tarrytown. The first organized woman's corps was the Army Nurses Corps, started in 1901, and the Navy Nurses Corps in 1908.

In 1942 Congress authorized establishment of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, without military status. Then a bill authorizing the Women's Reserve of the Navy Reserve—the WAVES—became a law. The Coast Guards established the

SPARS, and took their name from the motto, "Semper Paratus." In 1943 the Marine Corps established the women Marines. All but the WAACS had full military status, but could NOT go overseas. Strangely enough, the WAACS could go. Congress passed a bill taking Auxiliary out of WAACS, making it the WACS—with military status in wartime.

At the beginning of World War II, the WACS had a corp of 12,000 members—for four jobs, typing and clerical work, switchboard, driving and cooking. Later, of 628 jobs in the Army, 403 proved suitable for women. "The Voice of Freedom" was operated by WACS. WACS were sent to Europe, the South Pacific, to India, China, Egypt and Central Africa. They reached a peak strength of 100,000—ten times more than had been planned.

The Navy expected to enlist 10,000 women. The WAVES were so successful they reached a strength of 86,000, serving in air stations, naval hospitals, Navy yards and supply depots, and they handled 80% of the Navy mail service, performing about 450 kinds of jobs.

There were 11,000 women in the Coast Guards—19,000 in the Marine Corps Women's Reserves.

I needn't tell you about the Nurses Corps. I'm sure you know what wonderful work they did in World War II and are doing today. There were 57,000 nurses in the Army Nurses Corps—11,000 in the Navy Nurses Corps.

At the end of World War II, the women's services began to demobolize. But legislation, in 1947, established nurses in permanent commissioned rank. And in 1948, the Congress provided women's services in the Regular Army, Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps. The WACS, the AIRMEN, the WAVES and the Women Marines are a permanent part of our Armed Forces. The enlisted strength of each women's group is limited to 2 per cent of the strength of its respective service.

If you want to go into the Armed Forces, you must be able to overcome all of the old-fashioned objections raised against girls going into military services.

Today, girls can't afford to stay at home, even if they want to. And most girls want something more exciting out of life than dishwashing and dusting while they are young.

Some people have said, "Women aren't strong enough for such work!" Nonsense! The work laid out for girls in uniform is certainly not too much for their strength. On the contrary, it develops them physically and mentally.

"Women are ill more frequently than men." The well-adjusted girl is not ill more frequently than a man. The well-balanced life she'll lead and the good food she'll get will keep her healthy and strong.

"Women won't work for other women." That went out of style fifty years ago. Women make fine bosses. They understand the girls who are under them—and take pride in seeing them make good.

"Women won't submit to military discipline." On the contrary, it has been found that the discipline in the Armed Forces is proving most popular. Women thrive on it.

"For American women to have to help win wars would be a reflection on American manhood." Certainly, women will never be called upon to fight. And we can hope there will be no more all-out wars. American men in the Armed Forces like to have women working with them, walking side by side with them. The men and girls are working together most successfully. Together, as they should work. There are duties for both of them. And they are both doing fine and worthwhile work in our Armed Forces.

The young woman who embarks on a career in the Armed Services not only has the advantages of good pay, a long vacation, a healthful occupation and excellent food and lodging, but in addition, she has the chance to continue her education, develop new skills and generally stimulate her intellectual life. She'll make friends and she'll have the satisfaction of knowing she is performing a vital job for the greatest military force in the world—side by side with men, meeting them—and marrying them, too. And isn't that as it should be? Experts say that in no other field is there such a chance for advancement and security for women in America.

How to enlist:

Write the Senior Instructor, Ground Military District, at your own state capitol, making inquiries about the branch of service you are interested in and asking for specific directions for enlistment procedure in your state.

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Afraid to Love

[*Continued from page* 38]

we walked into the hospital, I saw *her* huddled in a chair in the waiting room. When she saw Mama, she got to her feet and took a hesitant step forward. Her face was twisted with grief, her hair uncombed. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying.

Mama saw her and clutched my arm, shoving me down the hall. I looked back and saw her drop backward into the chair and bury her face in her hands. The nurse let us into Daddy's room and stepped aside, her face expressionless. I stared at Daddy, propped up on the pillows, an oxygen tent over his face. I backed away, but Mama pushed me forward.

"I've brought his daughter," she said to the nurse. "He sent for her." Mama smoothed at the sheet with strangely steady fingers.

The nurse lifted the tent and Daddy opened his eyes and stretched his hand toward me. The nurse motioned to Mama, and they left me alone with my father. He was a stranger now, a memory from my childhood.

Daddy's lips moved. "Don't—don't hate me," he whispered. "There was so much I wanted to teach you, baby. Not to be afraid—" He touched my arm and the thin fingers on my flesh sent cold chills over me. "Laura won't let Rose in the room," he said. "Tell her—tell Rose I said thanks for all she's done for me. For making a man of me again." His eyes were pleading. I bent down and touched his wasted flesh with my lips. "Remember Rose isn't bad. Remember, baby, it isn't bad to love. . . ."

I began to cry. The door opened then and Mama darted in ahead of the nurse. "Poor child," she said, taking my arm. "This is too much for you! Go wait for me. I won't be long."

I stumbled blindly out the door and pressed my hands against my stinging lids. Daddy was dying. He had made the dollhouse for my sixth birthday. I had held the hammer for him, and he'd called me his little carpenter. When I was 8, he brought home a new bicycle for me. Mama wouldn't let me ride it except on the sidewalk, and finally she sold it.

Suddenly a low voice beside me broke into my thoughts. "Is—is he worse?" I looked up into Rose's face. "If they'd just let me in to see him for even a minute!" she whispered. "Just one minute—that's all I ask!"

I felt a strange pity for her, even though she was the woman who had stolen my father away. Rose didn't look bad—only lost and afraid and sick with grief. Mama hated her. What should I do? I breathed in deeply and squared my shoulders and touched her arm.

"He sent you a message," I said. "He said to thank you for all you've given him."

Rose caught my hand. "Bless you for telling me! I'll always remember. I—I loved him so much—"

I began to sob. I didn't know who my tears were for. Did I cry for Mama, saying in a strange voice, "He wanted me in the end, not her?" Or for Rose, whispering through white lips, "Bless you for telling me?" For Daddy, whose life was ending? Or for myself, pulled between the two people I loved the most?

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I got up and wandered out into the early morning sunshine. Then I saw Tom coming toward me, up the street. I began to run down the steps. "Tom!" I cried out. "Tom!" I stumbled against him, and he caught me in his arms.

"I just heard," he said. "I wanted to see him before it's over. You know, I've been working in his garage for the past year. He's a fine man, Margaret."

I stiffened in surprise. I didn't know Tom knew my father, had worked for him. I didn't know anything about Daddy except what Mama had told me. "He's dying," I said softly. "Oh, Tom, I can't bear it. He—he's like a stranger to me, and that hurts the worst."

Tom took my arm. "You need some coffee. I'll bet you haven't had any breakfast." He guided me across the street to a drugstore. "You've got to eat," he said, ordering ham and eggs for me.

I stared out the window at the new spring morning, shining clean and bright with promise. "Oh, Tom," I said, "aren't people ever happy except in stories?"

"Snow White—" his voice was gentle, his eyes tender on my face—"you haven't forgotten how the fairy tale ended, have you?"

I bit my lips and blinked back the quick tears. "I don't believe everything I read now, Tom. I guess I'm growing up."

"I've been waiting for you to grow up," Tom whispered, his fingers closing over mine. "Are you ready to be my girl, Margaret? There hasn't ever been anybody else for me, you know."

"Tom—" I flushed and looked down at my plate. "Remember that day you couldn't come to my house and play? I cried about it and nearly hated Mama for not wanting you."

Tom said a strange thing then. "She may not want me now, Margaret. Can you stand up to her? Can you make up your own mind?"

I thought of the lonely years, the empty, shut-in evenings, and I shuddered. "I—I think so, Tom, if you'll help me." His hand held mine tightly, and I felt a stirring of happiness inside me that matched the spring morning. In spite of the tragedy across the street, there could be a tomorrow for me.

When I was 20, I married Tom. The years of our courtship had been wonderful, though Mama couldn't hide her dislike for Tom. I was a part of the town for the first time, not a lone girl any more. I went with Tom to parties, basketball games, picnics. Sometimes we took Mama with us, but soon she pretended to be busy when we asked her. It hurt me to shut Mama out of my life, but I couldn't give up Tom for her. It had changed my life to have Tom's love, and I couldn't go back to movies with Mama, evenings by the radio.

They were enough for me, the movies and parties and picnics. But when Tom got a chance to buy out his cousin's garage in Carson, he pressed me to set a wedding date.

Mama cried a little when we told her we meant to be married in two weeks. But she helped me buy my trousseau and make plans for a simple ceremony in the church parlor. One day she went with me to the department store to buy lingerie. When we got to the second floor, my eyes lighted up at the sight of a delicate bridal negligee in soft blue. "Isn't it beautiful?" I whispered, letting my fingers caress its fragile loveliness.

"It's not practical." Mama made a sour face and led me firmly to a rack of tailored robes. "Tom knows he's marry-

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ing a nice girl," she said in an undertone. "You don't need something vulgar and flashy. Men like our kind of women in the end. Remember that, Margaret."

She slipped a heavy tan robe over my shoulders. "Now this is sensible and just what you need. It'll last you for years." I watched the salesgirl make out the ticket for it, and I almost hated Mama at that moment. But she was right. Daddy had called for her not Rose, when he was dying.

Tom and I were married in a quiet morning ceremony in the church parsonage. Mama cried softly during the service. I stood beside Tom and said the words that made me his wife, but all the time I could hear Mama's muffled sobs. Tom heard them, too. I could tell it from the tense way his fingers gripped mine and the quick, almost ashamed kiss he gave me at the end of the ceremony.

Our car was already packed for the long drive to Carson. The minister shook hands with us, then left us alone in the vestibule with Mama. She turned away from the sight of Tom and me together and motioned to me. I followed her to the other end of the room, and she caught me against her. "You're a nice girl, baby," she whispered fiercely. "Remember that! Your father realized too late what a nice woman means. But he didn't—he didn't call for that hussy when he was dying! I have that much consolation, anyway!"

"Mama!" I cried helplessly, biting my lips to keep the tears back. This was all wrong, feeling guilty at leaving her, when I was about to start my honeymoon with Tom. Feeling afraid of the unnamed thing that waited for me, that might spoil my marriage as it had ruined hers. "I—I'll remember, Mama. Good-by now. I'll write every day, and you will come to see us soon, won't you?"

"He might not want me!" Mama looked stonily at Tom, who was shifting from one foot to the other, nervously smoking a cigarette.

"Of course he'll want you!" I gave her a quick hug and walked over to Tom with relief. "Tom, we want Mama to come for a long visit soon, don't we?"

He nodded. "Of course," he said. "Just as soon as we—as we get straightened out."

Mama gave a strangled sob and darted past me down the steps, clutching her purse to her. I started after her, but Tom caught my arm. "Let her go," he said, his voice gentle. "She has to give you up, Margaret."

Tom was right, of course. But all the way to Oklahoma City, where Tom had wired ahead for the bridal suite in one of the leading hotels, I kept thinking about my mother, alone now, her life empty of everything since I had married. I felt as if she were with us in the car, watching when Tom leaned toward me to kiss me lightly on the lips or took one hand off the steering wheel to squeeze my hand.

But when I was alone in the hotel room with Tom, Mama wasn't there. There wasn't anybody to save me from the stranger who now had the right to possess me. I could feel Tom's eyes probing into me, the eyes of a stranger! I was afraid. . . .

The hotel room where we spent our wedding night—the room in the dream! Suddenly, as though it were pinpointed on a map before my eyes, I knew they were the same room.

I had waited for Tom that night, nearly four years ago, trying to fight down the fear that almost paralyzed me, hating the ugly tan robe Mama had selected for me. Then a door opened and Tom came toward me. I stared at him, terrified of the stranger he'd become, draped in a shining robe, his arms around me hurting me, his lips brutal. Tom, who'd become my enemy with the opening of a door. He had the power to hurt and destroy me. He'd ask more than I could give, take me into a frightening world I wasn't ready for.

I had forgotten the bridal suite, and the robe Tom must have left behind the next morning, symbol of his failure. I had forgotten the horror of that night, in order to survive, to go on with my marriage. I had pushed it so far down inside me that it had gone from me until now.

But that had been nearly four years ago. Tom and I had built a good life, hadn't we, in spite of that bad beginning? We had a son, and we owned this house and the garage. We had both worked hard to get ahead. It was enough for me. But not for Tom! No, Tom wanted something else. The letter proved it.

I was losing him! Tom's words came back to me, full of warning—"You always have a headache if there's something I want to do." I should have gone with him tonight, though I hated the wrestling matches. I should have gone with him on fishing trips and to basketball games, as he had asked me to do so many times.

I could learn to put a worm on a hook and to know the difference between a river trout and a bass, couldn't I? I could learn something about wrestling and pretend to be interested in football! Maybe that was what had come between Tom and me. I hadn't shared his interests with him, being content with my club work and taking care of the house.

That was it! I'd get dressed and go to the arena and meet him! Oh, I'd try! I'd watch Roundhouse Mike and yell with the crowd, even though seeing the sweating bodies of the wrestlers would nauseate me.

I began to run up the stairs. I threw the bedroom door open and fumbled in the closet for a dress. Any dress! I had to hurry. My fingers closed around the heavy fabric of the tan robe, on its hook on the back of the closet door. I jerked it down, held it out and looked at it. What had I looked like to Tom, on our wedding night, in this ugly thing? In the dream, I had just taken off my blue negligee. . . .

Suddenly I threw the robe on the floor and kicked at it. "I hate you!" I cried. Tomorrow I'd buy a new robe—the frilliest, prettiest one in town, no matter what it cost. I should have bought the blue negligee for my honeymoon. Tom wanted me to look like a woman, soft and beautiful and desirable. Tom wanted me to be a woman!

I had been a wife, a mother, a good housekeeper. But a woman? I began to sob aloud, as my fingers tore at the tailored blouse I wore. "Don't let it be too late!" I said the words aloud in the empty room. "Don't let it be too late for me to become a woman!"

I had been afraid all my life. Except the one time when I had the right to feel fear, perhaps. I closed my eyes and remembered crazily the night Tommy was born. The fierce, wild pain of childbirth had been strangely wonderful to me. Again I thought, as I had that other night three years ago, "I'm glad Tommy was born in the ambulance!"

Daddy would have been proud of me that night. I had been caught up in a rhythm that carried me to the stars. It had made me different, for a little while, from the women who had their babies safely in hospitals, with an anesthetic to dull the pain.

When Tom had got back in town from repairing a tractor, he'd found his son already born. He had been scared, but bursting with pride. We had been happy, until Mama came from Kansas and held me close to her and cried out to Tom, "Are you crazy, leaving her alone when she needed you? Fixing a tractor! She might have died!"

"It was all right, Mama," I'd said. "The baby came early. Tom couldn't have known."

"You should have let me come sooner. I wouldn't have left you alone, not for even a minute! Men! Always thinking about themselves!"

Her words had tarnished the wonder of the miracle. Tom and I couldn't meet each other's eyes. It was as though we stood convicted of some strange crime without knowing our guilt. When he and Mama had left the hospital, at the end of visiting hours, I had cried until the nurse gave me a sedative to quiet me. "I wasn't afraid," I had whispered, "I wasn't afraid!"

I must not be afraid now! I stepped over the tan robe and began to dress quickly. I slipped my feet into my high heels and picked up my purse. I was ready now. I closed the bedroom door behind me and went down the stairs. I had to get the ticket, then I could hurry to Tom.

I started across the living room, then I saw him. Tom, slumped into a chair, his head in his hands. What was he doing home so early? He'd said the last match was the only one worth watching.

"Tom!" I paused in the doorway, not daring to go a step further.

He raised his head and stared at me across the length of the room.

"What's the matter? Why did you come home early?"

Tom shook his head and got to his feet. "I don't know. It didn't seem important to stay for Roundhouse Mike."

I took a step toward him. "Tom," I stammered, "I—there's something I want to tell you. I was getting ready to go to the wrestling matches."

Tears ran down my cheeks, but I didn't bother to wipe them away. "I'm going to try to be different, Tom. Really try!"

I couldn't go on. I felt Tom's eyes on me, wide with shock. He didn't understand! I had to make him understand. I stumbled across the rug, snatched the letter out of the sewing basket and spread it before his eyes.

"This—this came today. You mustn't blame yourself, Tom. I think I understand now. You must be like Daddy, needing a woman who can make you feel like a man. It's my fault if—if—"

I backed away, and Tom read the letter through. His face paled and he swallowed and sank back down in the chair. "Margaret," he said, "there's something I must talk to you about."

I leaned against the mantel for support.

Tom sat forward, his hands knotted into fists. "I signed the register the way it says in the letter. The hotel didn't make a mistake, if that's what you're hoping."

"Tom!" I gripped the mantel harder, to steady the trembling in my knees. "Please —please don't tell me! I can't bear it! I don't want to know, whatever it is!"

Tom sat up abruptly and faced me. "I've got to tell you. I can't go on like this." The words were like a prayer for mercy in the dim room.

He would tell me about *her*. About the Rose in his life. He meant to end everything between us, the way I had once heard a marriage end.

"When I got to the city," Tom said, his voice harsh, "I was walking down the street, and I—I saw something in a store window. A sort of negligee. I stopped and

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looked at it a long time. I thought about buying it for you, but I knew you wouldn't like it."

He broke off and reached for a cigarette. "I went in the store and asked to see a negligee like it. The clerk showed it to me, and she—she said, 'Is it for a bride, sir?' I went out of the store. I knew it was too late to buy a blue negligee."

I stood hardly daring to breathe.

Tom's voice dropped to a whisper. "I walked past the hotel where I usually stay, and I went into the one where—where we spent our honeymoon. I don't know why I did it, any more than I can explain about the negligee. I signed the register with our names and went up to the bridal suite. I didn't sleep much that night, Margaret. It was like trying to find you again, trying to find what we lost somewhere back there."

"Oh, Tom!" I ran toward him and dropped down on my knees. "Darling!" I blinked back the tears that blinded me. Tom had his dreams, too. He had spent a night alone in that hotel, trying to recapture the past, trying to go back. But he couldn't do it by himself!

I touched his arm, my fingers trembling with a strange new tenderness. Tom turned toward me suddenly and caught me up in his arms and held me against him. I felt myself begin to stiffen in the old familiar pattern. Then I closed my eyes and the dream came back to me, more real than reality. It was like an instant of vision, showing me the path ahead. . . .

. . . In the dream, we were together in a room somewhere, away from the world. There were curtains at the windows of some heavy material, a bed. From somewhere a door opened and he came into the room, his shoulders a little stooped in the robe. Though his face was blurred, I could feel his eyes boring into mine, a little cruel, the eyes of a conqueror.

Shivers went down my back like icy fingers. I must not be afraid! I forced myself to rise from the bed, though my legs trembled. I waited for him as he walked slowly across the length of carpet toward me, his face shadowed. He reached me at last, and I went into his arms.

I did not close my eyes. I looked up into his face, and I saw him as he really was, vulnerable in his need for me. I saw his eyes, unsure, afraid I would not want him. And I was filled suddenly with a singing rapture that had no beginning and no end. I reached my arms up and pulled his head down to mine. As his lips drew closer, I knew what I must say. Now, at last, I knew the words that would unlock the door for us. . . .

"Tom!" I said his name, and reality came back to me, better than any dream. "Oh, darling, I do love you!" I turned my face toward him, toward the eyes that were no longer veiled. I could feel his fingers digging into my back, but I was not afraid.

As in the dream, I felt a new emotion go over me, warm, wonderful. Tom's lips came closer, and this time I didn't pull away. Suddenly I knew what Tom had been searching for in his strange tryst with the past, in the hotel room. I knew what my dreams had been trying to tell me.

"Darling," I whispered, "I need you! I'll always need you. Kiss me, Tom!" *The End*

Illicit Honeymoon

[*Continued from page* 48]

waiting on you hand and foot. Just by being a foreigner you think that in some way you're superior to all the rest of the town, all the rest of the country. Yet the same country, the same people you sneer at make your laziness possible!"

He stopped and drew a deep breath, then added more quietly, "This isn't your country, Lil. You're not interested in it. You don't care anything about it. And it's doing you only harm. So I'm sending you back, Lil. You're going home."

"No!" I cried out. "No, I won't—"

But he wouldn't let me go on. Coolly and calmly, as if it were all settled, Bill told me what was in the future. He had been offered a job with an archaeological group exploring Mayan ruins in the primitive state of Chiapas. The salary was smaller than what he was making with the mining company, but it was the work he cared for most. "Only there's no place for a woman there," he finished. "There's no easy life filled up with luncheons and card parties and imitation society dinners. It's Mexico, not a phony smartset suburb! You wouldn't like it, Lil—so you're going home."

"No!" I cried. "I promise—"

But he was gone. There was no one to hear my promise, no one to answer me.

When morning came, there was no change in Bill's attitude. He came into the bedroom where I was stretched out in sleeplessness, my eyes tight closed as though by keeping the light out I could somehow escape the realities of day.

"I can't leave right away," he said abruptly. "It will take another six weeks or two months to finish up my work here. But you'd better make plans to go. I'll sign over half my salary on the new job to you. That will amount to about a hundred-fifty dollars a month." He paused and smiled down at me grimly. "You won't starve to death, Lil, but you won't have a houseful of servants to pick up after you. You might even have to wash your own clothes and get up in the morning to make your own breakfast. Maybe it will remind you that you're a human being, Lil!"

I just shook my head, not answering, knowing somehow that it was too late for words.

Later, long after Bill had left the house, I got up and bathed and dressed. I didn't want to stay home, but neither did I want to see Sally or any of the others. I went out on the veranda and stood for long moments looking down over the red-tiled roofs of the village. A storybook town, I had once called it. A storybook town for a storybook marriage.

Looking down, I realized I knew as little about the town as I had the first day. I had lived in it for months without really seeing it—shrugging off its charm because it was the smart thing to do, saying flippantly that I would swap it all for a smalltown five-and-ten and a drugstore soda fountain.

Now that I was leaving I thought of all the things I had once planned so enthusiastically. I'd never had time to do them, or had been diverted from doing them because of the mocking smiles of the other mining wives—the wives who

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selected by Confessions' Fashion Editor
TRUDY COLLINS

knew so well how to live in a foreign country. I had wanted to prowl through the market place on Sundays, when the Indians brought in their beautifully hand-woven clothes and painted pottery from distant villages far over the mountains. There were the native fiestas with their colorful costumes and dancers in fierce animal masks that I had heard from afar and complained about, along with the rest, because they made so much noise. I had never visited the silver shops with their patient, meticulous craftsmen, because Sally said they were only for tourists.

I started down the cobbled lane that twisted and turned down the mountain slope until it ended abruptly by the public fountains above the plaza. Pausing for a moment, I watched the patient women standing in line to fill the battered five-gallon tins that they would carry back up the mountain slope to their homes. It was primitive, but no more primitive than it had been in my grandmother's day in Kansas when she'd had to walk miles to the nearest spring.

I walked around the plaza and down the steep stone stairs leading to the market place. It was a Tuesday, and only the permanent booths and food stalls were open. I thought with a sharp twinge of regret that I might never see the market place of a Sunday when it was alive and colorful with Indians and their wares. I stopped at one open booth of pottery goods and bought a foolish glazed blue horse that had the charming simplicity of a child's first efforts.

I went wandering on then, through narrow streets I had never ventured on before, and at last I found my way back to the plaza. I sat down on a bench beneath the century-old Indian laurel trees whose thick green foliage I had looked down on so often from my veranda. The bells of the church facing the plaza began

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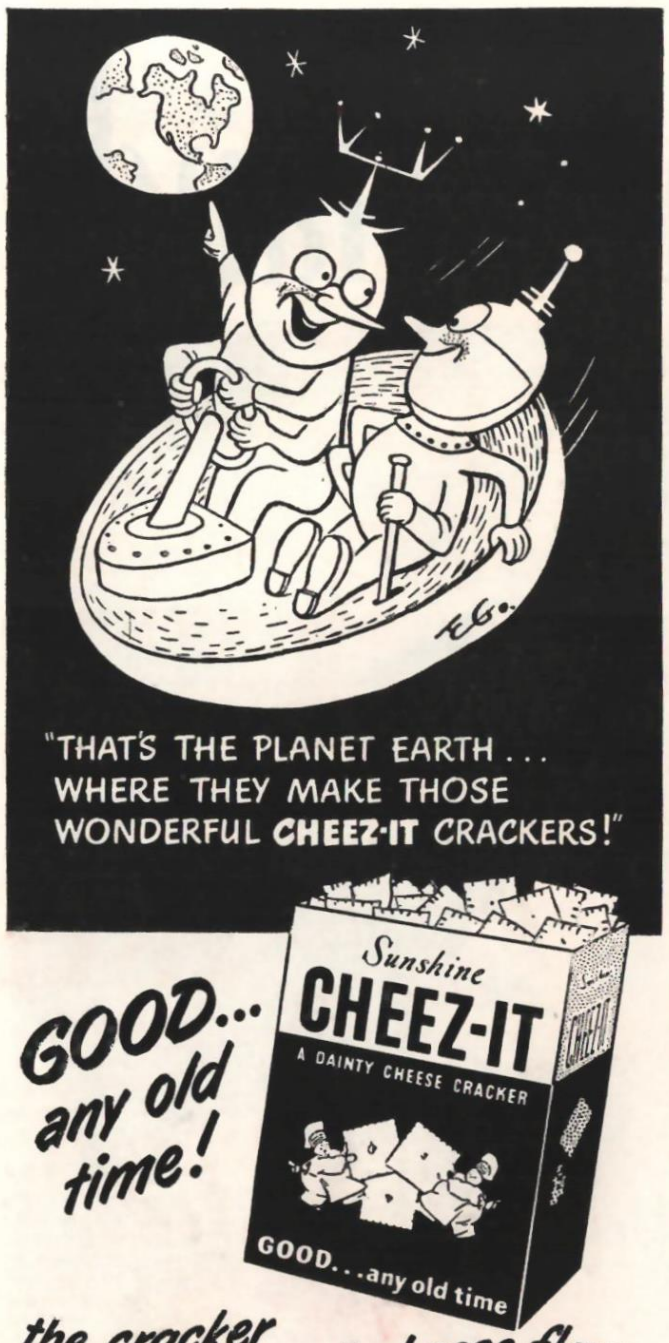

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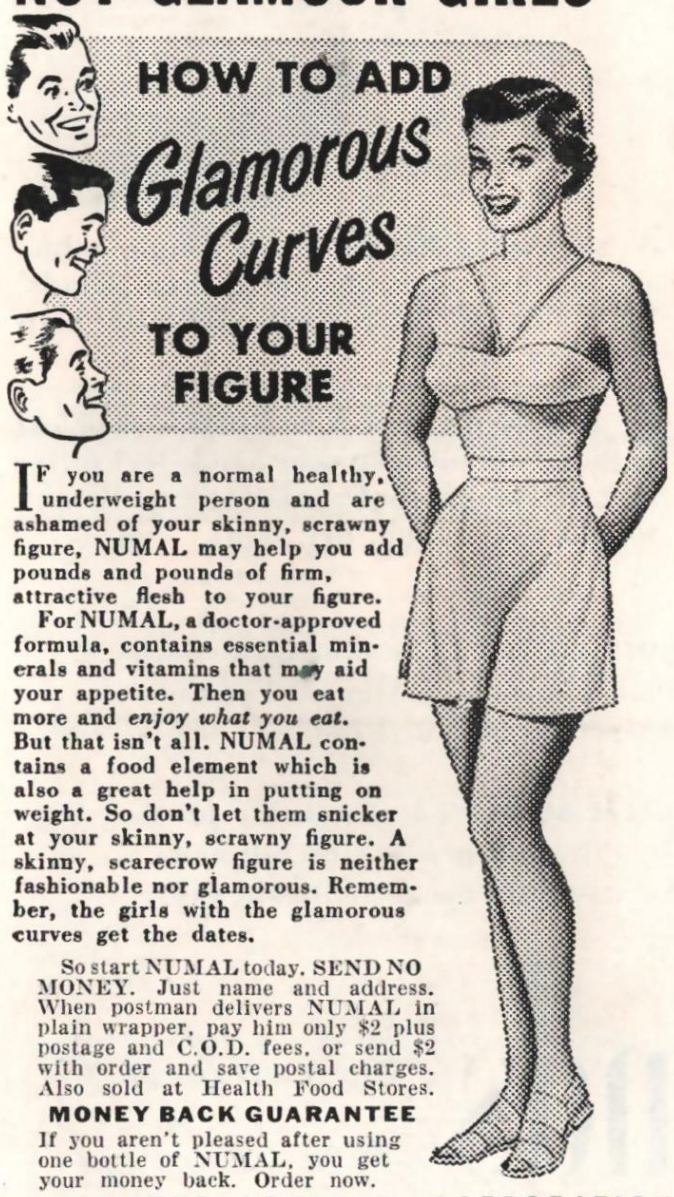

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ringing and I watched while women with shawls over their heads slipped through the massive doors. I was looking at one of the most famous cathedrals in Mexico, but I had never been in it.

There had never been time. . . .

There had never been time for so many things—time for learning Spanish, time for reading the books that would help me to understand Bill's work, his consuming interest in Mexico's colorful past. There had never been time for understanding Bill himself!

I hadn't wanted to understand, I realized bitterly. I had fallen too readily into the pattern of women like Sally who took everything from the country—the countless servants and the luxurious life that would never have been possible at home on five times the salary their husbands were making—and gave nothing in return.

Bill was right. I hadn't wanted to live his life, but rather a life that was without meaning in its unthinking selfishness.

And already it was too late. Too late to change, to do all the things I had once promised myself I would do. Bill was going to Chiapas, and he had been flatly definite in saying there was no place for a woman there. My kind of woman, he might as well have said.

Only that wasn't true. There were wives who accompanied their husbands everywhere, into places far more primitive and dangerous than southern Mexico. There were wives who understood their husband's work, and how to help.

Without quite realizing what I was doing, I began thinking then about the things a wife should know to go with Bill on his new job. "If I had known in time," I thought, "I could have brushed up on stenography and Spanish. I could have gone to the city university for lectures on the history of the Mayans, so at least the background of Bill's work would have been familiar. I could have taken a Red Cross course in nursing."

There were so many things I could have done and hadn't done while there was time. But why wasn't there still time? I asked myself breathlessly. Why wasn't there?

Suddenly I came to a decision.

When Bill came home that evening, I tried to sound calm and matter-of-fact.

"I'll have finished packing by tomorrow," I told him. "Only I'd rather not go right back home. There are some things I'd like to do first in Mexico City."

I made our parting as easy as possible. Bill had gone over what he called the practical details of our separation the next morning at breakfast and given me the money I needed. He had looked a little surprised at some of the questions I'd asked about the new group he was joining, but he'd answered in a dry, patient tone. He had left then, promising to return at noon to drive me to the city.

But long before then I was on my way. . . .

The next six weeks weren't easy ones. More than once I thanked my stars that I had been a good student during my years at the university back home. And always I was amazed and sometimes discouraged at how little I knew, and how much there was to learn.

My days were filled with college classes and lectures and visits to museums. I found pupils who wanted to be tutored in English in return for Spanish lessons. That, together with practice at stenography, took up my evenings. And three times a week there were Red Cross classes.

Once, hurrying along the Almeda, I almost ran into Sally, but I saw her in time and darted into the nearest shop. I had no time for explanations.

Meantime I had written the head of the archaeological group that Bill was joining. I kept my fingers crossed when I did so, fearful that I would be caught in the white lies I was telling—lies that I was praying would come true. I said that Bill was afraid there would be no place for me with the group. Then I outlined the work I was doing in the city, and I added that if the men felt like a change in diet I was a fairly good cook.

If the group would accept me, I said, I wanted to keep it a secret to surprise my husband.

Perhaps Professor Lanier, the head of the group, was romantic at heart. Or perhaps it was the thought of an old-fashioned apple pie in the middle of the jungle that tempted him. At any rate, on one of his trips to the city he came to see me and listened to my pleas. In the end he nodded agreement.

That is how just six weeks after I left Tetaxco I was on a plane flying down to Ixtepec on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. From there I went part way into the state of Chiapas by train, then by jeep and finally by burro with only Indian guides until I reached the camp close by the Guatemalan border.

I learned then that it would be another week before Bill arrived.

In the beginning I thought I would be counting each day until that moment, but almost before I settled down I lost track of time. There were so many things to be done. Professor Lanier and his two assistants welcomed the chance to change their scrawled notes into neatly typed manuscripts. Then there was the hospital dispensary to be checked, cooking arrangements to be looked into.

So I was actually surprised when I heard the sound of new arrivals at the camp late one afternoon and looked up to see Bill.

He just stood there, staring at me. Then he cried, "Lil! How—what are you doing here?"

I looked back at him innocently, though my heart was pounding so hard I hesitated to trust my voice.

At last I said with all the casualness I could command, "A little bit of everything, from camp stenographer on up. Right now I'm considering turning a can of peaches into a couple of pies for supper. You should stay and try some."

He moved closer, a half-perplexed, half-angry frown creasing his forehead. "I don't understand. I thought you'd gone home. I told you—"

"That's where I am," I broke in, wishing my voice weren't quite so shaky. "Home. I've always understood that for a wife home is where her husband is."

Bill gave his head a little shake, as though to clear away a fog of uncertainty.

"But Lil—" he started, then stopped and began again. "I told you before this is no place for you, Lillian."

"Not Lillian," I said. "Senora Leel is how the Indians pronounce it. I think it sounds better, too."

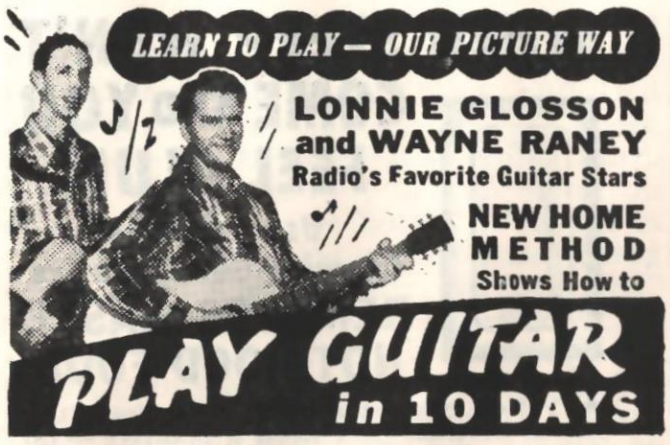
He gave an exasperated laugh and stood over me, staring down into my eyes. "If this is some kind of game—"

"It isn't any game, Bill. Right now it's part of my life. I may not be too good at it, but I'm getting better. Ask Professor Lanier." I paused and my voice broke a little as I added softly, "I'm trying to learn, Bill. Isn't that what counts?"

I felt his hands on my shoulders but I kept my eyes on the ground.

Not until I heard him say quietly, "Learning together, Lil. That's what really counts. Learning together. . . ."

The way we would learn, I promised silently. The way it would always be.



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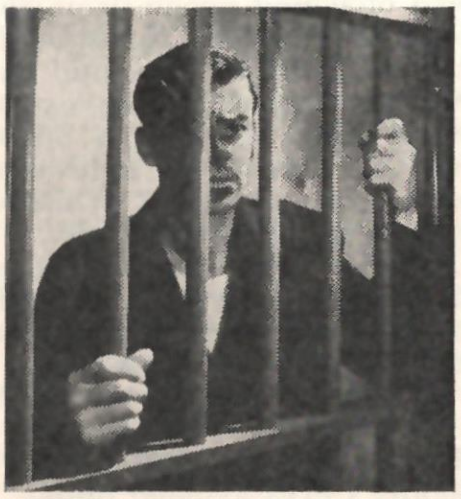

Freedom or Death?

Prizes awarded for best advice to Allan Marks whose problem was presented in the December issue.

Allan and his childhood sweetheart, Mary, defy her brother's protests and marry. Tim dislikes Allan, makes life as miserable as possible for them. Then, accidentally, Allan backs into Tim with a car, killing him. Allan is convicted of manslaughter. Eight years have passed. His daughter is growing away from him. But there is another little girl in a hospital dying. She needs a certain type of blood to save her life, and Allan is the only one with the necessary blood type. There is a 50-50 chance for him to live, and if he does come through he will be given his freedom. Should he take that chance—perhaps save this child's life as well as being able to return to his wife and daughter, or should he take the chance that he may die and never be with his family again? It is a grave problem that Allan Marks has brought to Confessions' readers for urgently needed advice.

Myra Hill
Spokane, Wash. $25

Cpl. Clark B. Merritt
Fort Sill, Okla. $10

Mrs. Eddie Lee
Greenville, Ala. .....$ 5

Myra Hill advises: By all means, try and save the little girl's life. This is what you would hope for someone else to do for your own little girl.

This is a chance for you to prove to the jury that convicted you, the world that your family has to face, that you have good qualities within you.

While it is true that Ellen is praying for her Daddy's return to her, her prayer is one of many children whose Daddies are duty bound to fight for freedom and their country.

Yes, you dare risk a 50-50 chance of giving your life. You are a healthy man, and this little girl needs your help.

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Desperate!

[*Continued from page* 51]

crowd of young people from the hill. I'd been in there several times, but I'd always felt terribly out of place and hurried out.

Now I quivered with excitement as Sandra and I slid into a booth. Sandra waved at a couple of fellows across the room before we ordered. While we waited, she gazed at me thoughtfully.

"I don't know why you wouldn't go over with the college crowd," she said at last. "You're pretty. You wear the same kind of clothes. You could get by."

I tried to sound lighthearted. "You mean no one would mistake me for a college widow?"

Sandra's eyes avoided mine. "That was a horrid thing to say. Forget it."

Just then the two fellows Sandra had waved at strolled over and leaned against the booth, grinning. "Ted Aiken, Brick Jones. This is Babs Braden," Sandra said airily.

I recognized Ted as the boy she'd been out with last night. The other, Brick, had a mop of red hair and a lopsided smile. His curious glance as he looked me over left me a little breathless.

"Freshman?" he drawled. "I haven't seen you around before."

I opened my mouth to explain, but Sandra cut me short. "Babs is a hermit," she said. "I just dragged her out of her cave."

"Maybe I could drag her off to mine," Brick said, and his eyes smiled directly into mine.

My heart was beating faster as I returned his smile. Luckily Sandra saved me from having to think of something clever to say to Brick. She laughed and waved her hands to send Brick and Ted on their way. "Run along, boys," she said. "Babs and I have serious business to discuss."

They saluted and strolled off, while Sandra stared after them. "Nice guy, that Brick," she mused. "He's a Canadian, from Toronto. Quite a big gun on campus. He's on the tennis team, and is treasurer of the Chi Delts." She chewed her lip thoughtfully. "You made an impression. How'd you like to go to the Chi Delt dance with him Saturday night?" she asked suddenly.

"Oh, Sandra!" I breathed. I could scarcely talk, I was so giddy with excitement. An exclusive dance at one of those beautiful fraternity houses that lined the lake! It was better than I'd dared imagine, even in my craziest pipe dream. "I'd give anything to go!" I cried.

"Ted and Brick are friends. I can fix it up." She hesitated. "In return maybe you'll do something for me?"

"Oh, anything!"

Sandra took a sip from her drink and looked up, watching me closely. "I want you to get me a key to the front door," she said.

I sat back and stared at her in shocked surprise. "But I couldn't do that!" I protested.

Sandra leaned across the table and spoke rapidly in a low, urgent voice.

I shouldn't have listened. I should have stood up and gone away without looking back. Temptation is a tiny explosion that sets up a chain reaction until, in the end, the frightening eruption makes the world tremble and the life you have built for yourself year by year comes thundering down in a heap about you. But out of the corner of my eye I could see Brick's head bent over a table, and my feet seemed cemented to the floor.

"Look, Babs, I just hate being treated like a high-school kid. I'm a junior in

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college, not a baby. Why should I get in at twelve three nights a week and at ten the other four? Why, Mother and Dad haven't told me that for years!" There was more of it, which I scarcely heard. When I didn't answer, Sandra stood up and gathered up her books. "I've got to run to make that nine o'clock class. That's going to be a keen dance on Saturday," she flung over her shoulder as she left.

I sat there for awhile, worrying over the bargain she had offered me. She hadn't actually put it into words, but I understood what she meant. No key, no date to the Chi Delt dance! Brick hadn't made a move in my direction since Sandra left, so there wasn't much chance he'd ask me on his own. I tried to figure out some answer, but there didn't seem to be any.

Finally, sick with disappointment, I stood up and opened my bag to get some change, forgetting that Sandra had paid for the Cokes. My fingers touched something metallic, and slowly I drew out the key. It lay cold and shiny in the palm of my hand, a symbol. Such a little thing, yet it could unlock the door to happiness for me!

I went out into the street, my fingers still clutching the key. Laughing groups of students milled around me, hurrying up the hill to classes. No one noticed me. One girl who lived at Missy Grady's nodded coolly and rushed on, running to catch up with someone ahead. My cheeks burned at her deliberate snub, and I turned abruptly on my heel and walked in the other direction.

In a town the size of Whitehall, you see the same people over and over again. I met Brick on the street three times in the next two days. Each time I saw that red head coming toward me, my heart tapped a quick tattoo of hope, only to fall with a thud as he waved unconcernedly and went on. "Why don't you stop dreaming?" I told myself finally. "There are only a few days left before the dance. You're not going there or any other place with Brick!"

Then, Thursday on my way to lunch, I literally bumped right into him on the sidewalk.

"Where you going in such a hurry?" he teased as I stammered an apology. The touch of his hand on my elbow as he steadied me sent shivers of delight through me. "I—I was going to eat," I said.

"Me, too," was his answer. "Mind if I tag along?"

"Not unless you expect to order champagne and caviar," I said as lightly as I could. "I'm practically broke, and heading for the nearest drugstore."

"Again—me, too." Brick laughed, and we started on again, chatting about nothing in particular.

As we turned into the square I stopped without knowing it, drawing a deep breath as my eyes took in the flaming beauty of the maple trees around the courthouse. After a moment I realized that Brick had done the same thing. He touched my hand lightly and smiled as we started on. A few minutes later when we both exclaimed together over a little brown-spotted dog, Brick said softly, "You're quite a girl!" Oh, it was a wonderful, exciting feeling this oneness of mind and heart and spirit that I felt with Brick!

And then all my bubbling lighthearted-ness went flat as an opened bottle of ginger ale. Brick hesitated as he saw the crowded lunch counter. "It will take awhile to get waited on," he said. "You have to make it back up the hill for a one o'clock class?"

I hesitated, remembering how Sandra had glossed over the fact that I wasn't a student when she'd introduced us. Then I laughed at my own foolishness. This was Brick—I didn't have to pretend. "I don't have a one o'clock or a two o'clock, either," I said gaily. "I'm not registered at Whitehall, Brick. I'm just a telephone operator on her lunch hour. I've lived with Miss Grady most of my life. That's how I know Sandra Evans."

An unreadable expression flashed across his face, and was gone. "Is that bad?" he asked as he held the door open. But somehow I felt my bluntness had changed everything between us. Standing there waiting for two empty benches, I kept feeling he was anxious to get away. Despair made a pool of silent tears inside me as I saw him glance anxiously at the clock above the counter.

"I'd better not wait," he said finally. "I just remembered an assignment I was supposed to do. I'll have to do some quick research at the libe before my two o'clock class. Guess I'd better shove along."

"That's all right," I murmured. I even managed a carefree smile as he said, "Be seeing you, Babs."

But a few minutes later, when he'd gone and I'd ordered a sandwich and coffee, I just sat there sickly, moving my spoon around in my cup. My thoughts swirled like the coffee and were just about the same dark brown color! Brick hadn't asked me to the dance. He hadn't even said he'd call me. It was the same old story. The students ran this town, all right. Let the natives remember their place!

After a while I started back toward the office alone. From habit, I stared absently into the windows of the shops as I went by. Suddenly I stopped before one of them. There it was, the dress I would have bought if Brick had asked me to his fraternity dance. I could picture the way its pale green silk would set off my black hair, how its low, draped neckline would make my shoulders look white and graceful. I shook my head to throw off the futile dream. Why was I standing here, staring at a dress I would never wear? I thought savagely.

That evening I went home and up the stairs and down the long hall to my bedroom at the back. Flopping down on the bed, my elbows resting on the window sill and my chin cupped in my hands, I stared moodily out over the roof of the back porch. The scent of the late-blooming roses that clambered up the pillars was heavy and sweet in the still air of Indian summer.

Would Brick send his date for the dance a corsage of roses? I wondered. Where did being honest get you, anyway? On the outside looking in, that's where! You had to play the angles to get along in this world, all right! I'd tried the way Missy had taught me and it hadn't worked. Now I was going to try my own way.

Quickly, before the wave of defiance that filled me could disappear, I marched down the hall and tapped on Sandra's door. "I'll get you the key," I said.

Surprise blanked out the coolness in her eyes, but she recovered almost at once. "When?" she asked eagerly.

"Tomorrow. I'll bring it to you after work."

She nodded. "All right. Brick will call you tomorrow night." Her bright eyes narrowed. I returned her glance steadily, daring her to gloat, hating her and what she was doing to me.

But I hated myself still more. I couldn't sleep that night. Battling my conscience was like struggling with a broken window shade. It kept springing up just when I

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thought I had it fixed, letting the cold light of truth shine on my ugly reasoning.

I went to work heavy-eyed and miserable. Missy's gentle face kept getting between me and the board so that I couldn't see the figures, and I guess I was just lucky the supervisor didn't plug in on all the wrong numbers I gave that day. But I clung to my decision stubbornly, and that night I gave Sandra the duplicate key I'd had made.

Going to the Chi Delt dance with Brick could have been the nicest thing that ever happened to me. True to Sandra's promise, Brick had called me that same evening. I bought the pale green dress I had seen in the window, and when Brick's roses came as I was dressing, my spirits went shooting toward heaven with the speed of a rocket plane. I managed to push the thought of what I'd done aside completely, even when Missy said before I went downstairs, "See, honey? Things have a way of turning out all right."

"You bet!" I answered her aloud, while the other half of me said silently, "With a little fixing, that is."

But the placid, trusting glance Missy gave me must have burned deep into my subconscious, for somewhere during the evening I stopped enjoying myself. Even Brick's arm around me as we danced and his whispered, "Having fun, hermit?" seemed like stolen pleasures. The punch in the big silver bowl in the dining room tasted flat. By 11:30, when the orchestra played Good Night Ladies, I knew the truth—you can't just toss everything you've lived by overboard and forget about it.

Sandra added the finishing touch to my ruined evening. She had come with Ted, but Brick had steered me away from them. I was glad, because as the dance went on, she began to laugh too much and too loudly, and she swayed a little as she walked. Once I saw her standing in a dark corner lifting a bottle to her lips. "I'm glad we didn't double-date," I thought, and then wondered uneasily if Sandra could get home all right.

Later, when Brick and I were edging our way down the front steps, she pushed her way through the chattering crowd and stopped us. "Ted and I are going to Paradise Beach," she said. "Why don't you two come along?"

Paradise Beach was a horrible place—a dim, murky roadhouse many miles up the lake. It had an evil reputation, and Whitehall students were forbidden to go there.

An expression of disgust flashed across Brick's face. "If you know what's good for you, you'll go home to bed," he told Sandra.

"Please, Sandra," I pleaded. "Come home with me!"

"Nuts!" she cried. "The evening's just beginning. I'm a big girl. I can come in late now, or had you forgotten?"

Brick glared at her and pulled me away. "Come on, Babs, let's go," he said.

No, I hadn't forgotten Sandra's key, or how she'd got it, but all day I'd been secretly hoping that she'd never use it. All the guilt in my heart returned, tarnishing the brightness of our walk homeward under the red and yellow maples. Brick sensed I was troubled, for he asked, "What's the matter, Babs?"

"It's Sandra," I said dismally.

He made an impatient gesture and said, "Oh, that one! I don't like her, do you?"

"But I thought you were good friends!"

"Not us," he said firmly. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

I gasped, and my fingers flew up to my mouth. "Then Sandra didn't—"

We had reached the house by that time.

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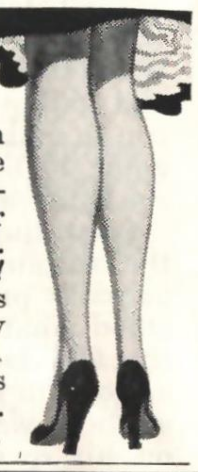

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BLOUSE of the month

selected by Confessions' Fashion Editor, TRUDY COLLINS

"What's Sandra got to do with us?" Brick asked.

I hesitated, longing to pour out my troubled heart to him, but I reminded myself this was only my first date with Brick. I knew so little about him really, and one misstep now might mean the end of everything between us. No, it was better to keep quiet. Maybe after we'd had a few dates he'd care enough about me to understand. "I did a small favor for Sandra," I said at last. "She told me she'd fixed up our date tonight to pay me back."

Brick's mouth tightened. "That sounds like Sandra," he said. "Listen, Babs, don't let her kid you—this was strictly my own idea. I can pick my own girls. I told her I was going to call you. I met her coming down the hill on my way to the libe that day we went to the lunch counter. I couldn't get you out of my mind after I had to rush off like that."

"Oh!" I said faintly, but the blood seemed to drain from my face as he turned to go, and the night air was suddenly damp and chill. I wouldn't have had to give Sandra the key at all, if I had just waited!

Through the lighted doorway I could see Missy waiting to lock up, yawning and nodding tiredly. Somehow I had to go in and face her, knowing I had betrayed her trust. I dragged myself through the door, and Missy smiled at me sleepily. "Got so I can't stay awake on the nights I'm supposed to."

"Go to bed," I told her. "I'll wait and lock up at twelve."

Sandra didn't come home. . . .

In the early hours of the morning, I struggled up from sleep, wakened by the insistent ringing of the doorbell. I shivered as I slipped into my robe and raced down the stairs. Missy and I reached the door together. Her eyes were puffy with sleep and her face white. "Who is it?" she called as she fumbled with the lock. Then from outside came the words I dreaded yet somehow expected—"The police!"

"This where Sandra Evans lives? You the housemother?" the uniformed officer asked when Missy opened the door. Missy nodded, and he said, "We've got the Evans girl down at the station. The captain sent me up to tell you so you wouldn't be alarmed when you found she was gone."

Missy's face went blank.

"What happened?" I asked between chattering teeth.

"Sheriff's men raided that roadhouse, Paradise Beach, couple of hours ago. Been complaints about them serving drinks to minors. The Evans girl was turned over to us when they found she was a student."

Missy swayed and clutched at a chair. For a moment I thought she was going to fall, but she pulled herself together and said with dignity, "I'll get dressed and come right down, Officer. Maybe I can help."

He laughed. "You can't do nothing now, lady. The girl's passed out cold and is sleeping it off in a cell!" He tipped his hat. "Well, good night, ma'am, and don't worry. The Dean will be down in the morning to take care of things."

Don't worry? Suppose they went through Sandra's things and found the key and demanded to know where she'd got it? What if she told them? I was so engrossed in my terrifying thoughts that I scarcely heard what Missy was saying. She was standing at the desk, her finger slowly moving down the column of names on the registration sheet. "I can't understand it," she murmured. "She wasn't even signed out tonight."

I struggled to make my voice sound normal. "I'll make a pot of tea," I said. "I guess neither of us can sleep."

We sat together in the kitchen the rest of the night. "I can't understand it!" Missy kept repeating into the bleak silence. As the gray light of morning crept in at the window, she set her cup down with a trembling hand. "One of *my* girls!" she said in that same, incredulous voice. She looked very old and tired. Tears rose in my eyes, and I buried my face in my arms. Missy reached across the table and laid her hand on my hair. "There, there," she murmured. "Tears won't help. We'll see it through somehow, honey."

Missy was sitting rigidly by the radio listening to the news broadcast when I left for work that morning, and she was there when I came home. I'd bought an evening paper, dreading what I'd find there. Nothing interests people more than a juicy college scandal. The story was on the front page under screaming headlines.

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All over the state people must be clucking and nodding their heads as they discussed the wild younger generation.

But it wasn't the story of Sandra's arrest that held me. It was the boxed-in editorial, headed, WHERE DID SHE GET THE KEY?

"Sandra Evans had a key to her boarding house," it began. "Against all the rules and regulations of Whitehall College, she could slip in and out as she pleased. She refuses to say how she got the key, but the finger of guilt points to one person, the only one who could be responsible—Miss Grady, the housemother." Sickly, I read on. "How many other girls with keys have gone undetected during the twenty-five years Miss Grady has been housing Whitehall girls? In the interests of the college and its students, we demand that an investigation be made."

The Dean came to see Missy that night. I called Missy and started for my room, but she caught my arm and said, "No, you stay, Babs. You've a right to hear this, too."

Dean Henderson was a thin, middle-aged woman with a kind face and graying hair. She eased herself into the chair Missy indicated and rubbed her hands across her temples as if her head ached. "I'm afraid I've brought bad news," she said.

Missy seemed to shrink, waiting for the blow to fall. The Dean hesitated, then went on. "We'll have to close up your house until we can get to the bottom of this matter."

"I haven't the faintest idea how she got that key." Missy's voice was only a thread of sound.

"I'm sure of that," Dean Henderson said kindly, "but Miss Evans flatly refuses to tell. She must be covering up for someone. Her parents flew in this afternoon. They're demanding that something be done, and they're quite influential people in this state." She sighed, then picked up her bag and rose. "We've never had anything like this at Whitehall before. I'm sorry. I'll make arrangements for the girls immediately. Will you be all right?"

"Yes." Missy looked up, her face twisted with hurt. "It isn't the money I mind so, Dean Henderson—though I need that, too—but it's a hard thing to lose the good name you've worked a lifetime for."

I went up to my room and sank down on the bed, numbly trying to figure out what to do, but I couldn't seem to think. As if in a dream I heard the buzzer ring downstairs. Then somebody yelled, "Babs Braden—caller!" and I realized with a start that that meant me.

I caught a glimpse of Brick's bright head as I came down the stairs, and all the guilt, the shame and regret washed over me again. Brick would despise me when he heard the truth, but suddenly I knew I owed him that much after the way I'd deceived him. His eyes looked bleakly into mine, but I didn't turn from his gaze.

"Brick," I said slowly, mustering all my courage as I moved closer to him, "I was the one." My heart was hammering in my breast, and my words came in a rush. "I gave Sandra the key. I don't know why I did it, except that I—I wanted to get a date with you, and she said that was the only way it could be arranged." I was sobbing wildly now, my head bent, and I couldn't find words to say more.

There was no comforting gesture from Brick. His voice was flat when he said, "I knew before you told me, Babs."

My hand flew up to my throat. "How?" I whispered.

"I remembered that crack Sandra

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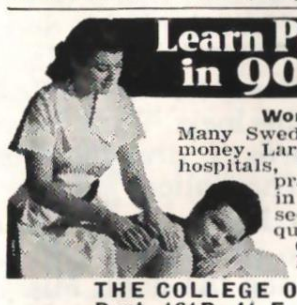

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made last night about your knowing she could stay out late. I thought she was drunk and was just talking until this—" he waved a newspaper in his hand helplessly—"this mess came out. Then I realized why she'd said it."

He started for the door then, but I called him back frantically. "Brick, listen to me, please!" I begged. Then my explanation spilled out, about how I'd always felt left out and cold-shouldered, how I envied the college crowd and wanted to be part of them. I told about Sandra's bargain and my succumbing at last because of him.

Brick heard me out, his face growing stiller and stiller. He said finally, "You thought I was a snob, didn't you? You thought it would make a difference because you weren't in college. I was surprised when you told me, that's all."

He jammed his hands in his pockets and scuffed out the door, his shoulders hunched. I took a step toward him and lifted my hand as if to hold him back. "Brick!" I called. "I'll see you again, won't I?"

His voice came back uncertain and confused. "I don't know, Babs. I just—don't know! You were so sweet and uncomplicated and honest. But everything's all mixed up now. I don't know what to think any more."

Sandra was gone by 5 o'clock the next evening. Expelled for her conduct, she had flown back home without confessing to where she got the key. Her trunk stood in the hall, packed and ready for the expressman.

"That you, Babs?" Missy limped slowly into the hall as I came in, an apron tied around her waist. She looked at the trunk, then glanced quickly away, as if she were trying not to see it. "Supper's about ready."

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Upstairs the familiar commotion started as Missy's girls dressed for dinner—giggles, whispered confidences, the tread of eager feet. Missy stood listening for a moment, her lips curved in a painful smile. "It's going to seem queer around here without all that racket," she said. Her words had a lonely, beaten sound that asked no comfort.

With a lump in my throat, I watched her make her way toward the kitchen. My eyes rested on her sagging shoulders. "Those old shoulders stood between me and the world," I thought. "Now they are weighted with my guilt."

My guilt had not only hurt Missy, whom I loved, but it had lost me Brick, whom I might have loved even better. Brick had believed I was sweet and uncomplicated and honest. Would he ever think so again? Could I be? Maybe, if I took that sorrowful burden on my own shoulders where it belonged. "Please!" I whispered to the empty hall. "Please let me have another chance!"

I went out the front door and down the wooden steps. I turned to the right and walked up the hill to Harris Hall. My knees trembled, but the shadow of Brick walked beside me, giving me strength for whatever would come. In the dim, musty

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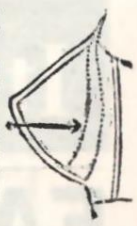

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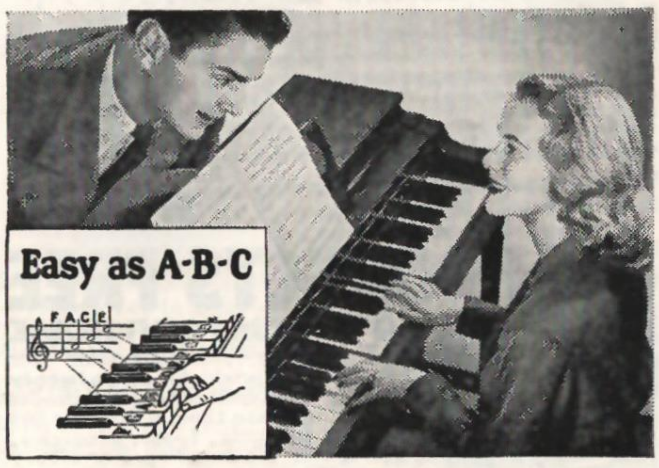

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corridor I pushed open the door marked Dean of Women. "I have to see the Dean," I said to her secretary. "I have something important to tell her."

Miss Henderson heard my story through without interruption. She sat with her head resting on her hand, and occasionally she rubbed at her temples absently in the weary way I remembered. The lamplight cast shadows across her face as she looked up. She waited a moment, giving me a chance to wipe away my tears.

"Miss Braden," she began quietly, "when someone wants something as badly as you do, I like to help her get it. We have a certain number of scholarships—" She spoke more quickly as hope sprang into my face. "But, you see, you're all mixed up about college." Her face was still kind, but her voice held an undertone of sternness.

"College isn't just four years of fun and good times. It is a preparation for life. The social side is only incidental.

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She rose and laid a comforting hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry about the boy," she said softly. "I hope he gets in touch with you when he hears you've told the truth. Thank you for coming to me. I'll see that Miss Grady is completely absolved."

So I'm getting away from Missy Grady's, after all. Tomorrow I'm moving out, and a scholarship student will be coming in to help her with the door. "I wouldn't feel easy with you here after this," Missy said when I told her, shaking her head sadly.

Maybe Brick will come to me again when he knows I tried to square things. Maybe not. I can't be sure, but I can go on hoping he'll believe he can trust me now.

I keep thinking, too, of what Dean Henderson said about no one ever being really free. I guess you have to be older than I am to understand that. But I'm going to try. *The End*

My Search For Sanity

[*Continued from page* 13]

Linda's enthusiasm buoyed me up, gave me hope. When she talked with excited anticipation about the little cottage we would have someday and how she wanted green shutters on it, I could close my eyes and visualize it. When she talked on about the trip to California we had never taken for our honeymoon, I followed along with her and believed we really would share such a trip. When she told me about the job that was waiting for me at a logging camp I could feel confidence surging through my body.

But when Linda went through the door that day, the optimism she symbolized went with her and doubts began to torment me. Would I ever be able to leave this mental institution? Would I still be dangerous? Might I try to kill her again? Or someone else? Dreams about the house, the trip, the job became hazy. Fear gripped me, chill perspiration rolled down my face. I wanted to sob out in protest, but I couldn't. I remember rising, remember the chair toppling over. And then from

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the corner of the room came Dr. Lester's soft voice. "What Linda just said is right, Fred. You'll go home soon."

"Oh, no!" I groaned. "No. Don't ever let me out. I might do something worse next time. I'm crazy and I guess I always have been. That's why they turned me down for the Army. They said I was 4-F —'a highly temperamental, nervous type.' But they knew I was crazy."

"Shut up!" Dr. Lester said sharply.

For a few seconds I sat staring at him in surprise. Then he went on calmly. "Crazy is a word like 'ain't.' There just 'ain't' no such word. You were sick. Our job is to cure you. You'll be released as soon as you are well."

Linda continued to visit me at the hospital each day. She talked and laughed and made me believe in myself again. It was Linda who made life real. She was always gay, describing the tiny apartment where she lived, the curtains she made for the windows, the leaky kitchen faucet. She never once wavered in her belief that I would get well and leave the hospital. Never did I detect a note of reproach or sorrow in her voice. I began to look forward to her visits and I hated to see her go.

One day, Dr. Lester said that he wanted to hypnotize me. He told me that it couldn't be done without first giving me drugs. If I didn't want to, he said, I didn't have to submit to it. If it would do me any good I wanted him to hypnotize me, so I agreed to the treatment.

Every day I was subjected to a different examination. One doctor examined my ears, eyes, nose and throat. Another probed my ribs, pounded my knees with a rubber hammer, jabbed me with a pin, testing my reflexes.

And then came the day when Dr. Lester sat before me, the silver lighter in his hands.

"Watch the flame on my lighter," he said. "Concentrate on that flame. Erase everything else from your mind."

I glued my attention to the lighter. All I could see was the steady blue-red flame. I was fascinated. I kept thinking that the flame that was bright and constant would flicker and die and be gone forever. But it was always there. It didn't waver once.

"Think of nothing," Dr. Lester said calmly. "Concentrate on the flame. Now the flame is growing smaller and smaller. The top of the lighter is snuffing out the flame. Soon there will be no flame. You are very tired. Your eyelids are heavy. They want to close. When the flame dies, your eyes will close and you will rest . . . rest . . . rest." His voice grew dim and far away. I couldn't take my eyes off the disappearing flame.

Later, Dr. Lester related the things I had told him. They were things that had been pent up within me for years. I had been an only child. My mother treated me as though I were as fragile as the little figurine dolls Dad imported from China. I could never do the things other boys did. Instead of getting a bicycle or a pony I was given an expensive wrist watch. I couldn't hurt myself with a wrist watch.

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When Dad suggested we had to live more economically, my mother had retorted that she didn't intend to live like a pauper. She refused to move or sacrifice our position.

A month later Dad resolved our prob-

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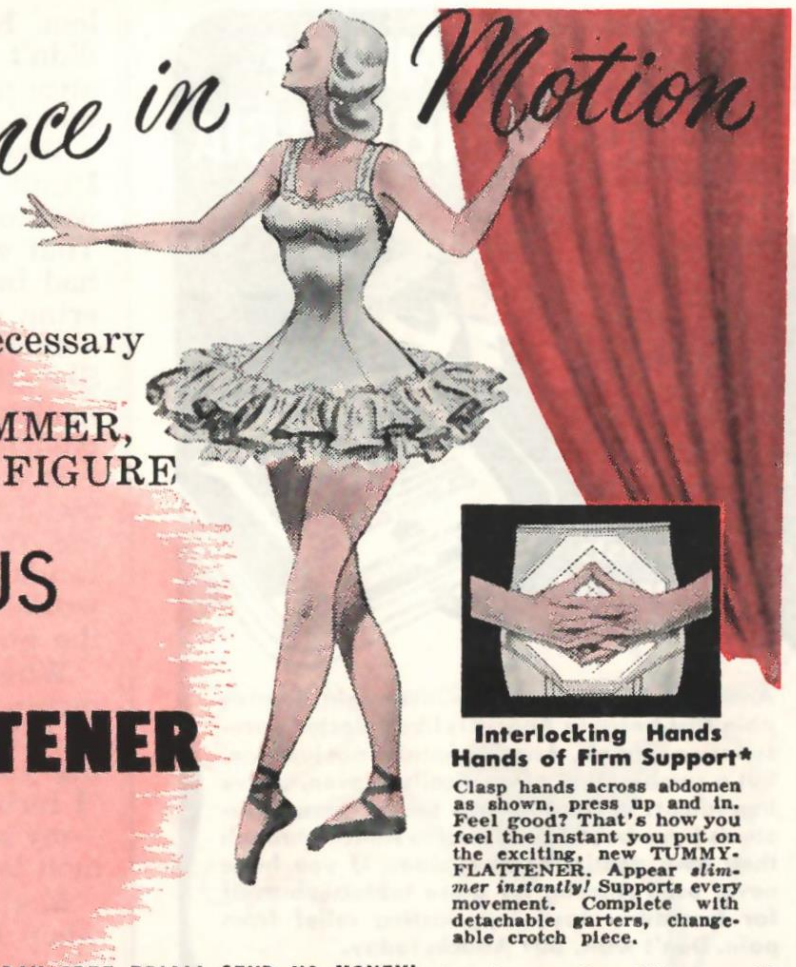

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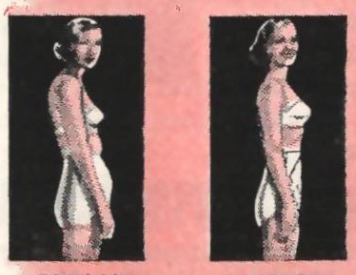

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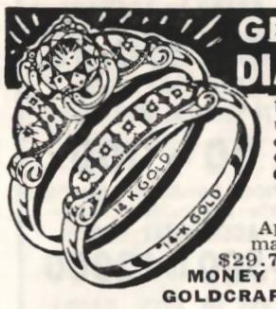

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lem. He committed suicide. My mother didn't grieve. She merely took the insurance money and continued to live in her home of wealth and splendor.

When I got tired of going to high school, I quit. Mother thought that a boy in my position didn't need a lot of education. That was the way it always was. Mother had been constantly protecting and hovering over me from the day I fell from a chair and broke my arm when I was 4. She thought something terrible would happen to me if I wasn't watched every moment.

It was love at first sight for me when I met Linda at a dance. It didn't matter to me that Mother would object because Linda's family was poor, her father worked in a sawmill. I knew Linda was the girl for me.

When Mother found out I was going to marry Linda, she flew into a rage. "You'll find that love is a poor substitute for paying your grocery bill," she said bitterly. "I forbid you to marry this girl. The idea —my son marrying the daughter of a common laborer!"

Mother was still in a frenzy of anger when I left that day, never to return. "If you marry that girl, Freddy, you needn't come back to this house again," she cried, her voice shrill. "And don't ask me for money when you find that love is only a figment of the imagination. You'll not get a cent from me!"

It was that day I vowed Linda's and my love would never be like my parents'. Money was the most important thing in the world to Mother. Dad's death had meant security. And yet Dad had loved her enough to die rather than see her demoted from her social throne.

I cut all ties with home. I turned my back on Mother's wealth, and her love that had drained me of all independence. I married Linda, who was to be my most important possession for all eternity.

These were the things Dr. Lester told me that I had revealed about myself under hypnosis. Then he asked something surprising. "Have you ever been angry?"

"Angry? I suppose so," I answered.

"What did you do about it?" he wanted to know.

"Nothing," I told him.

"That's what I thought," Dr. Lester said. "Anger is a terrible thing when unchecked. But it's even worse when it is suppressed as in your case. The anger built up within you, like steam, until it finally blew a valve."

"Is that what made me do—what I did to Linda?" I asked.

"Partly," he answered. "And partly because you thought of your father's suicide as a solution. He solved his financial problem by dying. When your mind became sick, something of that idea occurred to you."

I had associated death with an end to money problems. I hadn't had the courage to live in defeat and still face Linda. Could she understand all these things? Could I tell her what had happened, what had snapped? Could I make her believe she was the most important thing in the world to me?

Day by day I grew stronger in mind and body. I began to dream about the time when Linda and I would be in our own home again. Then a cold, horrible wave of fear would sweep through me. I still didn't trust myself to leave the hospital and try to live a normal life, but mostly I was afraid of harming Linda again.

I had been in the hospital six months when Dr. Lester told me I was going home to Linda for the week end. I couldn't force

[*Please turn to page* 102]

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Poems for Remembrance

Lost Romance

The little dreams
I dreamed are lost,
Frail victims of
October frost
Which also made
A sacrifice
Of summer's love
To snow and ice.

Perhaps when spring
Brings April rain
I'll find my dreams
And love again.
Unharmed, asleep
Not far below
The transient ice
And melting snow.

—*Elizabeth Norris*

A Little House

The little house we saw today
Is just an empty shell,
But it will soon become a place
Where happy people dwell.

My love for you—and yours for me
Will pack it to the brim
With shining moments; mine the task
To keep it neat and trim.

And you will come at close of day
To find me waiting there
To welcome you and count again
The blessings that we share.

Contentment shall abide with us,
We will not long to roam,
For in a house that's filled with love
Two hearts shall find their home.

—*Rowena Cheney*

Acknowledgement

Heart, be sensible, I begged.
He was a dream and dreams must die;
But all the answer my heart made
Was one long, lonely sigh.

Heart, please listen, this will pass,
The pain that's stabbing at you now
Will disappear and love's sweet vow
Will be forgot.

Believe me, heart. I plead in vain,
For soft it answered . . . I cannot!
And then more softly made reply
A perfect dream can never die.

Oh, heart, you were more wise than I!

—*June Brown Harris*

Since I Have Known

Since I have known the warmth of your embrace,
Your kisses, soft as petals on my face,
I have not known another's touch or kiss,
My heart is bound to yours by ties of bliss;
And I, who scoffed, who never loved before
Through love am swept beyond the curved shore
Of everyday's confusion, for when
Pale moonlight steals across the sky again
I wait for you with gladness in my heart,
And when you come I hear sweet music start,
Then time is meaningless, so great our love
It fills our world, ascends to stars above.
Oh, let it be, this merging soul with soul—
Apart as naught, together we are whole!

—*Germaine*

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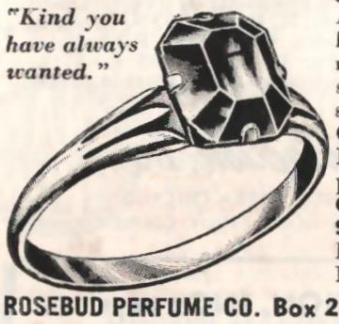

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[*Continued from page* 100] myself to protest. I wanted Linda. I needed her. But I was afraid.

Then I was at the door of the apartment, with Linda standing before me. We walked silently together into the small living room, bright and gay as Linda had described it. And suddenly it was as if God had bestowed upon me the strength to recognize my own sanity. I was home where I belonged.

I gathered Linda into my arms, caressing her gently, burying my face in the soft halo of her hair. I was so deeply touched I couldn't speak. I wanted to shout out to the whole world my happiness and my love. I wanted to whisper just to Linda the devotion I felt for her. I was humble. I had been a lost man—one who had lived in darkness, unable to see or feel. My emotions had been dead, forgotten. But now, now they lived again! My love for Linda was like the flame from that cigarette lighter. It was steady and clear; it was constant; it would never die.

With the humility of a man risen from the dead, I looked down into her eyes. No words were necessary. My lips sought Linda's—first gently, then demandingly. I was a man, and I was home with my wife.

Later, I began to feel out of place in the apartment, as if I didn't belong. I kept thinking of the hospital with its drab rooms, the smooth doors with no knobs on the inside, the heavy iron bars over the windows. To tell the truth, I almost felt as though I wanted to be back there, it had been the only thing I'd known for so long.

Sensing my thoughts, Linda said, "Let's forget about the hospital, darling. We have the whole week end together. I'm so happy." She put her arms around my waist and whirled me around in a silly little dance that broke the tension that had been building up within me. How wise and how patient she was with me! Without her, I don't know if I could have pulled through.

Linda told me of the tentative plans she and the doctor had made for me after my release from the hospital in about six months. The doctor had arranged the outdoor job at the logging camp so there would be no danger of my feeling hemmed in. The fresh air and sunshine would complete the cure.

I found it hard to leave Linda. During the next six months, the only thing that kept me contented and happy was looking forward to spending each week end with Linda in her little apartment. Not once did Linda act as if there were something wrong with me. She was always gay and cheerful. When I returned to the hospital, she pretended that I was just going off on a trip.

One Saturday night, Linda suggested that we go downtown for a glass of beer. Neither of us ever drank too much, but that particular evening, Linda kept urging me to drink. I did so just to please her. I was high by the time we headed back for the apartment.

Just as we stepped into the foyer, a well-dressed young man came down the stairs. "I thought he was at the hospital," he said to Linda, nodding toward me as if I couldn't understand what he was saying. "How about our date?"

I stood there a minute while the impact of the man's words penetrated. Then anger mounted inside me like a tide. I wanted to hit his smiling face and erase the words he'd said. I drew back my fist and pushed toward his face, but the blow landed in thin air. The man had ducked.

"Easy, Fred, take it easy." It was Dr. Lester's voice behind me. I turned. I hadn't

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seen him in the deep shadows of the hallway. "This is all part of the plan. Let's go upstairs and talk about it."

When we got upstairs, Dr. Lester explained he had wanted to test my reactions to liquor and had needed Linda's help. "I wanted to see what you would do in a moment of anger," he said.

"And what did you learn?" I asked.

"I learned that your reactions are those of any normal husband whose wife has been insulted. You tried to beat the intern. You wanted to hit him, not kill him."

On the day I sat in Dr. Lester's office, watching him fill out my discharge papers, I felt a momentary panic. "Doctor, should you really let me go?" I asked. "Are you sure something won't go wrong again?"

"No," he said, "I can't be sure. However, there is nothing more that can be done for you here. Forget everything that has happened. It's up to you to help Linda now. She's been magnificent through all this. I wonder if you realize how lucky you are. If there were more women like her, there would be no such thing as a shortage of space in mental hospitals today. There would be a shortage of patients. Forget this hospital. Forget me. Forget to worry. Concentrate on making a good life for your wife and yourself."

Linda was there to meet me when I walked out of that hospital for good. We didn't have much to say to each other. We just held each other close for a minute, our hearts too full for words.

Linda had borrowed a car to drive us out to the logging camp. It was several miles back in the mountains, away from the main highway.

The American people never carry an umbrella. They prepare to walk in eternal sunshine.

—Alfred E. Smith

The fear and doubts began to leave my mind as the car climbed up and up and up. My spirits soared.

The job in the logging camp was tough at first. I started out by felling trees and then "bucking," which means cutting the wood into proper lengths with a crosscut saw. The pay was on a piecework basis, so those first few weeks while I was getting the hang of the job, I didn't make too much. I don't know how Linda managed to buy the things we needed for the house, but we always had enough to eat and she even started buying material for making baby clothes.

A baby girl, Linda, was born to us December, 1945. If ever a man wanted to work harder for his family, that was Fred Lange. The months of strenuous work had built me up and I never felt better in my life. I never gave a thought to the past, but planned for a happy future with my family.

When Linda was eight months old, we felt secure enough to move from the camp to a white frame house near the highway with a big lawn and a garden patch in back.

We've been living in this house for five years now. We've managed to buy furniture and a car so that I can drive back and forth to work. Next year we'll have enough money to make a down payment on the house. That will be the first thing we've bought without having the cash in hand. But we both know it's all right to do it now.

I'll always be grateful to Linda for seeing me through the bleakest period of my life. How can I forget that I would still be behind asylum walls except for a doctor's great understanding and the everlasting devotion of the woman I tried to kill? *The End*

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